June 28, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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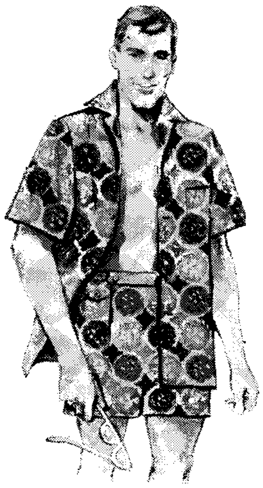

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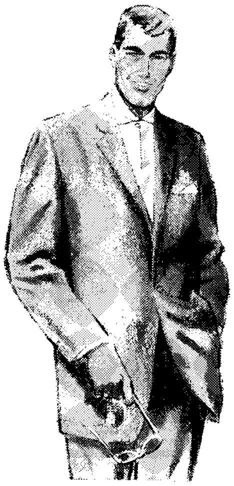

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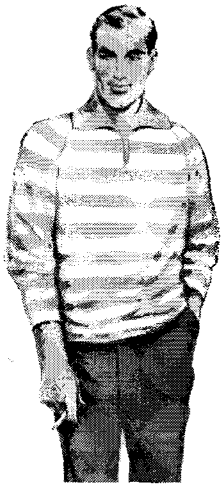

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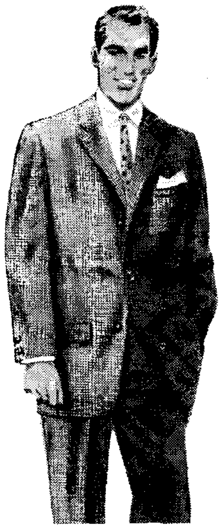

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A study by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble of the war between the generations. Sombre but plausible, and often entertaining, with good performances by June Walker, Chester Morris, Burt Brinckerhoff, Carol Lynley, and Warren Berlinger. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective contributions to the season. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, and he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast includes Kenneth Haigh and Mary Ure, who will give way on Monday, June 30, to Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. With Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Victor Kilian. They will be replaced on Monday, June 30, by Andrew Prine, Miriam Hopkins, and Ed Begley, respectively. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a lovely part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. Tom Poston will succeed him on Monday, June 30. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 2, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; on Friday, June 27, at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with tremendous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, and Henry Jones. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft serve brilliantly as the whole cast. Dana Andrews will take over Mr. Fonda's role on Monday, June 30. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play, in a translation by Maurice Valency, which tells, with frightening impact, of the corruption of a village by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered because he seduced her in her youth. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 29. Closes Saturday, July 5, for six weeks.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A laugh-a-minute, or thereabouts, comedy by Norman Krasna, full of tricks, mechanical scenery, and first-rate comedians. The latter include Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Larry Blyden, and Roland Winters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** Beatrice Lillie is the current Auntie in this adaptation of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 28.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 28, for six weeks.)

The Music Man—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has something to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are also in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—A rearrangement of the film called "The Captain's Paradise." It may lack some of the humor of the original, but it is still reasonably droll, largely because of the presence of Tony Randall in the central part. Al Morgan and José Ferrer handled the book, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans supplied the songs, and Mr. Ferrer directed. With Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **li'l abner:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are the present principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, June 29: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, July 4: "The Marriage of Figaro." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, June 26, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan, Alfred Russell, and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinée Friday, July 4, at 3.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Peg Murray and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Paul Stevens head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30. Special matinée Friday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Garden District—Two plays ("Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer") make up this Tennessee Williams double bill starring Ann Harding. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short

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N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

story, adapted and directed by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" will serve as a curtain-raiser. Opens Thursday, June 26. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Sundays at 7:15 and 9:45.)

The Making of Moo—Betsy von Furstenberg, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart in a play by Nigel Dennis. (Rita Allen Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-5450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast includes Zero Mostel and Robert Brown. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

You Never Can Tell—The second item in a Shaw festival, with William Landis, Del Tenney, and Mary Grant. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Dance Drama Company—A company headed by Mark Ryder and Emily Frankel, in a program of ballet and modern, ethnic, jazz, and comic dance. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. GR 5-9123. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sunday at 2:30 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow in their final performances here. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, June 28, at 2:45 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Othello," with William Marshall and Robert Geiringer. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park, at about 81st St. Wednesday through Saturday, July 2-5, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, June 28: James Mason and Pamela Kellino in "Mid-Summer." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: Dennis Morgan and Wendy Barrie in "All About Love." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 5: "The Most Happy Fella." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Saturday, June 28, through Saturday, July 5: "The Happiest Millionaire." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, June 28: "No Time for Sergeants." Starting Monday, June 30: "Damn Yankees." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

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Dennis—Saturday, June 28, through Saturday, July 5: Shirley Booth in "Hay Fever." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Saturday, June 28, through Saturday, July 5: Ann Sheridan and Scott McKay in "Kind Sir." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: Alfred Drake in "He Who Gets Slapped." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Tuesday through Sunday, July 1-6: "No Time for Sergeants." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, June 28: "The Moon Is Blue." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: "The More the Merrier." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Hyannis—Starting Monday, June 30: "Damn Yankees." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: "No Time for Sergeants." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:45, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Kennebunkport—Wednesday through Saturday, July 2-5: "La Périchole," in English. (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 6: "Song of Norway." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

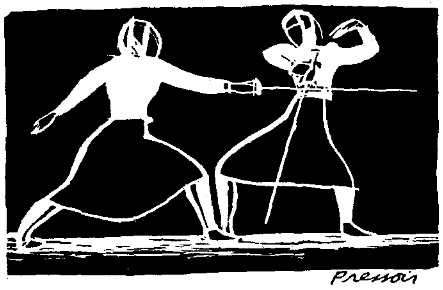
Mahopac—Friday, June 27, through Sunday, July 6: "The Diary of Anne Frank." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:15 and 9:15.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, June 28: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: Bert Lahr in "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—Through Sunday, June 29: "The Most Happy Fella." Starting Tuesday, July 1: "Damn Yankees." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: "Musical Threesome." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, June 28: Basil Rathbone and Geraldine Page in "Separate Tables." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: Menasha Skulnik in "Uncle Willie." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



New Hope—Through Saturday, June 28: "Compulsion." Starting Monday, June 30: "Season in the Sun." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, June 28: Dody Goodman in "Dulcy." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "Triple Play." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Tuesday through Sunday, July 1-6: "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Starting Wednesday, July 2: "King of Hearts." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, June 28: Bert Lahr in "A Visit to a Small Planet." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: Hermione Gingold and Carol Bruce in "Fallen Angels." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, June 28: "Monique." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, June 28: "No Time for Sergeants." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: "Separate Tables." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"Hamlet," with Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Morris Carnovsky: Thursday, June 26, at 8; Saturday, June 28, at 8; Wednesday, July 2, at 8; Friday, July 4, at 8; and Saturday, July 5, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with June Havoc, Hiram Sherman, and Inga Swenson: Friday, June 27, at 8:30; Saturday, June 28, at 3; Sunday, June 29, at 3; Tuesday, July 1, at 8:30; Wednesday, July 2, at 3; Thursday, July 3, at 8:30; and Saturday, July 5, at 8:30. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call CI 5-3110.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, June 28: "Damn Yankees." Monday through Sunday, June 30-July 6: Patricia Morison in "The King and I." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 5 and 9:30; and Sunday, July 6, at 8.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, July 6: Ronny Graham in "Damn Yankees." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, June 28: Hermione Gingold and Carol Bruce in "Fallen Angels." Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Tuesday through Sunday, July 1-6: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's twenty-sixth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Mia Slavenska and André Eglevsky, Pauline Koner and her company, and Shrimathi Gina. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 1-2, at 9; Thursday, July 3, at 4; and Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

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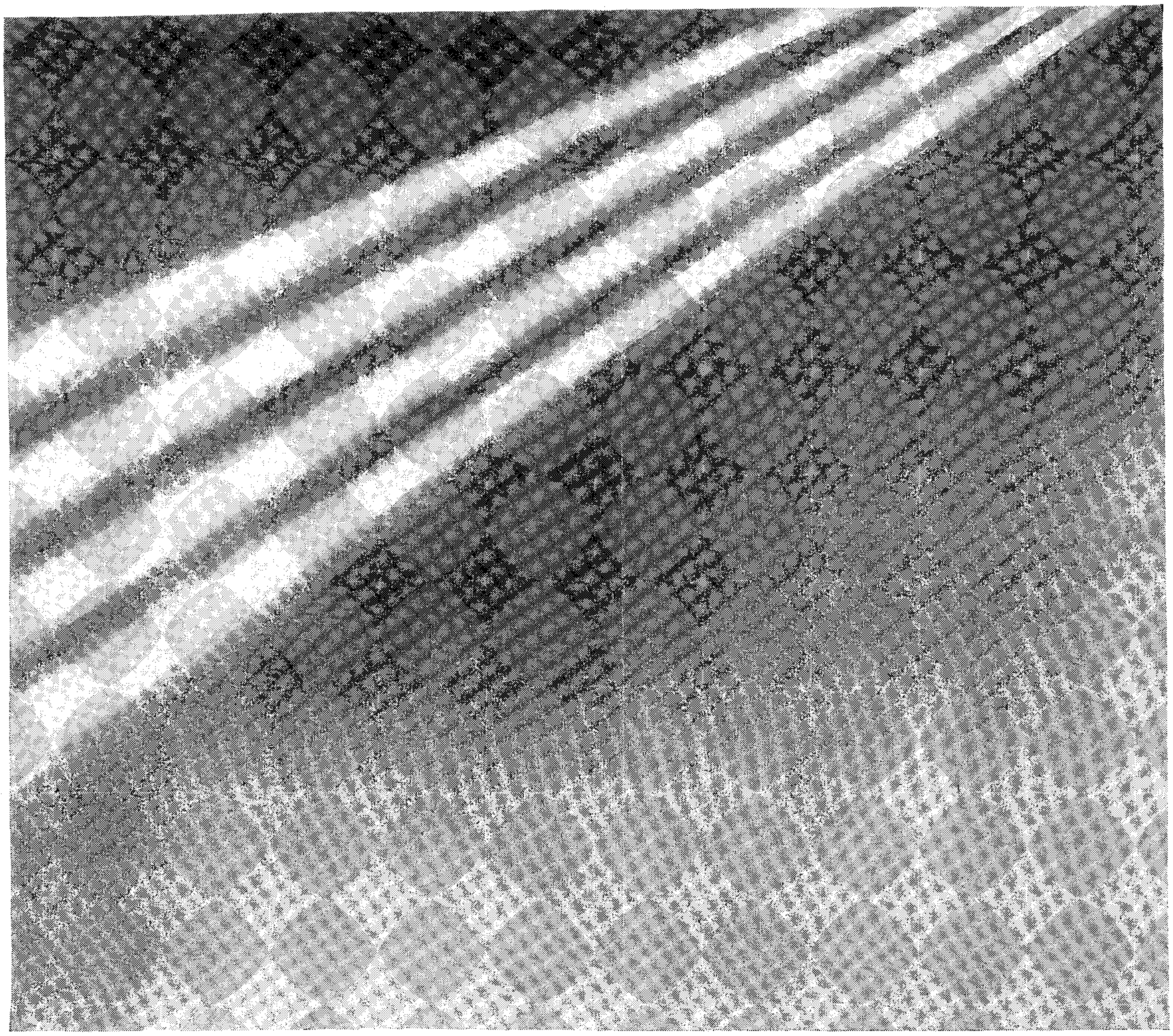

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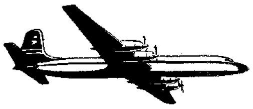

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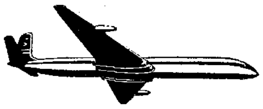

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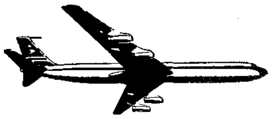

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VICKERS VC-10

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One not-too-distant day, you'll be able to tell your Travel Agent... ...which of BOAC's *four* jetliners you prefer to be booked on.

How so? Well, BOAC is adding 19 new Comet 4's — looking toward making a big cut in your flying time when you travel from NEW YORK to LONDON.

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maintains a foothold here. Incidental music, for talking or dancing to, by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 4-6.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's dancing in the Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is usually Stanley Worth's. Every evening but Sunday, Renato Rossini has a masterly go at his guitar, which gets more and more sensuously Mediterranean as the night grows older.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's band, shuttling between audience participation (which you can get on television almost any old time) and dance music, bows out of the Grill on Saturday, June 28. Lennie Herman's orchestra, the Grill's swallow of summer, arrives on Monday, June 30. Closed Sundays and Friday, July 4.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The top of the evening, as well as the top of Manhattan, awaits the journeyer from the city streets. Here one can dance all evening to the pink-champagne music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays and Friday, July 4.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's dance orchestra just keeps rolling along.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave., at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, which clings to its perch despite the wholesale demolition of Park Avenue, the feasting music stops at nine and the prancing music immediately ensues. The latter is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Mother Nature, arrayed principally in chlorophyll, beckons at the edge of the open-air piazza upon which, whenever the Weather Bureau stops fiddling with the water faucets, Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's rumba-and-mambo band disport themselves. The dancing starts at eight on weekdays and at seven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

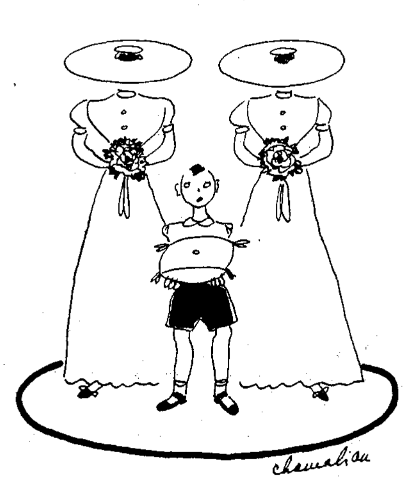
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, one of the tropics' most temperate zones, Xavier Cugat's big dance band radiates Latin health, wealth, and happiness (O.K.) while Mr. C. makes jokes (yes and no). At dinnertime, Tito Guizar, his mind sometimes on his native Mexico and sometimes on Hollywood, blares a few songs; at suppertime, Abbe Lane, her mind on who knows what, imparts to her ballads a definitely undulant fever. All hands depart on Saturday, June 28, and the place will be closed Sunday. On Monday, June 30, Los Chavales de España, another form of controlled Latin rock 'n' roll, will arrive.... ¶ On a picturesque island of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the trio of Jozsi Ribari does listening music from eight until one every night but Sunday, when, from eight to twelve, the Béla Babai band plays for dancing.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes by Joseph Sudy's trio from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, to say nothing of cocktails and such. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Still, after all these years, a green pasture for the taking of ease, nourishment, and the piano of Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper with tunes that bring back fond memories. Jim Mahoney is now the Sunday operator.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The mixture is varied—fresh-water pearls with their first beaux, lifetime nighthawks out (or in) for the air. The professional part of the roundelay is Al Mello's piano. It starts at eight. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' Louisiana houseparty involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo flights and teamwork) by the innkeeper and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle, and some of whom haven't been long out of it. The first chord is struck at five. Closed Sunday, June 29, through Sunday, July 6.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, which deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid. Sam Hamilton puts music to her words. Miss Mercer arrives around ten. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Holiday in Rome, under the guidance of veteran chefs; holiday with strings, under the guidance of Teo Fanidi, whose lilting and circumnavigating violinists go, go, go all evening. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence—peaceful old Florence before it was punctuated by backfiring Vespas and Lambrettas—has been reëstablished by Arturo Sacco, for nearly a generation the major-domo of the Blue Angel. Calm, clear piano at intervals from dinnertime on; after the theatre, Dean Sheldon intones his arias. Closed Mondays.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards having a good, tense, hot-blooded, folksy old time, which leads to plenty of native singing and dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Comic-opera life in the Middle Ages, with armor plate, halberds, and round tables, but no knights. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Chamber music, piano, and voice—always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. The décor is Iberian midsummer night's dream. After Thursday, July 3, the place will be taking a holiday. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this odd little art gallery, Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is sort of romantic, starts musing (and occasionally singing). Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way Mittel-europa should be at night—sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint regional artifacts. Dancing.



Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. Off and on, from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's rambling piano by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday, is giving it more lively touches than he used to.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has someone scampering up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Casanova, the original fun-loving Rover Boy, would have liked this fashionable boudoir. The music—table-to-table violin all evening and heartfelt outbursts of opera around suppertime—is hand in glove with the scenery. Closed Sundays.

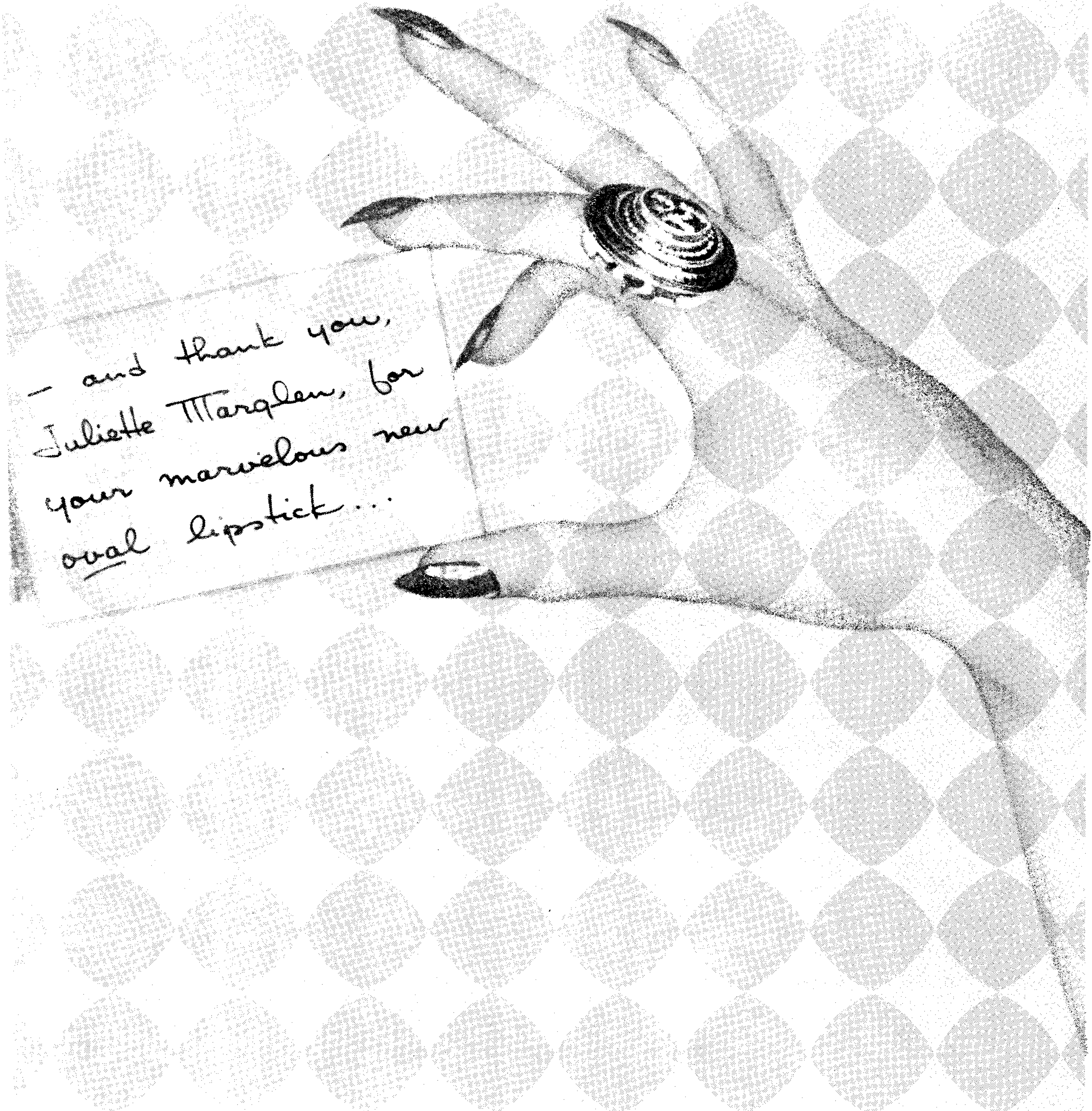
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): An odd place for the likes of Ella Fitzgerald, who probably sings her best draped casually against a mahogany bar, not embedded in a floor show whose motif is carnival in storied old Peoria. Her last night will be Wednesday, July 2. Dancing.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Anything—clowns, sopranos, jesters, tumblers, dancers, flying bird cages, rainstorms, march-pasts—can happen on the gigantic stage, but the main idea is les girls, of whom there is quite a sufficiency in their summer dresses and bikinis. Through Wednesday, July 2, the titular headliners will be the pantomiming Bernard Brothers; after that they'll be Jack Durant, for humor, and Kathryn Grayson, for song. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Will close for a long Fourth of July weekend, but through Thursday, July 3, the incumbents—Orson Bean, narrator of *contes drolatiques* culled from Harvard, Vermont, Mars, and other friendly neighbors; George Matson, whose mimicry of womanhood at work, at play, and at ease must have confirmed many a bachelor; Dorothy Loudon, girl guide through some of the wildest nonsense ballads of our time; and Randy Sparks, a mountain minstrel boy with a Will Rogers viewpoint—will remain intact. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are their background. The room will reopen with a new show after the weekend.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays, from 2 to 4 A.M., the Lyons trio runs riot. The lounge, too, goes on holiday after Thursday, July 3.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue is a graphic example of what happens when you don't put big-city children to bed early. The children are Ceil Cabot, Jenny Lou Law, Jean Arnold, and Gerry Matthews; their bellwether is Mickey Deems, who is just as irresponsible. The orchestra is the double piano of Arthur Siegel and Carl Norman. Nine-thirty and twelve are the starting hours. The establishment will close on Saturday, June 28.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The annex of the Downstairs Room, and a promenade where hearts are light and gay. Isobel Robins, a handsome child no taller than a daisy but twice as fresh, sings songs of cajolery; Don Evans and Ralph Strain have the run of the piano, which is dulcet most of the time. The place will close on Saturday, June 28.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is a rostrum for Joey Carter, a jokester with the memory


– and thank you,
Juliette Marglen, for
your marvelous new
oval lipstick…

a FABERGÉ presentation

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of an elephant, and Mardi Bayne, a recent arrival in the realm of balladry. He is off Sunday; she is off Monday. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sundays, there are old movies, too. On Tuesday, July 1, the Troupers, three earnest young things who both talk and sing, will become the floor show. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): Astern of the Midtown Café lies this little-known port on the seacoast of Bohemia, without any modern inconveniences, such as chromium and microphones. Janice Mars sings with vast simplicity some of the best-put-together words you ever heard, and Baldwin Bergerson, who writes the sort of music that goes with them, assists at the piano. No action Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Just about the littlest stopover on the little-theatre circuit, and faintly helter-skelter. The revue it houses has, along with some flotsam and jetsam, several moments of pure joy, as well as a singer of sad songs, Fia Karin, who does rather well for herself. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

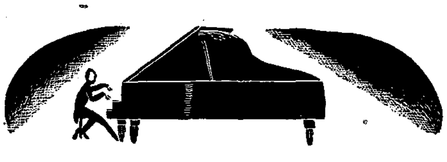
EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin in a great big debate with Bud Freeman's trio (in which Mousie Alexander is encased) on the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Mr. Condon chips in once in a while with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dakota Staton, by all odds the most joyous new girl in town, winds up her seminar of blues, ballads, and just plain bash on Sunday, June 29; her background (a trio run from the piano by Jimmy Jones) and a threesome in the charge of Whitey Mitchell will disappear at the same time. After the customary Monday night of silence, Carmen McRae, a puissant songbird herself, will arrive on Tuesday, July 1. Sundays there are matinées, four to seven-thirty, in addition to the nighttime sessions. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): How Camelot has changed since King Arthur was a pup! Redone in pine panelling and any number of microphones, it reverberates whenever anyone drops so much as a stitch. Ensconced in the center of the melee are the quartet of Tyree Glenn, a wielder of brass with the electric drive of Gabriel's horn, and a group nominally commanded by Jackie Cooper, who finds escape from the movies and all that in being a drummer. His sidekicks are eminent ones—Buck Clayton, Chubby Jackson, Mundell Lowe, and Sam Most. The whole lot departs on Saturday, June 28; after a Sunday holiday, the operation resumes on Monday, June 30, with the trios of Barbara Carroll, possibly the best girl executive in the business, and of Eddie Heywood. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith reliving the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected, unbelievably noisy jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. On Mondays, the evening breeze is shot by house guests. The shop is shut Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The trio of George Wallington, an earnest exponent of introvert modern pianism, is one of the two groups that take off around eight. The Wallingtons stay away on Sundays and the other group is off Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, whose sound is introvert abstract, has the piano in tow from cocktails to eight every night except Sunday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinding is now being done—and neatly, too—by Dinah Washington, voice of authority; Cal Tjader's quintet; and the Mitchell-Ruff duo, which is not so much jazz as it is tense nostalgia. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Toshiko Akiyoshi, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, shows that East and West have a common meeting ground when the subject is progressive piano. She is Nipponese, her sidemen are local boys. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the headquarters of Billy Maxted's pepper pots. Their last night will be Sunday, June 29. On Tuesday, July 1, Pee Wee Erwin's band will take over. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Vic Dickenson, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Pee Wee Erwin join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The pet sport of the beer-and-pretzels customers is turning time backward in its flight to an era they're too young to remember. Among the familiar faces on Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, should be Roy Eldridge, Willie the Lion Smith, Pee Wee Erwin, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, Herb Fleming, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): In case you can't tell who's on first because of the uproar in the stands, the players are the trios of Buddy Greco, a modernist of some eminence, and Eugene Smith. Their last night will be Saturday, June 28. Sunday night will, as usual, be set aside for guest shots, and on Monday, June 30, the Jonah Jones quartet and Teddy Wilson's trio will be arriving. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The on-with-the-new musicians who ebb and flow through these portals wait for no man, but it's roughly even money that Bobby Scott, a pianist whose attack and conversation may call to mind the revered and legendary Harry the Hipster Gibson, and Sam Donahue's quartet are on the firing line right now. The room is closed Tuesdays, but the players make up their homework by reporting at 5 P.M. Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Lee Konitz quartet, for which Warne Marsh is the saxophone, goes its eerie way down the highways and byways of progress. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this Village apothecary. The soothsayers on the stand are Thelonious Monk, a Surrealist poet of the piano, and his fivesome. Mondays, when they take the evening off, Mal Waldron's band fills in. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): After ten, a youth movement known as the Commuters makes dance music of a progressive flavor beside a tiny exercise area and, led by Helen Streiff, a merry little cricket, indulges in a bit of sideplay, too. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 4-6.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

CHAIM SOUTINE AND HIS CIRCLE—Paintings by a group of Russian and Polish artists (including, along with Soutine, Pinchus Kremegne, Mané-Katz, and Arbit Blatas) who emigrated to Paris around the time of the First World War; through Thursday, July 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)



THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through Aug. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Saturday, June 28.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jack Levine, Yutaka Ohashi, Richard Hunt, and others; through July 31. (July hours: Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, John Costigan, and others; through Sept. 26. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: The gallery group (painters and sculptors), including Byron Browne, Seong Moy, and Hugo Robus; through Aug. 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-life paintings by artists of the early nineteen-hundreds, as well as by contemporary artists (Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, John Heliker, and so on); through July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **NORDNESS,** 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by Mitchell Siporin, Karl Zerbe, Abbott Pattison, and others; through Aug. 29. (Open Saturday, June 28.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 29.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through July 25. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Pierre Matisse, Ernst Kirchner, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through July 25. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Six European painters and sculptors—Afro, Renato Birolli, Alan Davie, Peter Lanyon, Luciano Minguzzi, and Mirko—and one American sculptor, Bernard Rosenthal; through Monday, June 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists ranging from Rodin to Morandi; through Aug. 30. (Open Saturdays.)

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 17. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, June 29.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Prints by Jacques Callot and Honoré Daumier; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ A summer loan exhibition of paintings from private collections; starting Tuesday, July 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum will be closed until early fall for carpentry and such.

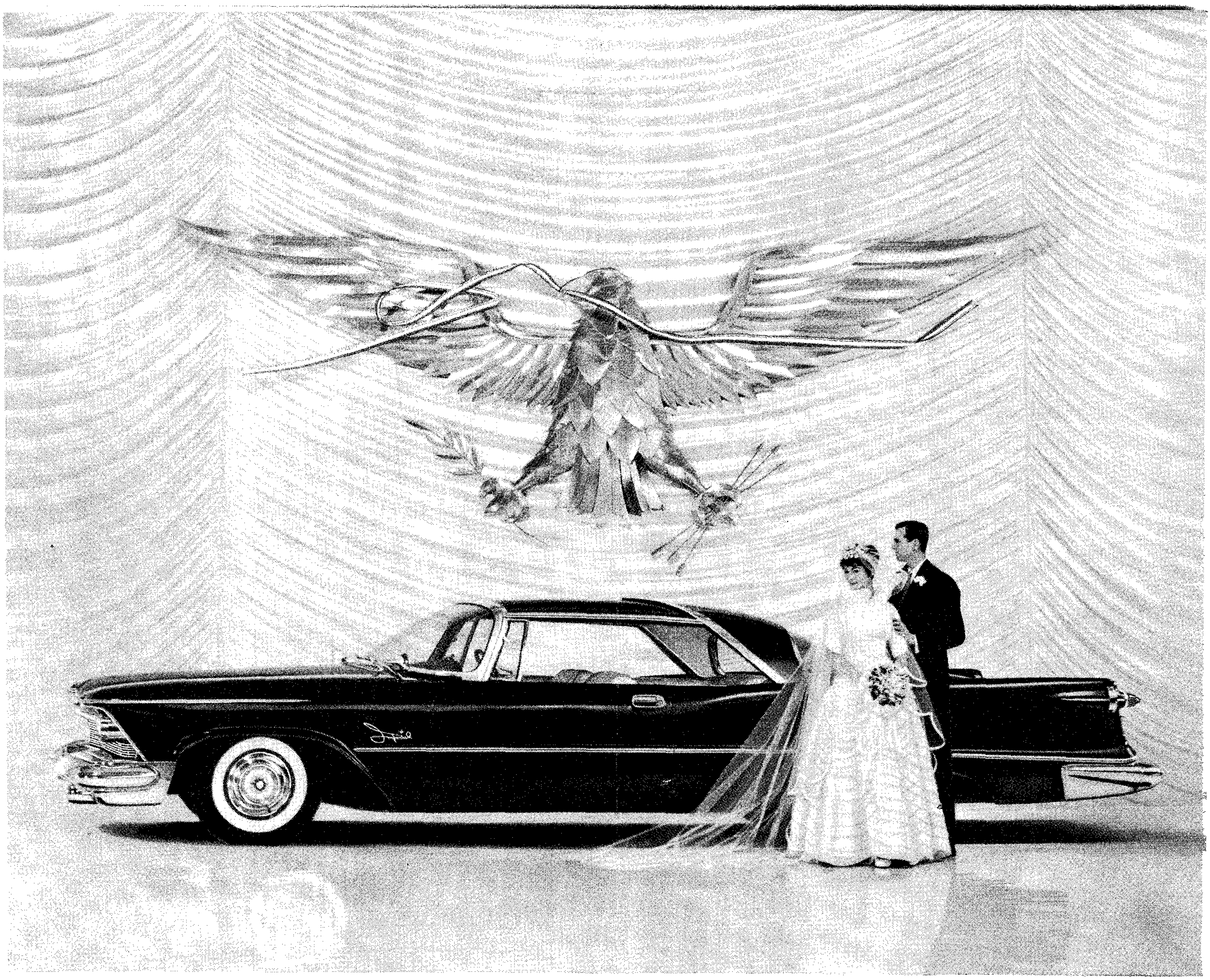
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Aubrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Maillol, Paolozzi, Miró, and others; through July 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Approximately thirty paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, and figures) by younger-generation Israeli artists; through July 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen under thirty from across the country; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, except Friday, July 4, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collec-



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tors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects, made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, except Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: The twentieth annual artist members' exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, collages, and prints by professional and amateur artists living in the region (Julian Levi, Balcomb Greene, Corrado Marca-Relli, and others); through July 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)... **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: Beatrice Cuming, William C. Bendig, and Walter Meigs are three of the artists represented in the annual members' group show of paintings and sculptures; through July 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... **MANCHESTER, N.H.** Currier Gallery of Art: Enamels and paintings by Karl Drerup; through July 20.... ¶ On view in the permanent collection are paintings by, among others, Perugino, Winslow Homer, and Lyonel Feininger. (Weekdays, except Friday, July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Sculptures and graphics by Garrett Price, Robert Brackman, and others; through July 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.)... **NEW CANAAN, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: The ninth New England exhibition of paintings and sculptures, which also includes work by artists from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; through July 10. (Daily, 12:30 to 5:30.)... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger (1871-1955), sculptures by John Flannagan (1895-1942), aquatints by Mary Cassatt (1855-1926), and sculptures and paintings by "Americans of Our Times;" starting Saturday, June 28. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.)... **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Part II of the thirty-eighth annual exhibition, consisting of works in a variety of mediums by Umberto Romano, Jerri Ricci, Stow Wengenroth, and others; starting Saturday, June 28. (Opening day, 3 to 6; thereafter weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 26: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Guiomar Novaes, piano.... ¶ Saturday, June 28: Alfredo Antonini conducting an all-Puccini program, with Licia Albanese, soprano, and Richard Tucker, tenor.... ¶ Monday, June 30: Pierre Monteux conducting a Wagner-Strauss program, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano.... ¶ Tuesday, July 1: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Wednesday, July 2: Pierre Monteux conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Ruth Slenczynska, piano.... ¶ Thursday, July 3: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin.... ¶ Saturday, July 5: The Stadium will be given over to a jazz program by Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, Lionel Hampton and his orchestra, and Anita O'Day and her trio. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 2. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, except July 4, at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 15.)... ¶ Tibor Serly conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Seymour Benstock, cello. (Friday, July 4, at 8:30.)

SALMAGGI OUTDOOR OPERA—Friday, June 27: "Aïda."... ¶ Saturday, July 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 10—Wednesday, July 2, at 8:30: A chamber-music concert by the Budapest String Quartet.... ¶ Friday, July 4, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra made up of Boston Symphony players in an all-Bach program; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the chamber orchestra in another all-Bach program, with Lukas Foss, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: G. Wallace Woodworth directing the Boston Symphony in Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Adele Addison, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

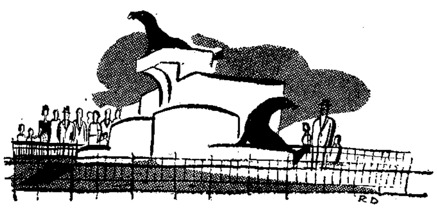
BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Sunday, June 29, at 8:30: The Buffalo Bills and others in a barbershop-quartet festival.... ¶ Friday, July 4, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet.... ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 3:30: Folk songs by Odetta.... ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 8:30: Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, June 27-28: Odetta, folk singer; Pearl Primus, ethnic dancer; and Ram Gopal, Indian dancer.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 4-5: Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Monday, June 30: A recital by Hilde Gueden, soprano.... ¶ Saturday, July 5: Walter Hendl conducting the opening performance of the season by the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra. (Chautauqua, N.Y. Evenings at 8:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet, with Keith Wilson, clarinet. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, June 29, at 4.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Mahalia Jackson, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Paul Desmond, Marian McPartland's trio, Miles Davis's sextet, Cannonball Adderley, Gerry Mulligan, Rex Stewart, and others.... ¶ Friday, July 4, at 10: "The Origin and Nature of the Blues," a free lecture (with band), by S. I. Hayakawa.... ¶ Friday, July 4, at 2:30: The International Youth Band, conducted by Marshall Brown; Jimmy Giuffre's trio; and others.... ¶ Friday, July 4, at 8:30: Benny Goodman and his orchestra.... ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 10: "The Jazz Dance," a free lecture (with dancers), by Marshall Stearns.... ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 2:30: Herb Pomeroy's orchestra, Don Butterfield's trio, Bernard Peiffer, Willie the Lion Smith, and Julia Lee.... ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Gerry Mulligan's quartet, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Turner, Pete Johnson, Art Farmer, Jack Teagarden, Jo Jones, Buck Clayton, Georgie Auld, Dakota Staton, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, Mahalia Jackson, and others.... ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: Sonny Rollins' trio, Billy Taylor's trio, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver's quintet, Georgie Auld, Anita O'Day, Lee Konitz, Sal Salvador, Les Jazz Modes, and others.... ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, the International Youth Band, Dinah Washington, George Shearing's quintet, Jack Teagarden, Bobby Hackett, Max Roach, Chris Connor, Urbie Green, Terry Gibbs, Don Elliott, and others. (Freebody Park, Newport, R.I. For tickets, call LA 4-3626.)



SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Boston. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, July 5, at 8.)

BOXING—Johnny Busso vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, June 27. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

FENCING—National Championships—Sunday, June 29, at 7:30: Men's sabre team and women's foil team.... ¶ Monday, June 30, at 9 A.M.: Men's foil team and men's épée team.... ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 9 A.M.: Men's individual sabre.... ¶ Wednesday, July 2, at 9 A.M.: Men's individual épée.... ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 9 A.M.: Women's individual foil.... ¶ Friday, July 4, at 9 A.M.: Men's individual foil.... ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 9 A.M.: Men's three-weapon team. (Hotel Commodore, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. MU 6-6000.)

HORSE SHOWS—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Saturday, June 28.)... ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday and Sunday, July 5-6.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho: A match between Meadow Brook and a Mexican team, June 29.... **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 5. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, June 28; the Suburban Handicap, Friday, July 4; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, July 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays and Friday, July 4, between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, at 12:20, and Saturdays and Friday, July 4, at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **WATKINS GLEN,** N.Y.: Saturday, June 28, at 10.... **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 5, at 1.

TENNIS—New York State Women's Championships. (Beach Point Club, Mamaroneck. Through Saturday, June 28.)... ¶ Eastern Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Through Sunday, June 29.)... ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. Monday through Sunday, June 30-July 6.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays, except July 4, at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays and Friday, July 4, at 6:35 and 7:10.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4.... **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Monday through Friday, June 30-July 4, at 1:30.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings Friday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "A Trip to Palomar," visits the famous observatory in California. Starting Tuesday, July 1, there will be a new show, "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

EXIT
EXIT
EXIT
EXIT

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which describes the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, June 28-July 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GIGI—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling performances by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

ROONEY—A comical account of the adventures of a Dublin dustman who is pursued by all kinds of ladies anxious to put an end to his bachelorhood. John Gregson gives a fine performance as this harried man, and Barry Fitzgerald is highly diverting as an irascible ancient related to some of the anxious women. A British film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through June 29.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, and while his interpretation of the role is not particularly crisp, he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. He has among his supporters Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through June 27. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting July 2.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938)—Errol Flynn playing the outlaw. Also with Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 1.)

THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET (1956)—A Russian item that offers a score by Prokofieff and the dancing of Galina Ulanova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 26.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 30.)

THE EAGLE (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 29.)

THE GOLD OF NAPLES (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

HIGH SIERRA (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 26.)

HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film describing how movie scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

JULIUS CAESAR (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; June 26. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 30-July 1.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 2.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

THE OLD MAID (1939)—Bette Davis in the 1935 Pulitzer Prize winner. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 1.)

THE ROOTS (1957)—Four stories about life among the Mexican Indians. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 2, tentative.)

THE SILENT WORLD (1956)—Life underwater, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau. A French film, with an English narration. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 1.)

THE WAGES OF FEAR (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

THE WINDOW (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting July 2.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through July 2: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through July 1: "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.
From July 2: "The Key," William Holden, Sophia Loren.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

ROYALE, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through July 2: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through July 2 (tentative): "Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through June 26 (tentative): "Diary of a Bad Girl" (in French), Danik Patisson, Anne Vernon.
From June 27 (tentative): "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 1 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From July 2 (tentative): "The Golden Age of Comedy," a silent-movie anthology; and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
June 26: "Summer Love," John Saxon; and "The Big Beat," William Reynolds.
June 27-July 1: "Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing; and "The Thing that Couldn't Die," William Reynolds.
From July 2: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 1 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From July 2 (tentative): "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through June 28: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.
June 29-July 1: "The Case Against Brooklyn," Darren McGavin, Maggie Hayes; and "Let's Rock!," Julius La Rosa.
From July 2: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Case of Dr. Laurent," Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through June 29: **ROONEY.**
From June 30: "Your Past Is Showing!," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
June 26: **JULIUS CAESAR,** revival; and "The Swan," revival, Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness.
June 27-July 1: "Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing; and "The Thing that Couldn't Die," William Reynolds.
From July 2: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through July 1: "Folies Bergère" (in French and English), Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine.
From July 2: "The Key," William Holden, Sophia Loren.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 27: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**
From June 28: "Guendalina" (in Italian), Jacqueline Sassard, Raf Vallone.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 2 (tentative): "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 2: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES,** revival.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 28: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.
June 29-July 1: "The Case Against Brooklyn," Darren McGavin, Maggie Hayes; and "Let's Rock!," Julius La Rosa.
From July 2: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 1 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From July 2 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 1 (tentative): "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
From July 2 (tentative): "The Golden Age of Comedy," a silent-movie anthology; and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
June 26: "Summer Love," John Saxon; and "The Big Beat," William Reynolds.
June 27-July 1: "Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing; and "The Thing that Couldn't Die," William Reynolds.
From July 2: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 28: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.
June 29-July 1: "The Case Against Brooklyn," Darren McGavin, Maggie Hayes; and "Let's Rock!," Julius La Rosa.
From July 2: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 29: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS,** revival; and "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.
June 30-July 1: **JULIUS CAESAR,** revival; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.
From July 2: "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin; and "Woman in a Dressing Gown," revival, Yvonne Mitchell, Anthony Quayle.

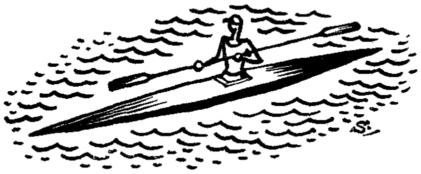
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 1 (tentative): "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
From July 2 (tentative): **THE ROOTS** (in Spanish), revival; and "Wife for a Night" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Gino Cervi.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 1 (tentative): "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.
From July 2 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 28: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.
June 29-July 1: "The Case Against Brooklyn," Darren McGavin, Maggie Hayes; and "Let's Rock!," Julius La Rosa.
From July 2: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
June 26: "Summer Love," John Saxon; and "The Big Beat," William Reynolds.
June 27-July 1: "Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing; and "The Thing that Couldn't Die," William Reynolds.
From July 2: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.



TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
June 26: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and **HIGH SIERRA,** revival.
June 27-28: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan; and "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.
June 29-30: "Jumping Jacks," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Taza, Son of Cochise," revival, Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush.
July 1: **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD,** revival; and "Captain Blood," revival, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland.
From July 2: **THE WINDOW,** revival; and "The Big Sky," revival, Kirk Douglas.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 30 (tentative): "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens.
From July 1 (tentative): "The Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Poor but Beautiful" (in Italian), Marisa Allasio.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"No Sun in Venice" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 1: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.
From July 2: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 1: **THE OLD MAID,** revival; and **THE SILENT WORLD,** revival.
From July 2: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 26: **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET,** revival.
June 27: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and "Blind Desire" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Jean-Louis Barrault.
June 28: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and **HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA** (in French), revival.
June 29: "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players; and "Pablo Casals," revival, a short documentary film.
June 30: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and ten Walt Disney cartoons.
July 1: **THE EAGLE** (silent); and "Daughter of the Sands," revival, a Moroccan film.
July 2: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Heart of Paris" (in French), revival, Raimu.

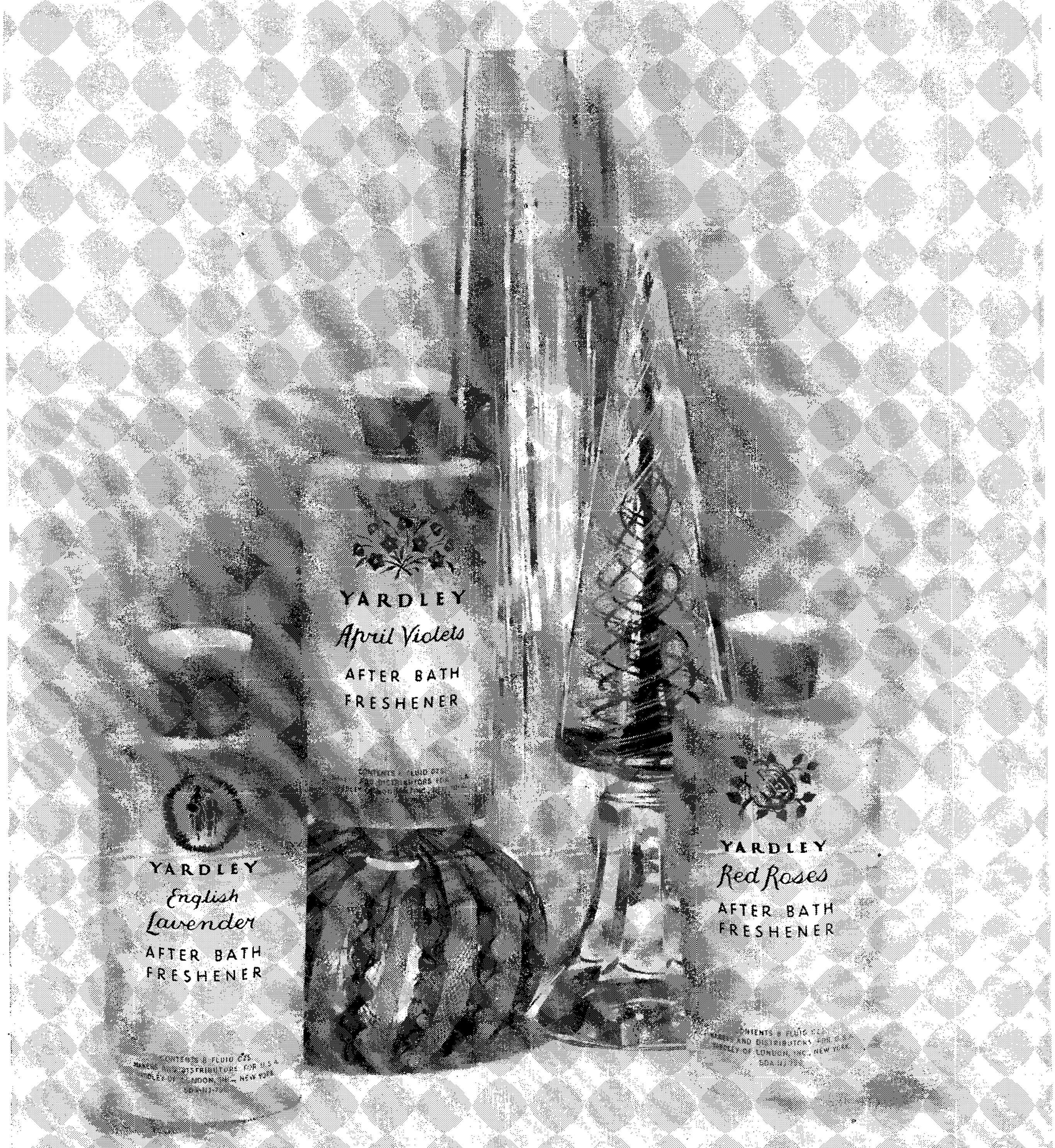
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 1: "Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing; and "The Thing that Couldn't Die," William Reynolds.
From July 2: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through July 1: "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
From July 2: "The Golden Age of Comedy," a silent-movie anthology; and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 1: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.
From July 2: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
June 26: "Summer Love," John Saxon; and "The Big Beat," William Reynolds.
June 27-July 1: "Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing; and "The Thing that Couldn't Die," William Reynolds.
From July 2: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.

YARDLEY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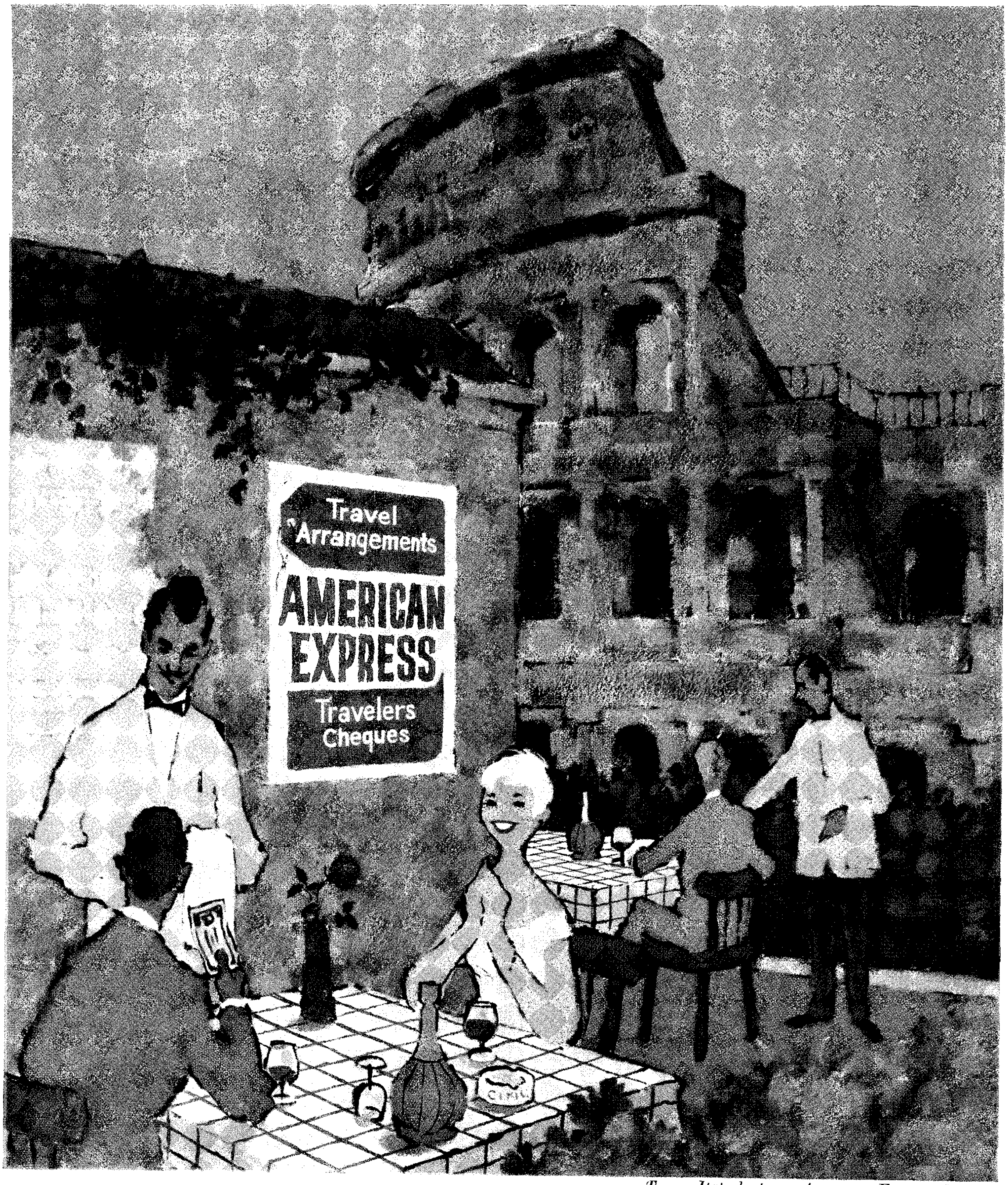

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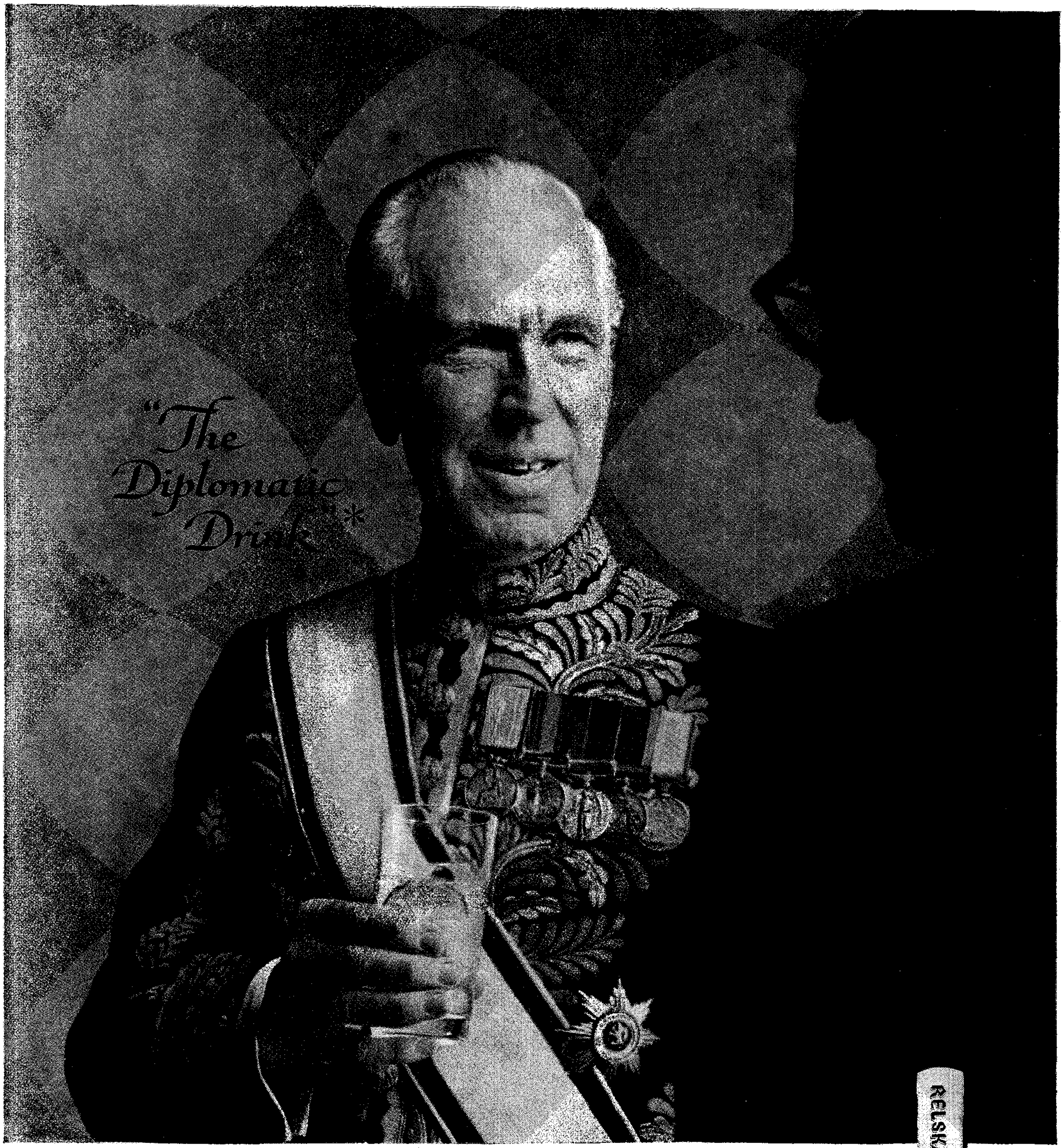

The Ambassador could spare me only a few moments. Very gracious, though. We toasted the occasion in Relska Vodka.

"I've noticed," he said, "that your high-level Americans invariably find Relska a delightful surprise—there's no liquor taste. Over here, Relska's been the reigning favorite for many years—centuries, I'd say."

I couldn't help thinking—once again—that Relska Vodka surely is *the diplomatic drink.*

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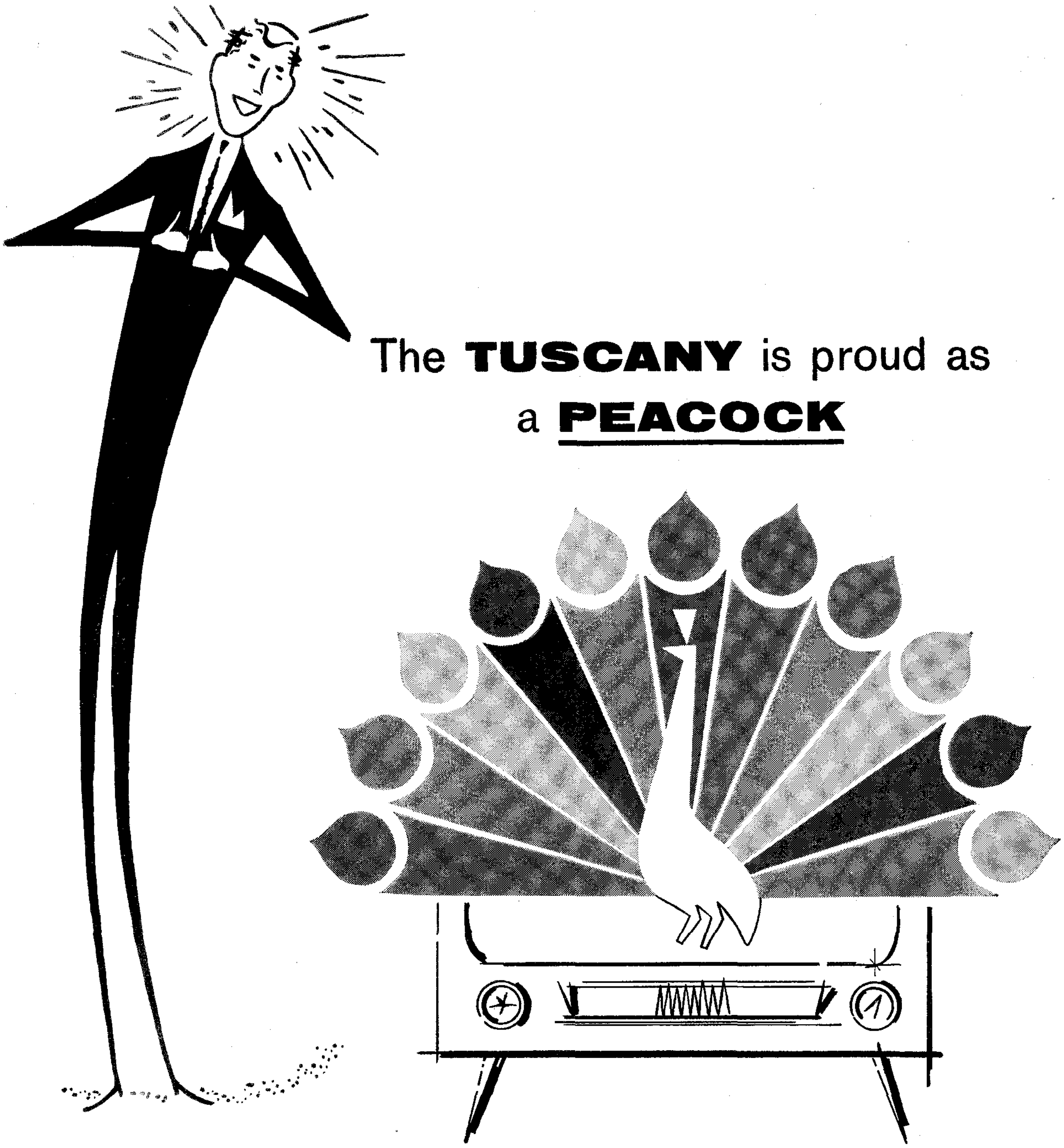

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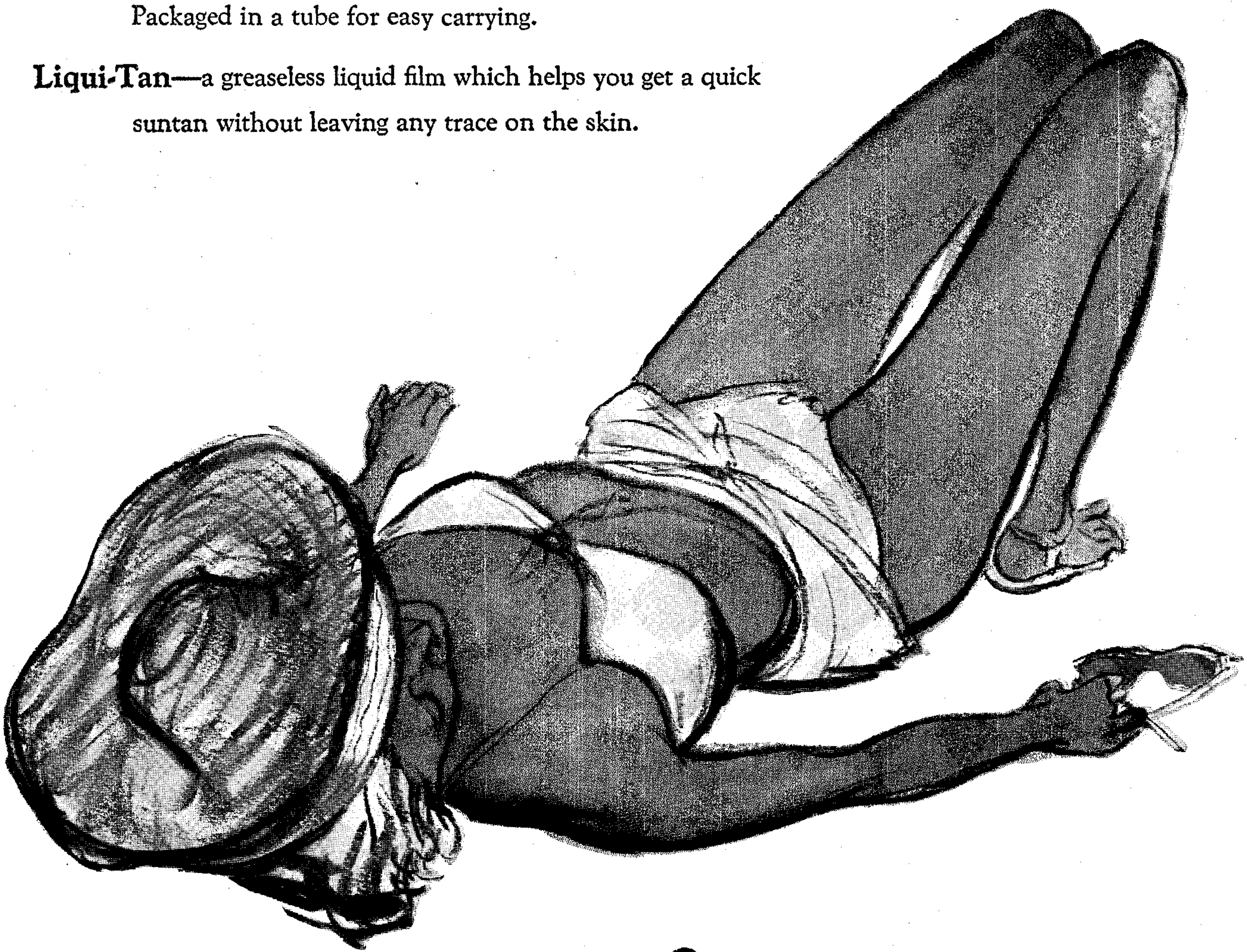
Liqui-Tan—a greaseless liquid film which helps you get a quick suntan without leaving any trace on the skin.



Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BEING fairly highhanded about the seasons, we couldn't be bothered waiting for the solstice to bring in summer—we brought it in ourself, several days early, with the help of an assortment of unwitting confederates, including Abe Stark, Leonard Bernstein, and the Department of Sanitation Band. The occasion that got all of us together was a welcome-home party held at City Hall for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, on its return from a seven-week, twenty-one-city tour of Latin America. It was a small affair, as such affairs go, with a hundred or so city officials and chairmen of this and that providing augustness, and maybe twice that number of casual passersby providing bulk. The affair was so intimate, indeed, that the moment we stopped to observe it we were given an important role to play. As we entered the sunny plaza in front of City Hall, a pleasant-faced stranger came up, thrust into our hands a green-and-yellow banner bearing the device "Welcome Home New York Philharmonic," and asked us to wave it ardently over our head as soon as we caught sight of Dimitri Mitropoulos and/or Leonard Bernstein. Some fifty fellow-spectators were similarly honored, while a dozen others (more distinguished-looking, or just stronger-looking?) were handed large placards reading, "VIVA! Mitropoulos," "VIVA! Bernstein," and "BRAVO! New York Philharmonic."

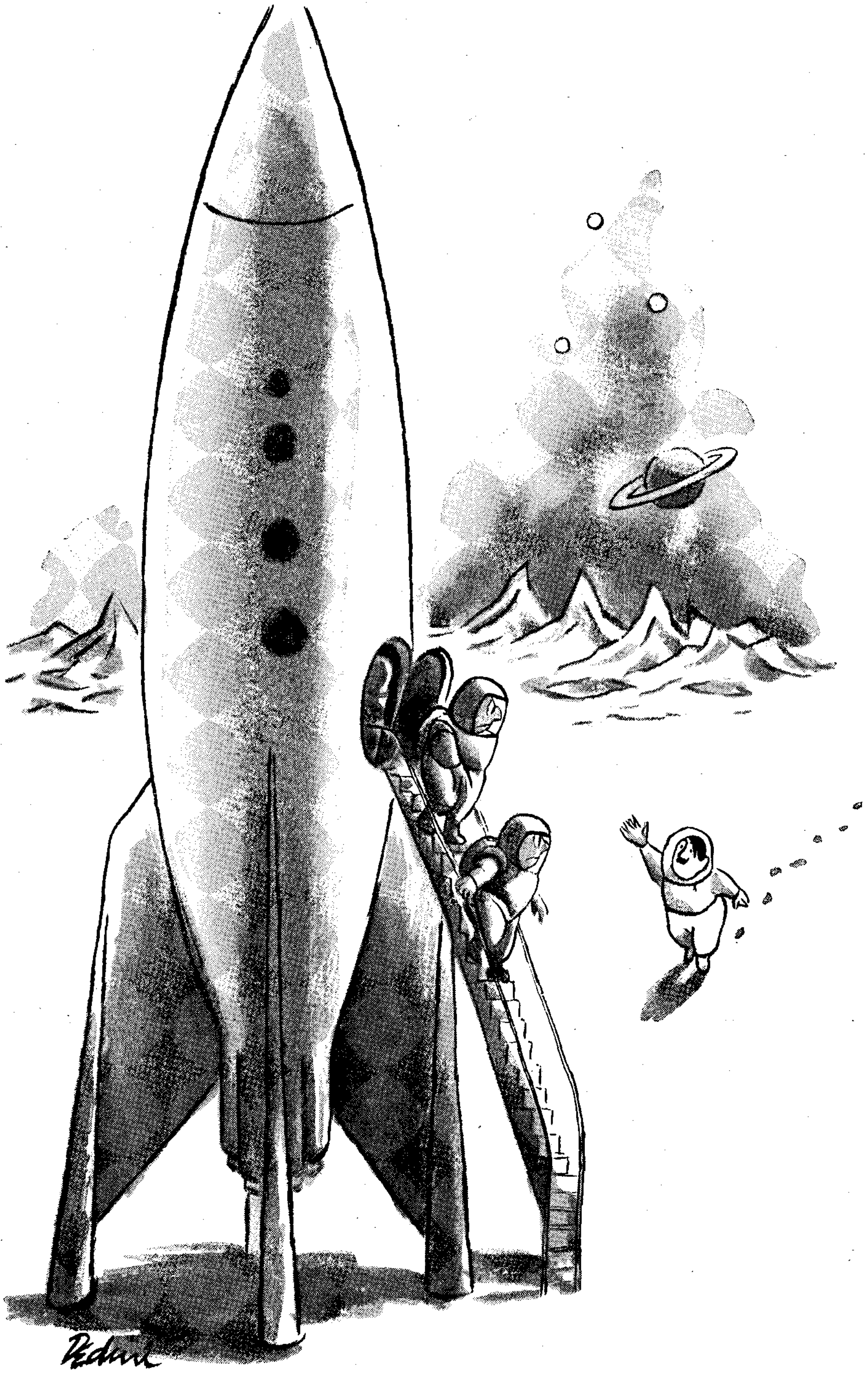
The orchestra and its conductors arrived, and up over our head went the green-and-yellow banner. Speeches of welcome and congratulation were delivered by Richard C. Patterson, Jr., Commissioner of Commerce and Public Events; Robert W. Dowling, chairman of the board of ANTA; and Abe Stark, the Acting Mayor. The two conductors were then invited to take over the conducting of the Department of Sanitation Band. Mr. Mitropoulos went as far as to put on a Department of Sanitation cap for the sake of the newspaper photographers present, but would go no farther, so John Celebre, the band's regular conductor, practically forced a white baton into Mr. Bernstein's hand. The crowd applauded, the TV cameras went into action, and precisely then we grew impatient with the solstice. To be waving a green-and-yellow banner over our head in bright sunlight outside City Hall while Leonard Bernstein led the Department of Sanitation Band through a reading of "The Stars and Stripes Forever"—of *course* it was summer in New York, no matter what the calendar said!

Soggy, Buggy

WE had our way with summer, but sulky spring refused to budge until the officially scheduled hour of its departure, which was fifty-seven minutes past four last Saturday afternoon. Almost everyone was glad to see it go, but gardeners were especially glad, because it was the rainiest spring we've had in sixty-five years, and though some rain at this time of year is fine for plants, too much is nearly as bad as none whatever. The combination of exceptionally wet weather with an unrelated but no less exceptional proliferation of insects has caused an immense amount of horticultural heartbreak hereabouts, and for the inside story on how bad things are outside we've turned to Dr. Pascal P. Pirone, plant pathologist of the New York Botanical Garden, whom beleaguered flower, vegetable, and tree lovers have been ringing up at all hours for phyto-medical advice and, in many cases, spiritual comfort. (Nursing a sick plant is not unlike nursing a sick baby; since the patient can't talk, people tend to assume that the situation is even worse than it looks.)

Dr. Pirone is a middle-sized, middle-aged man of abundant energy, which is being sorely taxed by the current invasion of blights and bugs. "I've scarcely time for my regular work," he said. "Every few minutes another problem on the phone! Fungi thrive on wetness, and never have I heard of so many fungi on trees, shrubs, flowers, and grass." Dr. Pirone cited as an example the grounds at the United Nations headquarters, where the pin oaks are suffering from a fungus-induced disease called leaf blister, the leaves of the Japanese cherry trees are shot through with a disease called, for obvious reasons, shot hole, and the roses are fighting black spot and mildew, both of which are diseases much aggravated by dampness. Dr. Pirone added, between phone calls, that botrytis, a fungus that has been ravaging tulips and lilies, will soon be ravaging delphiniums and peonies, and that many local trees have already fallen victims of anthracnose. "A common, unsightly, but not dangerous fungus," he said. "Browns the leaves but doesn't prevent new growth. Verticillium albo-atrum is another story. Deadly! Cuts off a tree's water-conducting system and the poor tree dies of thirst. Verticillium albo-atrum has taken the lives of hundreds of Norway maples all over the city in the past few years."

Rain not only encourages fungi but discourages pollination, since bees like to work when the weather's fine and to loaf when it's foul. A third unfortunate side effect of rain was pointed out by Dr. Pirone. "You know those thick, succulent leaves you see everywhere after a rainy spring?" he said. "Well,



they're like spoiled children. They've had it too easy; they're not prepared to meet the hardships of midsummer. They've been lucky enough to escape the fungi, but when the hot sun and dry winds come, they won't be able to stand them; they'll keel over with leaf scorch. And still another drawback of wet weather, particularly in and around New York, is that it increases the damage done by air pollution. The most harmful ingredients of factory and incinerator smoke blow away pretty quickly in a normal spring; in a rainy one, the smog descends, loaded with sulphur dioxide, and poisons everything."

As for insects, they, too, have been raising hob with plant life. Nobody knows why there are so many insects around this year, since wet weather usually cuts down on their number by limiting their social activity, drowning their eggs, and aiding fungi that infect and eventually kill them. It may be some consolation to remember that if this *hadn't* been such a rainy spring, the plague of insects would be even greater than it is. At the moment, tent caterpillars are the leading local pest, followed by leaf hoppers and thrips. Miners and borers are getting in their licks, and the termites this year are so numerous, vigorous, and ravenous that they not only are stealthily attacking houses but are coming right out in the open and attacking living trees. "The bad weather has done all the harm it can," said Dr. Pirone. "Now, though the fungi problem will get better, the insect problem will get worse. I tell my gardening friends to cheer up—that fall is only a few months away. Somehow, that doesn't seem to help." The phone rang again. "That'll be a lady with a bug in her begonias," said Dr. Pirone. And, sure enough, it was.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The latest thing in toy guns is a plastic creation called a U.N. Police Pistol.

Ex-Super

REGINALD DENNY, who first impressed us in the early twenties, as the pugilistic hero of a movie serial (two reels to each installment) called "The Leather Pushers," is now functioning as the elegant and most unbelligerent Colonel Pickering in "My Fair Lady." Last week, we decided to have Mr. Denny revive the muscular days of his youth. We met him in a West End Avenue apartment that he and his wife are engaged in furnishing in handsome style, and found that Mr. Denny, wearing his brown hair in a pompadour and sporting a jaunty mustache, has stopped time right in its tracks. "A fellow-performer, a lady, recently celebrated her *fiftieth year in the theatre*," *he told* us, after introductions. "When I heard about this, my curiosity was aroused about me, and I went to the library and discovered that this year I am celebrating my fifty-ninth year in the theatre. I started in 1899—on October 14th, to be precise—when I was eight years old, in London, in a play called 'A Royal Family.' My father was William H. Denny, a well-known Gilbert-and-Sullivan performer, and my grandmother was old Mrs. Henry Leigh, of the Sadler's Wells Stock Company. I romped about in great style until my mother died, and then I was shuffled off to boarding school. St. Francis Xavier, in Mayfield, Sussex, it was, and they really pounded knowledge into us. I left, regrettably, in order to join the original company of 'What Every Woman Knows,' as a super. In those days, supers were paid one pound two and ninepence, and most of us doubled up by serving as supers in at least two plays. Running from theatre to theatre was, I think, good for my wind. I mention this because wind used to be very important to me. When I was a schoolboy, I fell into the hands of Sir Harry Preston, the only professional fighter—he was a bantamweight—who has ever been knighted, or, at any rate, the only pubkeeper *and* bantamweight who has ever been knighted. One time, when I was fifteen, he put me against a big youth who could hit like a horse and didn't look less than eighteen to me. 'If you don't knock him out,' Harry said, 'just remember that I can hit harder than he can.' I kept jabbing away at this fellow for four two-minute rounds, cocking my right but never using it. Then Harry said, 'Go out and put him away or I'll beat you blind.' And so I let the right go, and, thank God, I won. Harry and the editor of a London sporting paper were wagering more than six hundred pounds on this one. Imagine, on a couple of kids!"

Mr. Denny paused reflectively, stroked his mustache, and then tapped his teeth with his fingers. "Very few of these are mine," he remarked sadly. "During 'The Leather Pushers,' we used to try for realism, and we certainly got it, or at least I did. Once, they inflicted a puncher on me who liked to throw short, mean blows. I told him that what we wanted in the films was theatrical roundhouse swings, but when we filmed an episode in which I was supposed to be knocked out, he waited until I was on my knees and then gave me a straight right that really knocked me out. I believe some of my teeth left me on that occasion. But where was I in my chronology?"

"Doubling as a super," we said.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Denny. "Well, there was a good deal of repertory in England after that, and presently a tour to Ceylon and India. For a moment out there, I thought of abandoning the profession and becoming a planter, but I married a girl in the company I was travelling with, and that made it impossible for me to work as a creeper, which is what they call the new boy on a rubber plantation. Later, at a theatre in Colombo, I was on a bill with a master of judo, a good-looking but terrifying sort, whose act had to do with challenging any three men in the audience to face him. He broke bones as casually as you'd break a pretzel, and had as his partner a girl who was a human magnet. The human magnet couldn't be lifted off the floor, but while strong men tried, I sang airs from 'The Merry Widow,' and that sort of thing. I was a twenty-one-year-old baritone, and I think it left its mark on my voice. What left a more memorable mark on me was the judo expert, who, after telling me that a young man like me should have his funds taken care of by an older man like him, left me without a rupee in Bangalore. I got out of that by doing a turn with my wife for the Maharajah of Mysore, a fine amateur musician and a great enthusiast of the theatre. Then it was back to England, and over to America with a company doing 'The Quaker Girl,' but while all of us were having a very jolly time in New York, my father, who was also in America, playing in 'Madame X,' decided to ship me to England again, conceivably so I would become sober and respectable. But I came back, unreformed, in 1914, and, except for a spell in the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War, I've been here ever since. I got interested in films, incidentally, because I was on strike in 1919, while under contract to the Shuberts, and movies were the only thing we could turn our hand to. This part I'm playing now is my first on Broadway since 1942. You may be surprised to know that in the interval I brightened up my Hollywood corner by developing a gas-powered model plane, directed by radio, that I regard as the forerunner of the guided missile. I started to develop these things early in the thirties, and eventually they were used to teach gunners how to hit a moving target. Once, I challenged someone who thought they were impractical by saying that with a model plane that had a twelve-foot wing span and a pay load of ten pounds of simulated cargo I could hit a bull's-eye thirty miles away. He didn't take me up, but the planes—or drones, as they were called—revolutionized gunnery training during the Second World War. I got out of the business, to no great advantage to myself, in 1948. But I'm doing a good deal of thinking as I play Colonel Pickering, and who knows what I might come up with?"

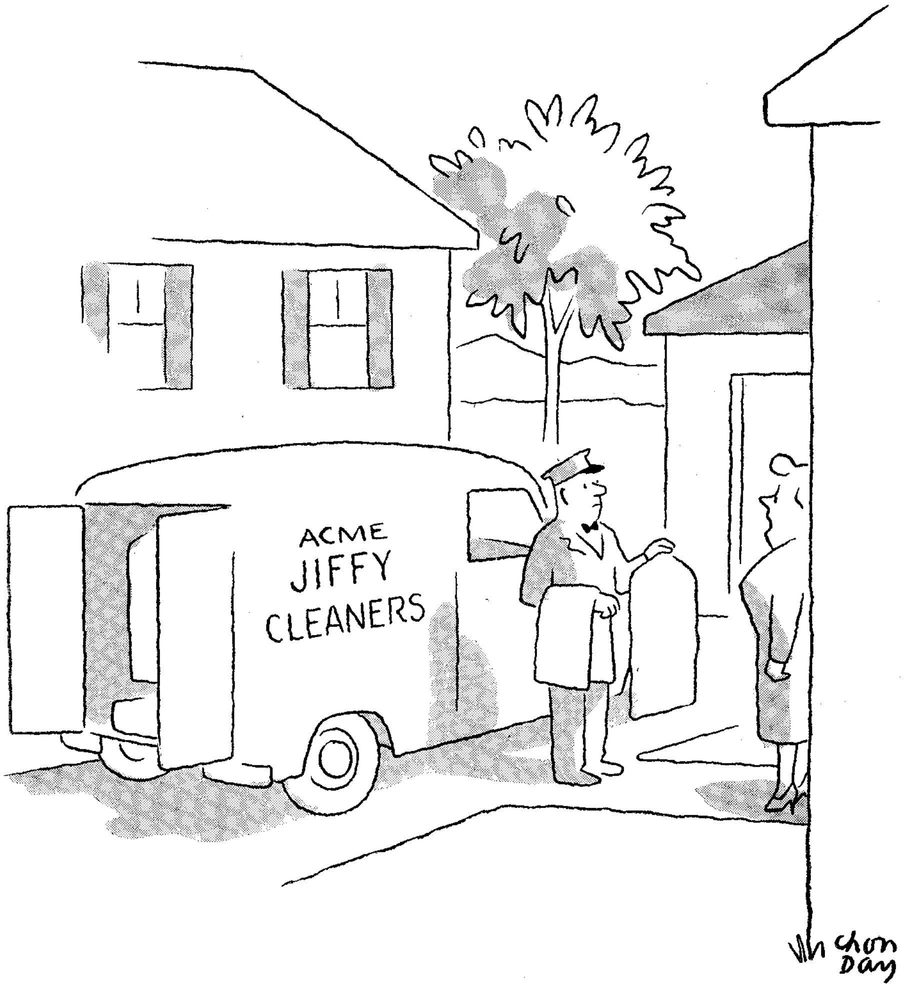
•

OVERHEARD outside Lord & Taylor: "I'm afraid my tranquillizing pills are confusing my horoscope."

Start

WE sent our man Stanley up to Newport to cover the start of the Bermuda race, and darned if the race wasn't over by the time he got back, bearing the following scrupulous, if slightly beer-stained, log:

"Friday, 13th, 1300 hrs.: Hove to at Newport, headed straight down



"Those were due last Friday, and if you ask me, that's a pretty long jiffy."

Thames (rhymes with 'shames') Street to Newport Shipyard. Blue sky bristling with masts and rigging. Walked along pier, noted men polishing brightwork, splicing rope, hauling bottles of water, cases of beer aboard yachts. Twenty-four hours to starting time. Asked young man aboard yawl Mistral how much beer needed for race. Young man ducked question, invited me aboard. Mistral a forty-two-footer, with crew of ten for race. Learned this year's race is twenty-first in series. Hundred and thirteen boats entered. Race is sailed every other year, alternating with Fastnet race in England, from Southampton to Plymouth by way of Fastnet Rock, an islet off the south coast of Ireland. Four classes of boats, handicapped according to length, beam, draught, displacement, sail area, type of rig, sex, date of birth, scholastic aptitude. No engines allowed to turn over during race. Use of automatic steering, radar, radio transmitters also forbidden, except in emergency, though boat is allowed to radio position after five days, considered ample time to get from N. to B. Rule devised to soothe worried wives waiting in B. for sailor husbands.

"1430 hrs.: Wished good luck to Mistral, strolled to Mooring Club. More yachts, more beer. Yachtsmen addicted to deplorably cute names for boats—Vat 69, Pickle, Shady Lady, Sitzmark IV. Wind rising, threat of rain.

"1810 hrs.: Rain. Took cab to cocktail party given by Cruising Club of America at Hotel Viking. While jockeying for drinks, came alongside Captain John Illingworth, skipper of yacht Belmore. Captain John true heart-of-oak type, ruddy-cheeked, gray-haired, navy-blue-blazered. Told me Belmore one of three British boats in race, which no foreign boat has yet won. 'Jolly glad to be here,' said Captain John. 'Mean to take a damn good crack at winning.'

"1850 hrs.: Was offered bunk for night aboard sloop Mar Claro by old friend Bill Robinson. Was introduced to William Turtle, of Nassau, maker of Turtle cigarettes. Smoked Turtle. Cool, fragrant. More wind.

"2005 hrs.: Boarded Mar Claro. Boat rocking violently at mooring. Listened to weather report on radio while Robinson prepared supper of hash and peas. Tornado in Indiana, fog in Rhode Island, small-craft warnings up off Montauk. Hash and peas splendid.

"2350 hrs.: Rocking. Slept fitfully. Rocking.

"Saturday, 14th, 0700 hrs.: Woke, went on deck, struck head on boom. Fine day, strong wind.

"0800 hrs.: Breakfast in Thames Street drugstore. Counterman wished me best of luck in race.

"0915 hrs.: Together with race committee, yacht owners, crew members' wives and children, boarded government ferry Aquidneck for torpedo station on Goat Island. Transferred to destroyer escort U.S.S. Darby. Set sail, after usual Navy hurry-up-and-wait, through east passage of Narragansett Bay.

"1100 hrs.: Darby anchored at starting line, half mile from Brenton Reef lightship. White sails of racing yachts ducked and bobbed all round in spanking breeze.

"1220 hrs.: Felt trifle queasy. Passed up box lunch.

"1250 hrs.: Warning hooter signalled ten minutes before starting time.

"1255 hrs.: Yachts charged up and down back of starting line. Hooter went again, then blue ball hoisted high on mainmast of Darby. Wind gusting to thirty knots as Class A boats came up to line. Counted twenty-five boats ready to start. Waves breaking over decks, crews in yellow or blue oilskins winching, steering, scrambling. Whitecaps blowing up into white horses.

"1300 hrs.: Red ball hoisted. Class A yachts shot over starting line. Spinnakers up. Too much sail for some boats. One spinnaker fouled under hull. A lady screamed, 'They'll capsize!' Navy man beside her said reassuringly, 'No, Ma'am, the masts'll go first.'

"1315 hrs.: Class B boats over line. Smaller boats, but just as much frenzy. Class A boats already vanishing in the distance.

"1330 hrs.: Class C over line. More frenzy.

"1345 hrs.: Class D over line. Boats looked downright tiny after Class As, but seemed to travel every bit as fast. Heard Navy man say, 'Why, hell, you could race a handkerchief to Bermuda in this wind!' Belmore surged by with huge yellow-and-white spinnaker up. Shouted encouragement to Captain John. To south, sea dotted to horizon with yachts under full sail, white among white horses. Gallant sight."

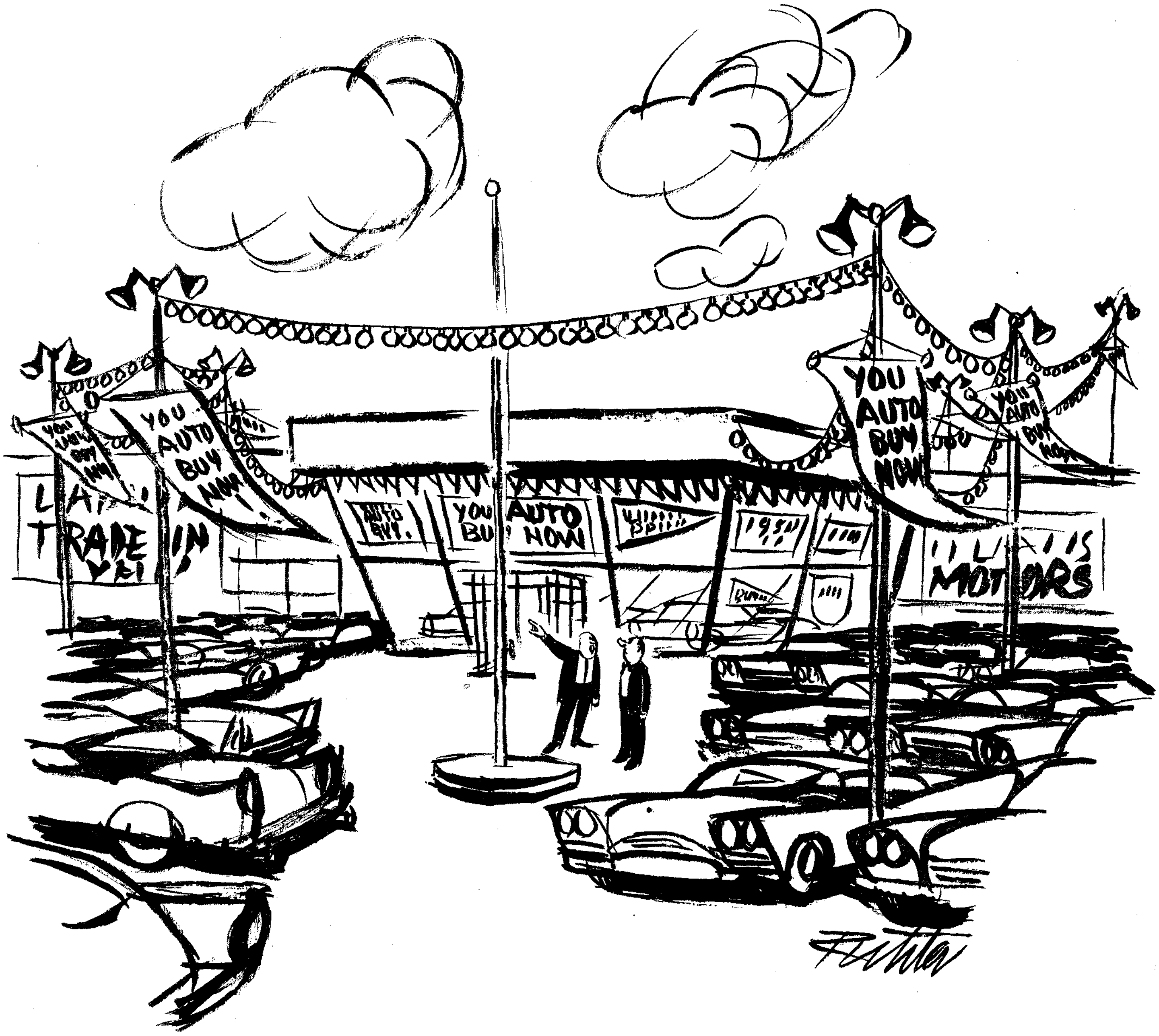
Lay Off

A TRAVELLER we know reports that in several rooms of the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, a series of notices is posted, in four languages, and among them is this commendable warning, in English: "Please don't touch the pictures! It is dangerous for the works of art; it is punished by law; and, finally, it is useless."

Boom

"BOATERS—stiff straw sailor hats—are the thing this season, for the first time in twenty-five years," a man in whom we have the utmost confidence said to us, so off we went, hatless, for confirmation and amplification, to Mr. Bernard L. Salesky, president of the Hat Corporation of America, whom we had last visited well nigh two years ago, when his corporation added Champ Hats to a stable already consisting of Cavanagh and Knox and Dobbs. "Your hair is mussed. You need a hat," he said as we entered his new Fifth Avenue office, full of antique furniture and showcases displaying brand-new hats. "The hat tops the man's ensemble. Men like to look important. Hats make them look important. Go without a hat and you look like something left undone. Forgive me. Now, about the boaters. At a wedding a year or so ago, I saw a woman in a funny dress. I asked my wife about it, and she said it was a chemise—the kind of dress women last wore in the twenties. It didn't ring a bell with me—I was a kid in the twenties, and didn't notice women's dresses then—but it was a flashback to the twenties, and I thought, If the flashback goes with women, it'll certainly go with men. What were men wearing in the twenties? Boaters! If a man walks down the street with a woman in a flashback, I thought, *he* will wear a flashback. So I had my people sew up some boaters, but they didn't sew up enough. The kids began to go for them—you know, the Madison Avenue kids in their twenties who are making seventy-five, a hundred dollars a week and want to look like twenty-thousand-a-year men—and the stores ran out of them. College men are wearing them, too. The department stores were caught without them, and the Cavanagh store here has a hundred unfilled orders. I would say that these hats are doing for the hat industry what the chemise has done for Seventh Avenue."

Mr. Salesky ducked into a closet and reappeared with a blue-and-white-ribboned boater on his head. "How's it look?" he asked. "We have all kinds of ribbons, but striped are selling the best. Five ninety-five up to ten dollars. One thing I enjoy as a hat manufacturer is that people like breaking these things. You remember how they used to de-



"Well, Jackson, we're ready for another day. Run up Old Glory."

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stroy them at the end of ball games? They break easily. Men used to have to buy four or five a summer. We're having them sewn in Italy now. I sell all hats on the basis of style, not comfort. What's comfortable about a boater? You can't pack it in a grip. The most comfortable thing is no hat at all."

He threw the boater on a table, repaired to the closet, and came back wearing a black derby. "I keep eight of my hats here, so as to be in the right mood for all occasions," he said. "I wear a seven and five-eighths, the largest size that most stores stock. You know why the derby is coming back next fall? It goes with the boater. When the boater was worn in summer, the derby was worn in winter. Derbies break just as easily as boaters. Fifty years ago, policemen wore an exaggerated version of the derby, with a high crown. Protection. Saved many a head from a thug. I don't say we'll sell derbies for protection, but they're very, very clever on the head. Trim look. Go with the tab collar and the more form-fitting coat. I'm the happiest man in the world this season, because we find that our hats are translating themselves into dollars. A ten-million-three-hundred-thousand-dollar business the first six months this year. Black's going to be big in the fall, but at our marketing-committee meeting yesterday I threw eight of my colleagues a picture they all went for, hook, line, and sinker. I said, besides black, let's make derbies in gray, green, and brown. Then, next year, we'll make boaters in dark colors. We're already making variations on the boater—a little narrower, the brim raised a little in the back, dipped a little in the front."

Another closet visit, and Mr. Salesky appeared in a panama with a turned-up brim. "We're turning our brims up, rather than down," he said. "Makes you look more important. Gives a man a dressed-up look. When it starts to rain, you turn the brim down." He turned it down, and said, "This way makes you look like a French detective. You look less important, but you keep dry. You know who's been an excellent hat model? Eisenhower."

He offered us a boater, but we declined.

Plea

A PROUD Middle Western couple arriving in New Haven for the graduation of their son from Yale found this note in their motel: "Will be over about six with Bart and his family for drinks. Please try not to act like well-integrated, normal parents. Love, Charlie."

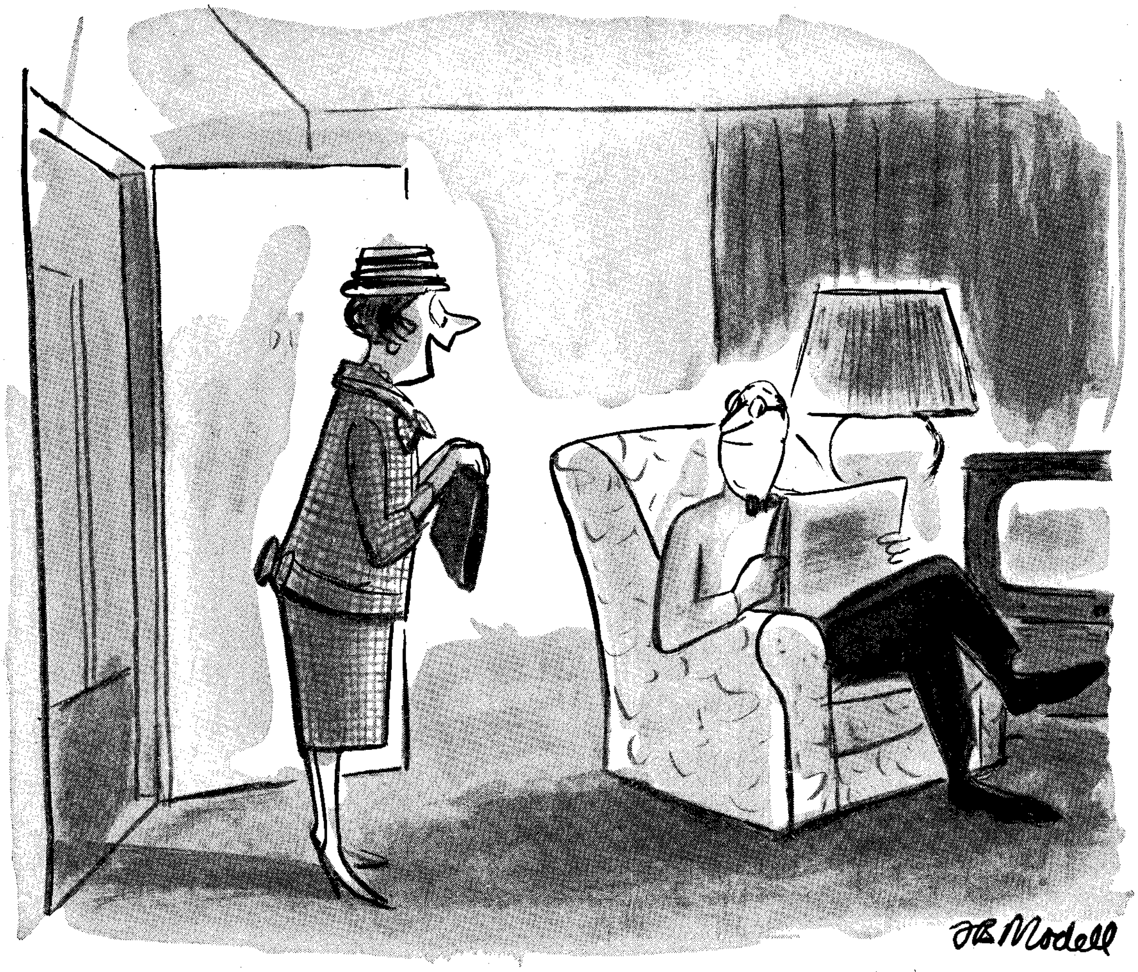
BILL

I SUPPOSE I am far from being the perfect reader of cigarette advertisements. As a matter of fact, going from ad to ad, soaking up the wonders of that crowded world, I often find myself trying to guess who *are* the ideal readers—the ones for whom account executives' mind's eyes gleam. Dude ranchers? Apparently; they are present. Steelworkers? So it seems. Water skiers? Yes. Young ladies running around in the woods barefoot? Fanciers of tropical fish? People who hate grammar? Smokers? At any rate, *I* am hardly the account executives' man, if only because I no longer smoke. Oh, I used to—I smoked like a chimney—just as I used to tattoo myself. But I am disqualified now. I haven't smoked in nine years, one month, and seventeen days (at time of writing), and I stopped tattooing myself when I was eleven.

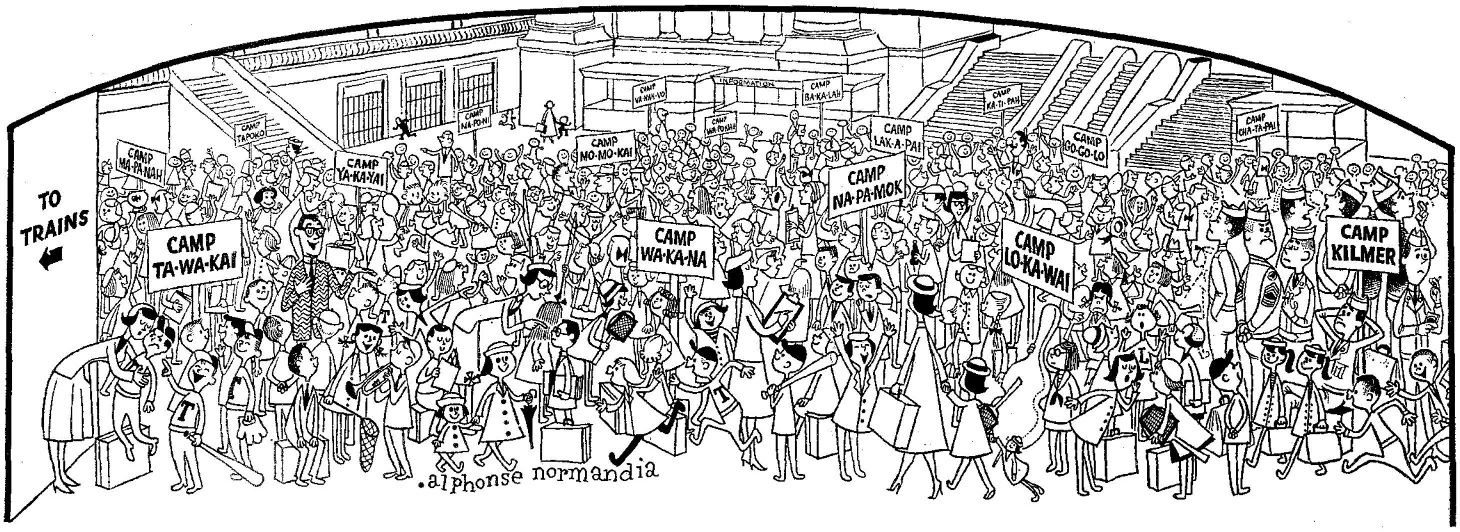
Time flies. I have drifted through all the non-smoking years thinking only the old banalities about the smoking habit: that it is pernicious; that it is a boon; that it smells up the curtains; that it puts nails in one's coffin; that it keeps moths out of the rugs; that it makes one jumpy as a cat; that it makes one calm as a Buddha. These were the opinions you heard in my day, and I agreed, and agree, with them all. Now come the Marlboro cigarette people, adding (if they will forgive the phrase) something new, upsetting my peaceful ambivalence by bringing into the subject of smoking the concept that where there's a man, there's a Marlboro, and where there's a tattoo, there's a man. What sort of a man?

The tattoo in the Marlboro advertisements appears, as everyone knows, on the back of a hand. A good deal of the hand's owner, or at least his head, is likely to be somewhere off the page. But a small part of a girl is often visible—one eye, usually, with which she gazes up at the unseen head. Why? What is *she* after? Most often she is to the rear of the man. In one picture, she has stopped in her tracks, in the midst of what looks like a cloudburst, to turn around for a long gander at him. In another, they are both at some kind of gala dotted with colored lights. He is wearing a dinner jacket, and she, tilted a trifle backward, is peering around his right shoulder and up at his (invisible) head. There she was, a moment before, on her way to join some plain, unembroidered escort. She had almost got past this fellow, and then she felt constrained to stop and ogle him. Why? You would say from the looks of her that she is not one to waste time mooning over every man she happens to see in a dinner jacket. She doesn't sit home like a stick, either. On the contrary, she gets around. Rain or shine, out she goes. She is asked to soigné parties. She has a lot of soigné clothes. It is a safe bet that she is a good sport, but no fool. Well, then—what is there about this man that attracts her? And what can there be about tattoos that has attracted Marlboro?

I have been worrying such questions for months now, and the strain has all but driven me back to smoking. Being at present untattooed myself, I have tried to find answers among those who are—or were, or could be supposed to be—so garnished. I would wake up in the night thinking of Long John Silver; of Wolf Larsen; of the cook, and the captain bold, and the mate of the Nancy brig. I could recall them all with pleasure, but I could never think a single one of them into a dinner jacket. Or I would remember the sideshow tents of the one-ring circuses of my youth. The Tattooed Man was always gloriously chromatic—a free spirit. As such, he was admirable to me, and he still is, but he was dedicated to a dusty, brawny, restless life on the road, and I have not been able to place him among Marlboro's soft evening lights, with their hint of perfume and champagne. I would stand at the edge of a huge, clamorous hole in the ground, and watch the wreckers and builders—most of them good sports themselves, doubtless, and many of them tattooed, but all of them surely scornful of anything soigné. (So would Billy Bones have been. So would Geronimo.)



"Guess what, dear! Dr. Wolfram finished with me today, and he says that I'm now as normal as I'll ever be."



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And then I would conclude (wrongly, I see now) that that girl with the measuring eye is fed up with being always on the go—with parties and clothes and wet feet—and wants to settle down with an Indian or a pirate, a riveter or a freak.

BUT, wrong or not about the girl, I did suppose for a while that the man in the Marlboro ads was meant to be, at bottom, a rough, unshaven sort—a man with an invisible cutlass in his teeth. And, plainly, a suave, metropolitan kind of girl, who realized all this about him, was, even so, taking an interest in him. Then I began to review the evidence.

Consider, if you will, one of the pictures in which you can see this man, head and all. (I think of him always as "this" man, in spite of his many guises.) In the picture I mean, he seems to be a cowboy. He has a ten-gallon hat, a gimlet squint, and a nice tan, and for once that mesmerized girl is not reconnoitring him. (Perhaps, being a man's man, he doesn't want her around? Perhaps he would rather kiss a horse?) Let us look closely at his tattooed hand. It is masculine but slender, smooth, well groomed—and it is cupped, holding a cigarette between fingertips and thumb in a transparent, pathetic attempt to cover it up. This cowboy is ashamed. He didn't roll that cigarette with one hand. He *bought* it. And, with his embarrassed gesture and his defiant squint, he is trying to keep us from noticing. *Is* he a cowboy?

What is the design of his tattoo? An anchor. Did he once sail before the mast and then change his calling? Is he wayward? Shifty? I once saw a real cowboy try to row a boat—peanuts for a sailor, of course. The cowboy had taken a couple of girls for a walk in Central Park, and they had talked him into it. But he couldn't get the hang of the thing, and he spun around and around, miserably, while those soigné, two-eyed, landlubbing girls stood on the dock and laughed at him. Well, if Marlboro's man is really a sailor, he would have much the same luck with a lariat and a steer. But then, what *is* he?

Plainly he is not what he seems, whatever that may be. Certainly, as cowboy or—possibly—sailor, he is not rude and elemental. But is he roughhewn in his other roles? What about the man in the cloudburst—or, rather, the man *not* in the cloudburst? The girl is in it, as I have said, but where is he, in spite of the excellent raincoat he is wearing? Taking shelter. There is rain between us and him; there are torrents back there where the girl is. But this man has stepped under an awning or into a doorway. The long white ash on his cigarette would have been knocked off long ago if he hadn't, and the cigarette itself would be soaked and brown and dead. Is this the way a tattooed man reacts to a little rain? There goes that slip of a girl, on her appointed rounds. What is *he* afraid of? Sniffles? Does he think he is made of sugar?

So I concluded, still searching for answers (and still speaking generically), that the tattooed Marlboro man is a fraud. But then I wondered—must he be either a tough customer or a sham? Isn't it possible that people other than pirates and cowboys and the like are tattooed? Didn't I, who am neither, tattoo myself?

I SHOULD explain that my tattoos were single-color, and were not extensive or complex. They were black, and the designs were small and composed exclusively of straight lines. They wore out quickly, which was always a relief, because while one of them lasted, I had to keep it hidden from my parents. But, for a number of glowing months, I could not resist renewing them. The most successful ones were on the heel of my left hand, where the skin was thick enough for me to slip a needle under the epidermis without really sticking myself. Having done this, I would dip the needle in ink and slip it in and out again, and that was all. I always sterilized the needle at home, by passing it through the flame of a match. Then I would take it to school and tattoo myself, hiding behind my geography book—which, when stood up open, was large enough to form a screen—and using the school's ink. The procedure was very simple, and I achieved, as a rule, a primitive dagger or sword, or my initials in block letters. If the design I planned went wrong, it could always be converted into a cabalistic sign, the meaning of which only I, and other members of any cabal I might join, would know. A tattoo stayed on me for about two weeks, at the end of which the old epidermis would have worn away, taking the black lines with it.

I would have made other designs—anchors, eagles, skulls—if only my means had let me incise curves. In my mind, I saw all my heroes as tattooed—Roderick Dhu, George Armstrong Custer, Eric the Red, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Joshua. In a general way, and as nearly as I can figure it out from here, tattooing stood for being bloodthirsty in good, or at least appealing, causes, and I wanted to be in on the act. I knew I never would be. After all, I was eleven. Shades of the prison house had begun to close. But during the time I was tattooed I had the stamp that pro-

LINKS IN A CHAIN

(On Reading "The Great Chain of Life," by Joseph Wood Krutch)

"Love," said the blind amoeba, "smacks of pride,
And pride is death, immortal mortal sin.
Sententious as I am, I must divide
To conquer all, but end as I begin;
A substance without shape, I will abide.
I see this much at least, without an eye.
A swimming soul, I even lack a skin,
And merely do not die."

"Love," whispered rolling Volvox, "is a ball,
A round of generation, and the dance
Of life and death. In sex I had my fall.
But death was my invention, too, by chance
Or sheer imagination, though for all
This revolutionary turn, I must
Give up my ghost to time and circumstance
And come at last to dust."

"Love is pure instinct," said the grub, "and change—
A metamorphosis from fact to fact.
To seek my mate out, I must rearrange
My being wholly. All I lack or lacked
In my green history that is too strange
To understand, once I have taken flight,
Will not be much. When my cocoon has cracked,
True love will steer me right."

But evolution turned life inside out
To alter love's whole nature like a stream
In seismic shock, and, turn and turn about,
Love shed its cold compulsion like a dream
Of certitude to flow away as doubt.
Between invertebrate and vertebrate
Love shifted course, and changed the very scheme
Of things, though not their fate.

"Love is a singing current," said the shad.
"I thrash my way upstream to spawn and die.
North with the spring I flow, but neither glad
Nor lonely when I leap, and cold of eye,
I find my end. Yet I am not so sad
I cannot play at mating. Lo, the fish,
Though casual in love, makes many fry,
And gives its tail a swish."

"Love," purred the cat, "is kittens and despair.
Gestation is the means to every end,
If not the end I dream of when I bear
Blind litters I must cherish and befriend.
I lick them into shape with fumbling care
And almost killing kindness. But the law
Of nature is the law to which I bend:
I eat my protein raw."

"Love," argued Man, "is innocence betrayed—
A present danger, but the true and good,
As Plato knew. Love is the loss that made
Man all he is (maligned, misunderstood,
Most often by himself), who is afraid
Of will, imagination, and the free—
The very pattern and the likelihood
Of what it is to be."

"Your love," observed the dandelion, "leads
Back to the self, at last, from which it came.
I make and spread my parachuting seeds
Wherever life takes hold, and am the same
Forever, for my sexless nature breeds
Survival, Darwin's easy rule of thumb.
Let my cold, chaste example teach you fame.
Come back with me. Oh, come!"

—Samuel French Morse

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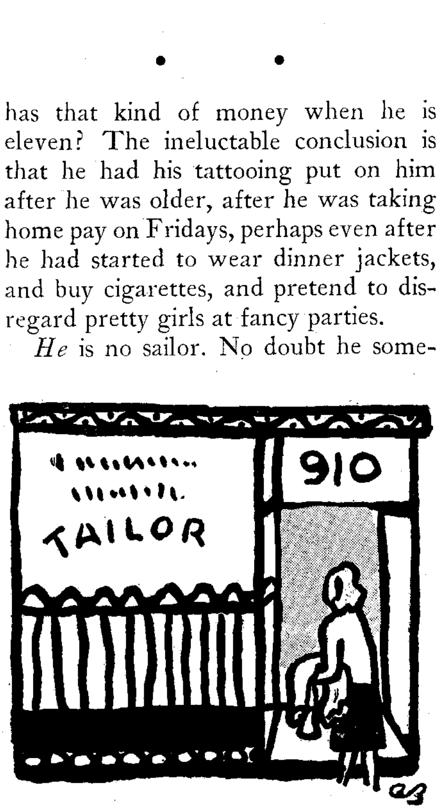
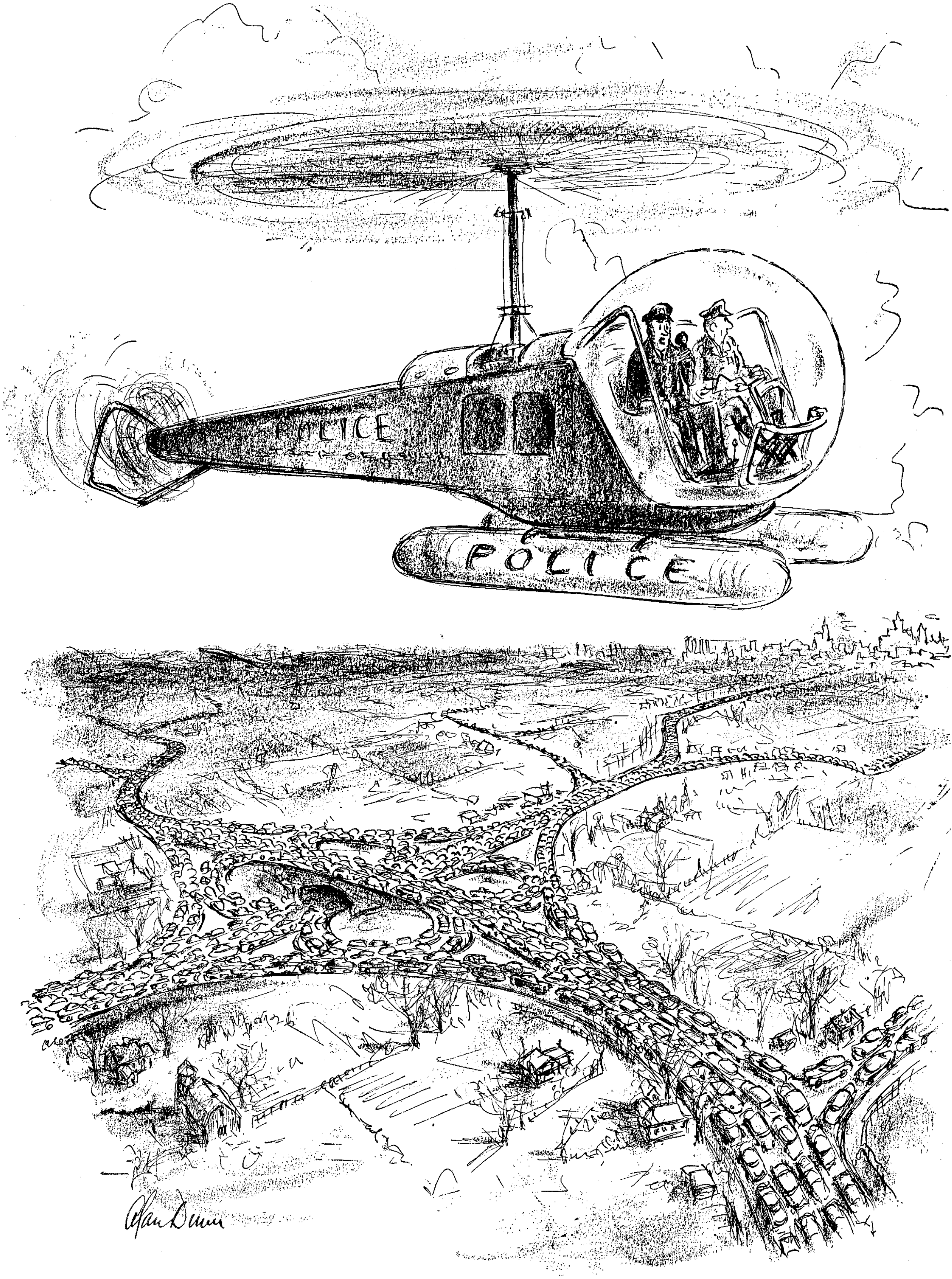
claimed me a ruthless soul with a powerful physique. I wore the mark of fierce men, tall as trees, who always gambled sweepingly, and who always (or nearly always—poor Custer!) won. It sustained me in times when the world seemed nothing but a drab round of school and home, though, of course, that was only because I was young in heart and mind. Daggers and swords were in the spirit of the thing, but eventually they became monotonous. So did my initials. No cabals tapped me. I gave up tattooing.

THE Marlboro man's tattoos are far neater than mine ever were, and far, far more varied. He has eagles as well as anchors; he has streamers and wings and stars. And his tattooing is still with him, though his epidermis must have been worn away many times since he turned twelve. This is no school-inkwell job. He hired it done. But who has that kind of money when he is eleven? The ineluctable conclusion is that he had his tattooing put on him after he was older, after he was taking home pay on Fridays, perhaps even after he had started to wear dinner jackets, and buy cigarettes, and pretend to disregard pretty girls at fancy parties.

He is no sailor. No doubt he sometimes still wishes he were, but he is not. He never laid eyes on Zanzibar or the byways of Hong Kong. Marlboro is shrewd. Their man is a wistful contemporary. Untamed or not underneath, he is shaky out in the open. He is standoffish; he is apologetic; he is troubled about the impression he may be making, though he tries not to show it; he is nervous about things like the weather. He is a tattooed man, but a tattooed man encrusted with anxieties; sometimes I think of him as Barnacled Bill. He is, on the whole, a well-mannered fellow, still young, still simple (in heart, in mind), who once, well after the age of eleven, just wanted a little assurance that he was a ruthless soul with a powerful physique, and that he would always (or nearly always) win. And—oh, yes. Marlboro *is* shrewd, if they mean what I think they mean. About that girl. *Her* interest, I bet, is maternal.

—Robert Henderson




POLICE
POLICE

"Attention, motorists! This is your new aerial traffic check reporting. Situation hopeless. That is all."

THE STERN AND ROCK-BOUND COAST OF CHICAGO

IN Paris in the late thirties, the French seemed a bit sad and sour about France. We American students had not expected this. A group of us—girls from Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr; boys from Brown, Amherst, Dartmouth—were spending our junior year there under a special arrangement between our colleges and the University of Paris. An American organization had been formed to preside over this arrangement, and over us. We studied French literature, philosophy, art, and history, and we lived with French families that the organization found for us. For all our American bounce, we had come in intellectual humility—second-generation Gauls in the Roman forum, full of a frontier energy but with our minds hungry for the essences of civilization. We wanted to hear the French talk about France, and to receive light through their speech. But the French kept saying "*Pauvre France!*" and talking about America. Young Frenchmen took us—the American girls—to night clubs to hear Negro orchestras, and there lectured us about American jazz. We muttered feebly the names of Hal Kemp and Eddy Duchin, and were given shocked glances. Other young men asked us about Faulkner. We shook our heads and mumbled, wanting to hear about Mauriac. They rolled up their eyes and shrugged.

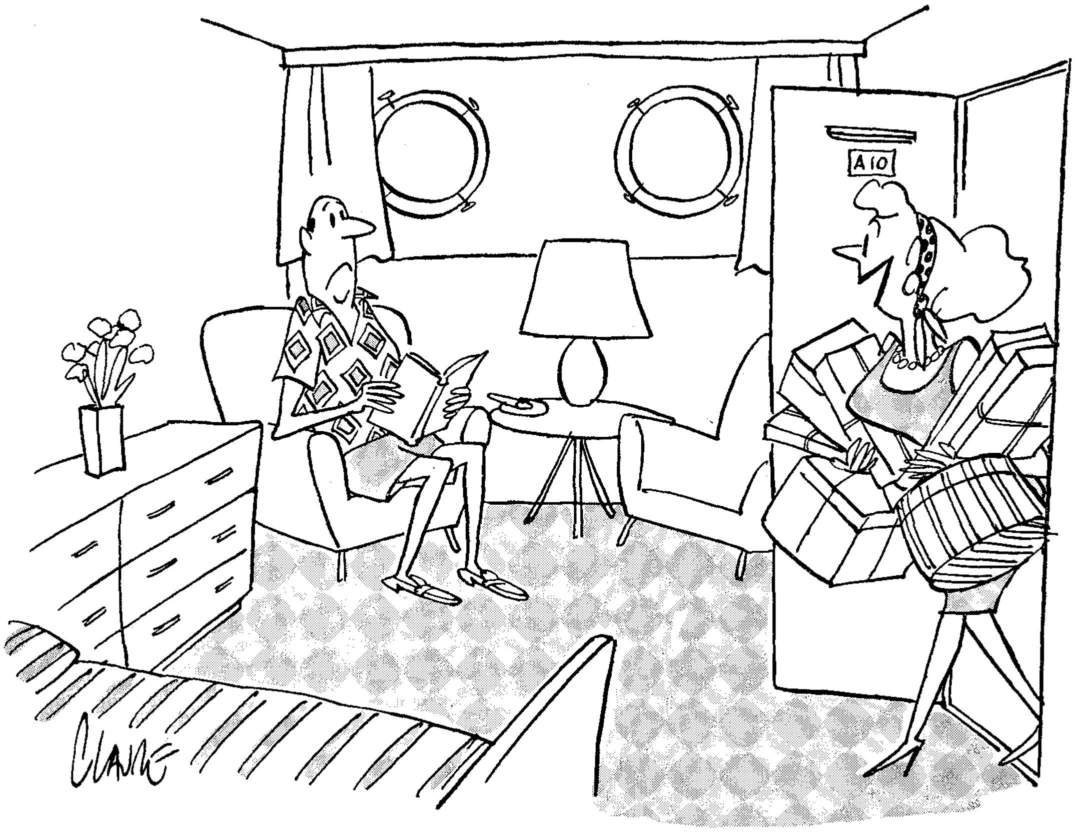
Ellen, who was in my dormitory at college, shared quarters with me in Paris too. We lived with a dignified French family, all of whose members were rather elderly. They were kind to us, and always courteous, but we found at once that the conversation of French people older than our young men put our simple minds into a state of complete confusion. And I believe the rest of our group had the same experience. Soon, in my letters to my home, in Chicago, I stopped writing about the French people, and took to describing only landscapes and furniture. But for Ellen and me, during two hours a week, there was at least one place where we got what we had come to find.

Every Monday and Wednesday, we rose early, stuffed ourselves with bread and marmalade and chocolate, and ran to catch the bus that took us to the Sorbonne for the early lecture of Professor Gelin (as I will call him) on the Literature of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. This was one of the Courses in French Civilization that were given exclusively for foreign students. It was not required, and Ellen and I were almost the only Americans who had signed up for it. We sat in a huge amphitheatre, surrounded by scribbling Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, a number of Swiss, a few Germans, and many English. Note-taking and concentration filled the air around us, but we did not take notes. For one thing, we had discovered, to our total mystification, that you could buy the Professor's lectures, complete, in any little bookstore near the Sorbonne, and that his book on the subject—containing many of the lectures almost verbatim and elaborated with considerable bibliography—was also available there for a few francs. So we felt that the pressure was off. But the real reason we dispensed with notes was that Professor Gelin was, for us, an object of such beauty and grace that we felt we could not afford to take our eyes from his glorious white-bearded, deep-eyed face for a single instant.

He would lean across his dark lectern and speak to us of Villon's mother, and, raising one long, yellow hand, would recite verses in his deep, unshaken old voice—"*Qui pour moy ot douleur amère, Dieu le sçait, et mainte tristesse . . .*"—with infinite deliberation, touching the mute "e"s with infinite delicacy, and our breath would stop in our throats. Then, with the curious effect of slow motion that distinguished all his gestures, he would lower his hand to the lectern and pause for a moment, looking at us from under his heavy lids. He would talk of the tavern signs in Villon, and of the students' Paris they evoked, and his voice, his

"You know what I like about you, Charley? What I like about you is you're fatter than I am."

beard, his eyelids were, for a long, beautiful hour each week, our Paris. Villon's Paris was the instrument he played, for our delight.



"The Queen Mary has everything!"

THE American student group was well taken care of in Paris. At a charming old building in the Rue de Chevreuse, we were intellectually massaged and ministered to by a corps of special tutors, who assigned us essays to write and readings to report on, and who watched over our French and briefed us for the examinations. They taught us to write *dissertations* in the French style, and once we had grasped the fact that no one was interested in our personal thoughts—that in a *dissertation* we were simply expected to repeat in a ritually organized, methodically graceful fashion what we had read and heard about the subject, confining our originality to the selection of phrases and figures of speech—we found ourselves able to perform the task with considerable ease. We simply had to forget, for the moment, our American professors' obsession with "independent thought" and the individual ordering of materials. As the term went on, we learned to quote, with *élan* and *finesse*, and to forget about documentation. Ellen and I, our French and our mental processes having been hammered into shape relentlessly at our American college, which had a faculty notorious for its unwillingness to fool, did rather well at this. Our French friends laughed at our early *dissertations*, full of our private notions concerning the beauties of Racine, but they nodded in approval at our later ones, full of recapitulations of the best authorities and ornamented with familiar examples.

So, at the term's end, we sailed confidently into the examination hall for our *écrit*—the long written examination—for Professor Gelin's course. We plumped ourselves down, at a reasonable distance from each other, among our Swiss and Swedish colleagues, their faces gray after white nights of study, and waited for the neatly printed examination questions to be passed out.

They came, and in spite of my confidence, my heart, out of habit, beat faster at the first sight of them, and my breath shortened. And then, in the midst of this, came a thudding instant of recognition. The examination consisted of a *dissertation* to be written on any one of three subjects, and the first subject was one that our tutors had dredged up out of the files of past examinations and had given us two weeks before as the theme for a practice essay: "The Clerical Element in French Medieval Literature." On this topic, Ellen and I had already disported ourselves with imagery and curlicues. My essay had begun with an elaborate simile comparing the clerical element in medieval literature to the cathedral of Chartres. My tutor, the widow of a celebrated medievalist, had clucked with pleasure over it and had ironed out my awkward subordinate clauses, showing me how to brandish the French participle. The paper had continued with a discussion of the religious drama and the saints' lives, and had repeated, in a souped-up form, Professor Gelin's remarks on Villon's "Ballad for His Mother" as a prayer to the Virgin. It had ended with a whimsical little coda, throwing up for discussion the question of whether the vast *anti*clerical literature of the Middle Ages was not really a part of this immense subject—a sort of subhead, to be entitled "The Anticlerical Element in French Medieval Literature."

Gleefully, I plunged into the opening paragraph. The phrases and epithets of my essay came back to me like the notes of some familiar tune. I grinned as I wrote. An hour and a half flicked by, and I could already see the peroration coming. I leaned back in my chair for a breath, and looked around me.

Earnest Teutonic faces, heavy Swiss ones, beautiful Danish ones—all twisted with effort, lips telling over obscure beads of thought—hovered above stained papers full of outlines and sketch notes. There was Annelies Vischer, of Basel, eyes rolling in her head in a fury of concentration; there was gray-eyed Ragnar Nillson, of Uppsala, with his dark frown. I was acquainted with many of the students I saw around me, and knew how they lived. Most of them had little rooms in the quarter or in the Le Corbusier barracks of the Cité Universitaire; they ate sparsely and sensibly, drinking bocks at the students' café, saving for a bottle of wine. They worked in the chill library of the Sorbonne or in the enormous, frowsty reading room of the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève; we Americans read our own texts in our own comfortable rooms or in the warm, charmingly furnished little reading room of our group headquarters in the Rue de Chevreuse.

And now, all of a sudden, the

LAUNDRY

My mother, when young, scrubbed laundry in a tub—
She and her sisters on an old brick walk,
Under the apple trees, sweet rub-a-dub.
The bees came round their heads, the wrens made talk.
Four young ladies, each with a rainbow board,
Honed their knuckles, wrung their wrists to red,
Tossed back their braids, and wiped their aprons wet.
The Jersey calf beyond the back fence roared,
And, all the soft day, swarms about their pet
Buzzed at his big brown eyes and bullish head.
Four times they rinsed, they said. Some things they starched,
Then shook them from the baskets, two by two,
And pinned the fluttering intimacies of life
Between the lilac bushes and the yew:
Brown gingham, pink, and skirts of Alice blue.

—Ruth Stone

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thought of that ease, the thought of our skilled and patient tutors working with us, guiding us, preparing for our consumption all the hard material these others had to wrench out for themselves, closed over me like warm, smothering feathers. I felt as if I were in a huge nest. I thought of the terrible prosperity of our country—the unmentioned great barrier that all along had stood between us and our European friends. And then I remembered—with horror—that all French examinations are graded on a competitive basis. Anyone's doing well—my doing well—automatically meant the downgrading of all those doing less well. A wave of revulsion against my smooth, trained-poodle *dissertation* surged in my throat and gagged me.

In anguish, I turned to catch Ellen's eye. She was five seats back in the next row, and was twiddling her pen in blue fingers, wondering idly, I knew, why her fountain pens always leaked, since nobody ever could find what was wrong with them. Ellen was a girl whose attitude toward the world combined, to an odd degree, deep sensitivity and relaxed detachment. She felt things, but she failed to get excited. She had spent her girlhood in English schools, in summer houses in France and Saxony, in a sedate boarding school in Boston, in a don's house in Cambridge, according to the vagaries of her widely travelled, widely connected parents, and she had lost, somewhere along the way, all capacity for surprise, for feeling that things were out of order, out of hand, or even peculiar. Yet she seldom was bored, largely because she took extreme care to avoid situations where ennui might take hold of her.

I caught her wide violet gaze and raised my eyebrows at her, signalling, "Which did you choose?"

She held up two fingers. The question I had answered was No. 1 on the sheet. So even Ellen had felt the revulsion I had felt, but earlier—in time! Shame filled my heart. Ellen slumped in her seat, laid down her pen, and yawned.

I cast aside my paper and began all over again, writing feverishly on the second question. About an hour remained. The new subject was a rather fancy one—something about the philosophy of late medieval poetry as a prelude to that of the Renaissance. With time, I could have done it easily, out of Professor Gelin's lectures and the elaborations of our tutor. As it was, writing rapidly, I made orthographic mistakes, and left out words, while my panicked mind more and more let go its hold of the relevant quotations. It was a sad little scribble that I handed in at the end of the hour.

As we stumbled out of the airless, sweat-smelling room, I told Ellen what I had done, and why. She turned her great eyes on me, with something as near to surprise as she ever came. She said, "You're crazy! If they give those old questions, they have to expect that some of us will have seen them. It's just a chance they take. The files are open to everybody, after all."

"Well, why didn't you—"

"What, write on that old thing again?" she said. "Remember, I had to do mine twice. I'm so sick of that Clerical Element! *Anything* but three more hours of *that!*"

WITHIN three days, I received a summons to the office of Mr. Harcourt, the academic dean in charge of our American students' organization. He was a man of great mental agility—an American who spoke a rapid, crackling French with a pure accent. He could be charming, but not for Ellen and me. His large face and small, rather chubby build aroused the dark female impatience always induced in us by American males whom we considered unattractive—though, God knows, we were willing and happy to put up with some very peculiar specimens indeed, if they were French, or even English.

"Mademoiselle!" snapped Harcourt, waving me to a seat with his ivory cigarette holder—a gesture that immediately caused me to summon up all my talent for being annoying. Mr. Harcourt made a fetish of addressing all students exclusively in French. Ordinarily, I made a strenuous effort with my diphthongs, "a"s, and nasals, trying to sound well trained. Now I honked and flatted, and tried to sound, and even look, as Midwestern as possible. "I know I didn't do very well on Professor Gelin's exam," I said.

"Didn't do very well!" said Harcourt. "You failed. Flatly."

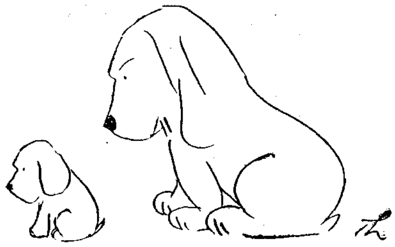
Clearly, he expected this to be disastrous news, but he did not know how bad it was. I had failed miserably in geology at college, and it was only because of the strenuous efforts of the French Department and the willingness of the college authorities to postpone my repetition of the course that I had been allowed to come to Paris at all. Now to fail a course at the Sorbonne—

"Is there any explanation you can offer?" Harcourt asked.

I told him exactly why I had done what I had. I knew the story would fill him with impatience, and it did. He said what Ellen had said—that such coincidences were certain to happen, and that the University was responsible for avoiding them.

"In a week's time," Harcourt continued, his little eyes crinkling, "the Dean of your college's Graduate School, who is also head of its French Department, will arrive in Paris for her half-year sabbatical leave. She will, of course, inquire about the progress of the college's students here. I fear I can promise you a disagreeable scene with her."

I was silent for a minute, and then asked "Is that all, Monsieur?" in a tone as near to rude as I dared make it. Harcourt treated me to one of his cold,



silent stares, and said, "That is all, Mademoiselle."

DURING the next week, I ate small dinners and no breakfasts, and my landlady began to mutter about my liver, an organ that the entire French nation is pathologically conscious of. Then it came—the beastly little *pneu* from the Dean, praying me, in neat French, to be willing to lunch with her at her hotel the next day. My fear was not only a fear of justice, of punitive measures; I feared the unknown as well. The Dean of the Graduate School was not a familiar figure to undergraduates—not even to those in her own department. I had seen her but once, and then shrouded in the mysteries of full academic dress, in a procession during some college festivity in my freshman year.

Her hotel was an old and distinguished one in a famous ancient quarter, far from the plebeian grandeurs of the Georges V and the Crillon. The next noon, in my best black wool dress and a good hat, I went there; and the worn, unfashionable distinction of the place made me feel even more a suppliant than I had when I set out.

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LORENZ

"In the interest of national security, would you ladies mind sunbathing somewhere else?"

I had myself announced, and for a few minutes sat waiting in the lobby. Then the gold gate of the little automatic elevator creaked open, and there emerged the most enormous woman I had ever seen. There was a kind of Triassic quality about her, an aura of a creature remaining from some lost age. Her shape was not the shape of an ordinary fat woman, for, in truth, she was not fat; she was just enormous, and without recognizable female shape—no pendulous bosom, no protruding stomach. Her hair was sparse and gray, and stood out in little puffs from under the tight black turban she wore. As I rose, she paused in her massive progress and fixed me with her eyes—small in her great face—making up her mind that I must be the student she was looking for. Struggling to dominate the fear that her aspect and my situation combined to unleash on me, I moved hesitantly toward her. She raised a mighty arm and held out a hand.

Calling me by name, she greeted me in English, in the most beautiful, warm voice imaginable, and a charming vivacious smile lit up that landscape of a face like a sun. As I took her hand, warm and dry and firm-fingered, in my damp one, I became confusedly aware of the youthfulness of her complexion, its lively pink-and-white, and the frivolous wrinkles around her eyes. Above all, I was conscious that the great Dean was trying hard not to laugh out loud.

"Auguste has our luncheon ready," she said, in the suavest of tones. "I think you may appreciate the mussels. I thought perhaps a Rhine wine, though of course Auguste considers this a bit graceless of me, coming, as he does, from the Côte de Beaune."

She swept ahead of me with her inimitable gait, which had no hint of waddle or lumber; it was a kind of wheeled locomotion. Auguste, the headwaiter, seated her swiftly and with tenderness. She waved me to a seat imperially, but with another of her Sun Queen smiles. She gave me a small Russian cigarette from a silver case, and then took one herself and inserted it in an improbable black silver-mounted holder. As we lit up and settled back, I saw her watching me, through a cloud of lilac smoke, with what seemed an expression of direct and simple pleasure. She began to converse, introducing subjects of interest, telling me about the new French House to be installed at the college, inquiring about the extent of my sightseeing in the Touraine and in Paris, pressing for news of the other

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students. She gave me a deft and highly valuable little lesson in how to manage the mussels. She called me by my first name. Academic subjects were not exactly avoided; they simply failed to make an appearance.

After the delicate and lovely little soufflé that ended our meal, Auguste helped the Dean to her feet, with the air of one performing a rather complicated operation skillfully and lovingly, and ushered us from the room, the Dean making mysterious jokes with him about his native province, and trying to put me in touch with them by speaking French to me, for the first time. Before I knew what was happening, the two of us were in the fragile, dangerous elevator, creaking up to her room. Here, I decided, would come the Inquisition.

Still talking in her clear, effortless voice, in her beautiful sentences, which always came out in a form so controlled you could feel their balance and elegance, or their ease and informality, like a texture, she moved ahead of me down a long corridor and let me into a room that perfectly exemplified the classic atmosphere of the entire hotel. She motioned me to a chair, seated herself, and went through the cigarette-lighting ritual again.

"Now," she said, "let's talk about *you*." Then she burst into a laugh, as gay and charming as the laugh of a young girl in some Musset comedy or Verlaine poem—unsmirched by the elements of snort, snicker, and giggle that are, alas, components of the laughter of most actual young girls.

Harcourt had told her the whole story, but first she had heard it from old Professor Gelin himself, who had heard it from Harcourt over the phone. A sudden image flashed into my mind of those two faces bent over rickety French telephones—Harcourt's heavy gray-and-pink one, his little eyes and his excellent French snapping and crackling, and the grave, deep-eyed countenance of Professor Gelin, with its princely beard, attentive, considering, trying to take it all in.

"Well, my dear," said the Dean, an incredible set of dimples sparkling in her cheeks, "it seems you've made an old man very, very happy. Professor Gelin is telling your story all over Paris as a sort of fable, with the moral 'Americans are at bottom Puritans, though they may try to appear to be hedonists.' Frenchmen like Professor Gelin, you know, have read and heard a great deal about American Puritanism and the New England conscience. They appreciate Hawthorne, and they have read Henry James on the subject of the American conscience in Europe. But"—she looked long at the glowing end of her cigarette, raised her fine, arched brows, and made a bit of a *moue*—"*hélas*, they don't really *see* much of it. They don't see much of what they're always looking for when they look at Americans. And now Professor Gelin is utterly delighted with his New Englander—his *Nouvelle-Anglaise*, as he calls you—whose stern and rock-bound forebears suddenly interfered with her normal mental processes and produced that odd bit of conduct."

"I'm *not* from New England!" I said, full of an obscure protest, feeling that I was being rearranged, pushed around.

"I know. Chicago!" said the Dean, laughing again.

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"And it wasn't really *that* so much. I mean, not *ethics* so much. I just thought— well, *you* know—we have all the tutors and everything . . ."

"I know," she said softly.

"I really just did something dumb, that's all," I said. "Stupid. Nobody should parlay it into a thing about New England. *New England!*" Indignation began to enter my voice.

"Well," said the Dean, "not much harm's been done. You'll make up your credit in summer school at Chicago or Madison. You could do something with my friend Vareuil, at Chicago, an excellent Proust man. We'll see. In the meantime, try not to behave in such an exotic manner."

"I think I'd better tell Professor Gelin," I said. "I wouldn't like him to go on thinking— After all, I *like* him." I waited, and then added impulsively, "He sort of *is* Paris, for me."

The Dean smiled. "He's from the Savoie," she said. "A really extravagant landscape."

"Well, I'd better tell him I'm *not* from New England," I said stubbornly. "That had nothing to do with it!"

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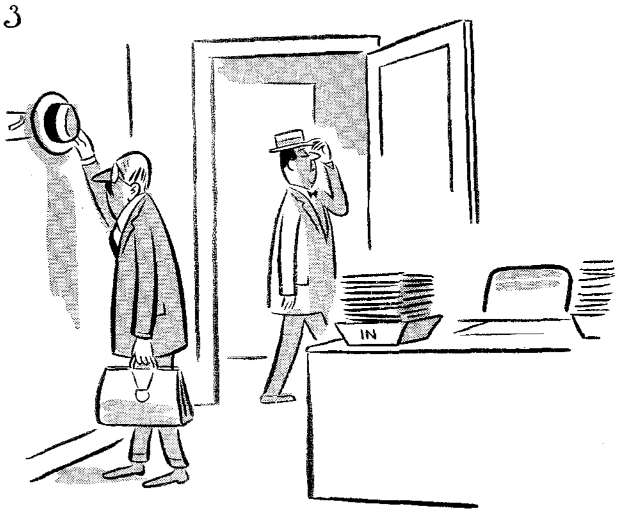

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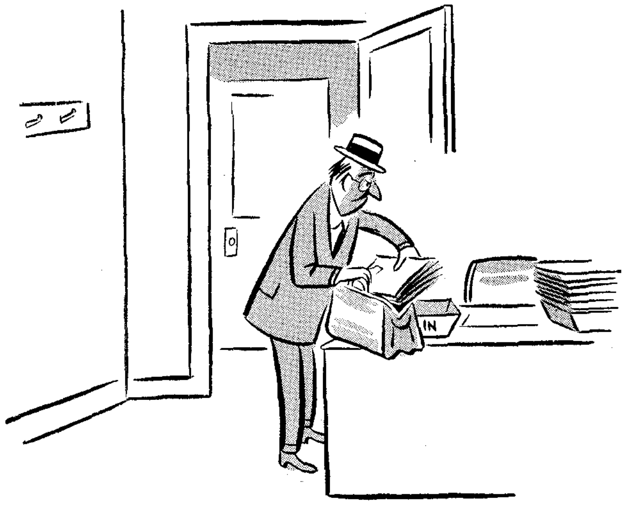

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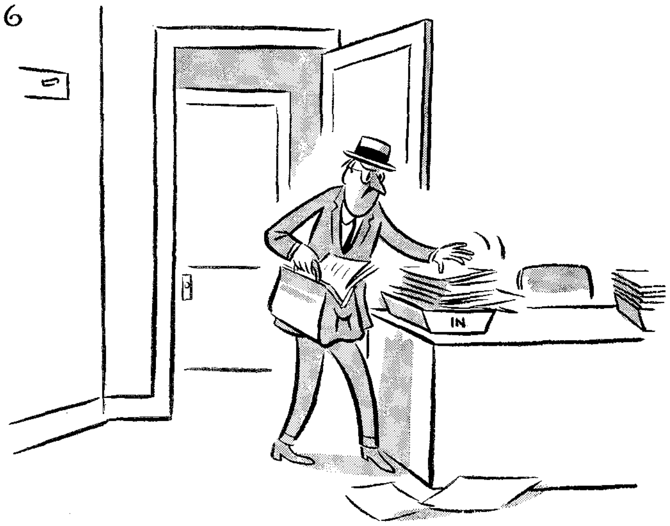

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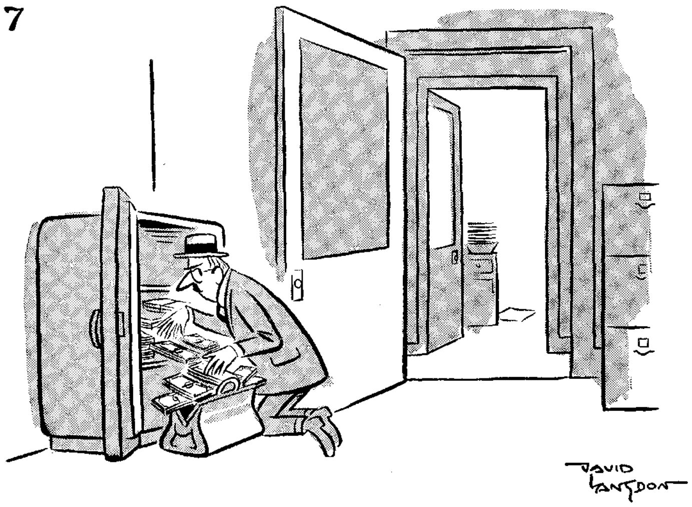

The Dean's face changed. Humor and sadness were in her half smile; a deep worldliness and a faint melancholy, a blend of lucidity and gentleness, transformed that vast expanse of countenance. She kept silent a full minute.

"Professor Gelin is old and poor." She communicated a very black period at the end of this short sentence. "As we get older, our little provincialisms give us more and more pleasure. Sometimes a rather simplified view is a source of pure delight. Do whatever you like, my dear." She extinguished her cigarette.

I rose to go. She did not rise, but turned toward me in her chair. The soft afternoon sunlight fell across her face. I stood before her for a moment, then said, "Mr. Harcourt said he could promise me a disagreeable scene with you."

We smiled at each other. "Poor Mr. Harcourt," said the Dean.

THE next week, in one of the corridors of the Sorbonne library, Professor Gelin saw me coming toward him and stopped me by putting up his hand, palm out. In his deep, measured voice, he spoke to me, in French, with musical pauses and a mogul courtesy, inquiring about the Dean and my new program of study. Then he said, "Dear Mademoiselle, soon—not too soon, of course, I hope with all my heart—you will return to your own country." Was he using the word "*pays*" in the French sense, meaning one's native region? "Have you missed it, your country, in our France? Is it very beautiful there?"

His old eyes rested full on me; I could feel the weight of an attention profound yet delicate. Now was the time for honesty—Chicago, Lake Michigan. Or was it, really? An inspiration vibrated through me like a shock. In a gentle voice that Mr. Harcourt would never have recognized, I answered, "In my country, Monsieur, the rocks are very black and the gulls are very white."

The heavy lids lifted suddenly, and a great, blazing look came from his eyes. "Ah!" said Professor Gelin, and smiled. Gravely he held out his hand for me to shake.

What could I have given the old man that would have been of any value to him? I knew almost nothing of America anyhow. His huge intelligence had no use for any claptrap about the Wrigley Building or the stockyards. As the magnificent old Savoyard had been golden hours of Paris to me, I could be a sharp moment of Puritan New England to him. I had told him nothing, but I had made something for him—a little picture, an object. I turned from the graceless building and walked down the steep hill to the gravelled Luxembourg Gardens, feeling small, feeling foreign and not quite myself—and yet not quite so young as before, and slightly, just slightly, more at home in the world. —ESTHER R. B. WAGNER

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

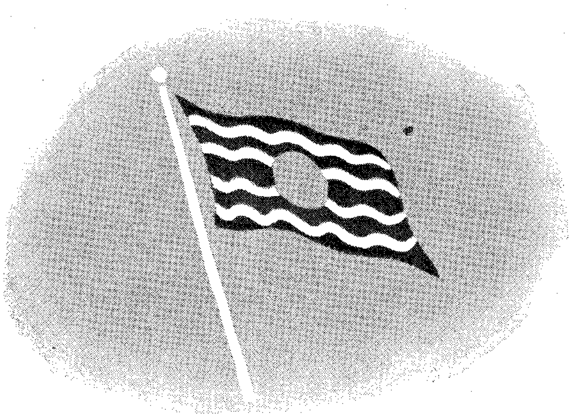
[*From the Hillsdale* (*N.J.*) *News*]

HILLSDALE—Col. and Mrs. R. J. Mason of 37 Pascack Road celebrated their 28th wedding anniversary with an informal gathering at their home over the week end. The affair ended with the usual arguments.

LETTER FROM THE WEST INDIES

THE new nation that has just come into being here in the Caribbean—emerging, like Botticelli's Venus, from a halcyon sea—is something of an anomaly in our times. The West Indies Federation, which is a union of ten British colonies (Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, and the seven colonies of the Leeward and Windward Islands) with a total population of three million, has taken shape in a placid, dreamy political atmosphere rather like the equable, monotonously benign climate in which these lovely islands bask. There have been none of the bitter and often bloody manifestations that have characterized the anti-colonial struggle elsewhere: no bombs, no political assassinations, no underground movement—no agitation, even. Nationalism, which has swept like a tidal wave over much of the rest of the world, laps mildly on these palm-fringed shores.

Not only does there appear to be little hostility toward the imperial power here but some of the islands—though their population is a mélange of races and complexions, with black the predominant hue—seem at times more British than Britain itself, evoking a Britain that no longer exists. One may find oneself being addressed as "Squire" if one stops along a back road in the Jamaican hills to ask directions from a ragged farmer working with his machete—or cutlass, as it is still called here—on his steep patch of land, planted with ackee trees, bananas, breadfruit, and mangoes. The lilting English spoken through most of the islands, in which such eighteenth-century terms as "buss" and "peradventure" mingle piquantly with African idioms, has a leisureliness and courtliness of style that seem more appropriate to the age of Fielding or Jane Austen than to our jazz and H-bomb era. Of all the islands, the most British in this bygone way is Barbados, which has been under the Union Jack since 1627. A small, densely populated coral island whose rolling fields are given over almost entirely to the cultivation of sugar cane, Barbados lives by thrift, seemliness, hard work, and the other homely virtues of the old English countryside. On Barbados, the Church of England is the established church, just as it is in the old country, and of a Sunday the God-fearing villagers—the men sweating under the gaudy sun in their stout English boots and their Sunday suits of heavy black serge, loomed in Manchester, and the women in starched white muslin and broad straw hats, their petticoats rustling—go down the dusty lanes among the tall fields of cane to church, where they sing the old hymns and listen appreciatively to sermons like those the Vicar of Wakefield might have preached.



I have been travelling about the islands lately, and I arrived in Barbados only a few days before the federal elections, which were to give the Federation its first parliament, prime minister, and cabinet. A few months before, in January, the existence of the new nation had been proclaimed and its Governor-General sworn in. Though the Federation is to remain under Britain's wing to some extent for the present, full independence has been promised within a few years, and I had come to the West Indies with the natural expectation of finding the populace in a state of considerable excitement over their "great venture into nationhood," as one political commentator had called it. But if there was any exultation in Barbados over the West Indies' new status, any fiery assertions of pride and independence, any tense concern over the coming elections, I could find little sign of them in the copy of the island's paper—the Barbados *Advocate*—that I picked up when I got to my hotel. The editorial page contained two elegant editorials. One of them took advantage of the centenary of Henry Watson Fowler's birth to laud his "Modern English Usage"—"no mere treatise for the learned," the paper said, "but an entertaining and exhilarating experience for the general reader." The other expressed the editors' gratification at learning that Stonehenge is to be restored, and mulled over the question of whether it should be restored to its pre-Roman or post-Roman state. Its closing sentence read, "This vast relic of antiquity has a unique appeal to the imagination; and those who, living thousands of miles away, know it only through photographs, reproductions of Constable's famous water-colour, or the last sombre paragraphs of Hardy's 'Tess,' will await the issue with an interest not weakened by geographical remoteness." The author of this essay, so reverently steeped in British culture, was probably, like most of the people in the West Indies, a descendant of Africans brought in chains from the Gold Coast by British slave traders who didn't care a hang about Stonehenge.

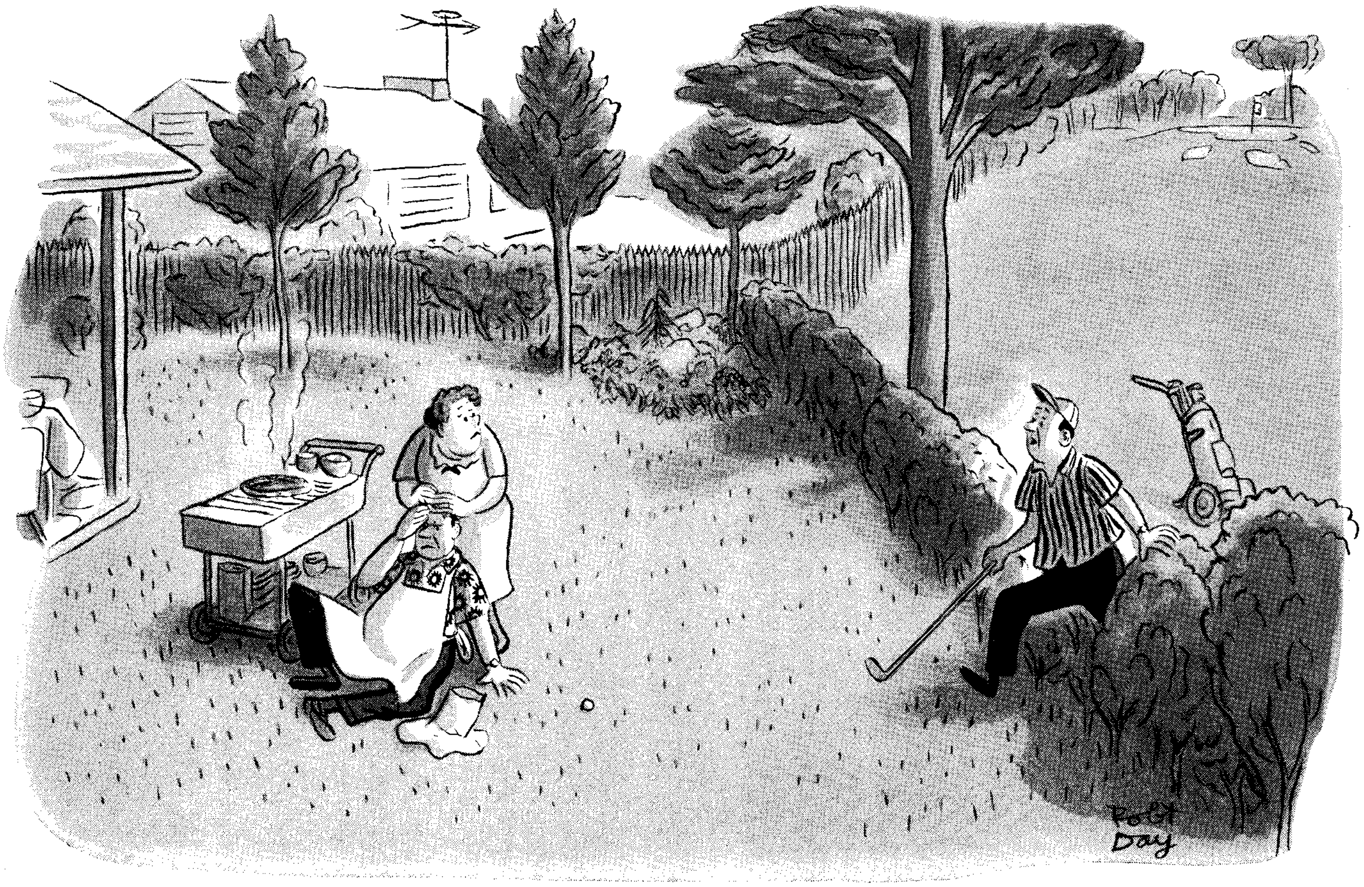
Such ironies are plentiful in these islands of the archipelago that Columbus misnamed the West Indies, but in the genial air of the region irony seems to lose some of its cutting edge. It is hard to be gloomy here. I am reminded of the sweeping offhand comment made by a Trinidadian I met: "Things are hopeless here, you know. But outside of that, man, life isn't bad at all."

THOUGH none of the other islands I have visited is quite so implacably British in its preoccupations as Barbados, they all seem just as casual about their grand new status and not noticeably impatient to attain full independence. Most people seem to regard the whole affair with amiable skepticism. They turned out in large numbers for the political rallies preceding the elections, but that was because they love eloquence to distraction, easily matching the Irish in their savoring of the spoken word. One balmy evening, I attended an outdoor meeting in a Jamaican village, at which a spokesman for one of the political parties, a dark-brown man with a rather scholarly way of talking, addressed a crowd that included several children and a couple of dogs; when, at the end of nearly two hours of impromptu oratory, he gave signs of concluding, the audience was dismayed. There were shouts of "Oh, no!" and "Don't halt up just yet, sir!" Gracefully acceding, the speaker delivered an exquisite coda that lasted half an hour. When Election Day rolled around, however, only about a third of the West Indies electorate bothered to go to the polls. On that day, I was in Port of Spain, Trinidad, the Federation's provisional capital, and I could see the general indifference even before the results were announced. When a person casts his ballot in the West Indies, he is required to dip his right forefinger in indelible red ink, so that he will be detected if he tries to vote more than once. As I walked about the city's narrow, crowded streets that afternoon, I kept looking at hands, and I didn't catch many people red-handed from voting even once.

Commenting on this lack of popular fervor, the London *Spectator* wondered if Britain had perhaps been remiss in its preparations for setting up the Federation. " 'Too little too late' has often been the only verdict on Britain's treatment of her dependencies," the *Spectator* said. "Here, for once, is a case of too much too early." A West Indian leader with whom I spoke after the elections had a different interpretation, however. "The trouble is," he said wryly, "that Britain has really behaved in quite an enlightened fashion during the past ten or fifteen years. We've had nothing to fight against. We may grumble—as you've undoubtedly noticed—that Britain is being parsimonious with the financial aid she is prepared to give the Federation, but that's about the extent of it. There simply isn't the kind of material here that revolutions are made of. If more of us had been thrown into jail—as nearly all the leaders of India were—perhaps our people would now be more excited about nationhood and the prospect of independence." However that may be, one of the curious aspects of the situation here is that well up in the vanguard of the movement to end West Indian colonialism—perhaps even a step or two ahead of the local patriots—march the gentlemen of the British Colonial Office. The idea of such a federation was first formally proposed by the British Colonial Secretary, in 1945, as the surest way for the West Indian colonies to achieve independence and a viable economy, and since that time the British have persistently worked toward this end, even when the West Indians themselves have faltered or fallen into disagreement over what they wanted. This is no Algeria. The watchwords of West Indian freedom are to be found not in brave slogans chalked on walls in the dead of night or in smudged leaflets furtively passed from hand to hand but, instead, in the careful prose of numerous state documents issued by Whitehall—summaries of one conference after another with West Indian representatives to thrash out the conditions of federation.

By now, of course, the British have had considerable practice at this sort of thing—"creative abdication," they like to call it—and the Colonial Office ought to be able to go through much of the rigmarole blindfolded. In perspective, recent developments in the Caribbean may be viewed as the latest episode in one of the great serial stories of our time: the continuing transformation of the British Empire, under the pressure of idealism and necessity, into that uncodified, mysterious, yet somehow potent association known as the Commonwealth. There are tricky problems involved in launching the Federation as a state that will be able to sail under its own power, but there are no nightmarish dilemmas of the sort that Britain has faced in India, Pakistan, Kenya, Malaya, Ceylon, Burma, or Cyprus. Nobody is going to run amuck in these unruffled isles—not over any such vague abstraction as nationhood or independence.

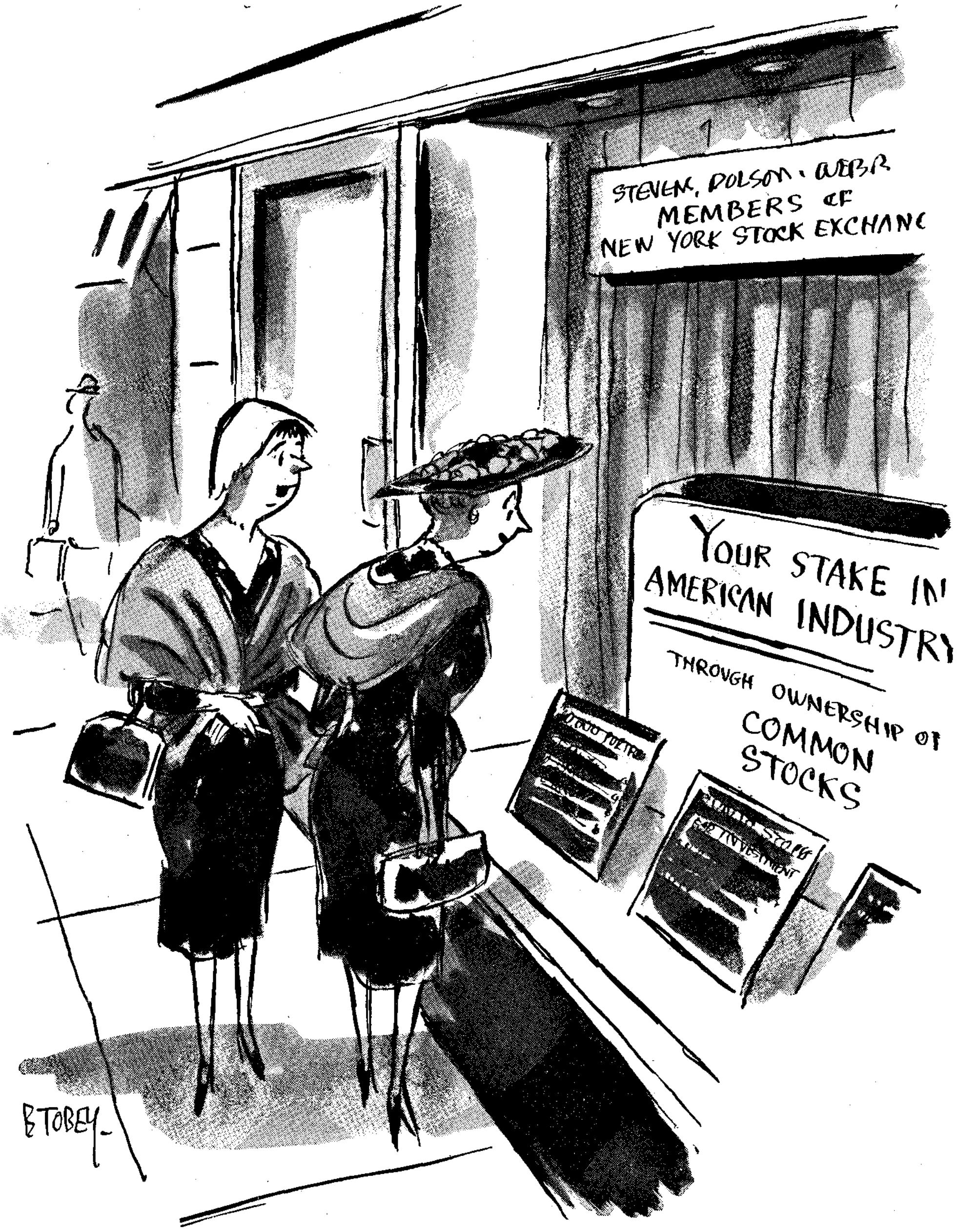
CRICKET, though—that's another matter. It's something a true West Indian can get really passionate about. Nowhere else in the world is cricket taken so seriously. It must be noted as one of the gentle ironies pervading the political climate here that such West Indian nationalism as there is expresses itself largely in terms of this most British of institutions. If one were to seek a unifying symbol for the West Indian cause—an equivalent of the spinning wheel in India's independence movement—one



"I'm terribly sorry. It's that confounded hook again."

would have to settle for a cricket bat. "We've simply *got* to beat England in the next Test Matches," I heard a Jamaican garage attendant say one day, in a voice that throbbed with patriotic zeal. "They've dominated us long enough." The new West Indian Prime Minister, Sir Grantley Adams, of Barbados, has told me it was through cricket that he first realized he was a West Indian, and not just a Barbadian; while watching a match as a young man, he found himself cheering as enthusiastically for a team from one of the other islands as if it had been the Barbados eleven. At public meetings, when West Indian leaders extoll the merits of federation, they almost invariably begin by citing the all-West Indies cricket team, established thirty years ago ("a forerunner of federation," one called it), as the towering example of the strength that can be achieved through unity in a common cause, and only after they have clinched their point with that do they go on to mention some of the other forms of inter-island coöperation already in existence, such as the British West Indies Sugar Association, the Regional Economic Committee, and the University College of the West Indies. "Could Jamaica alone field a team capable of competing on equal terms with England or Australia?" I heard one orator ask. "Could Trinidad? Barbados? St. Lucia? Antigua? Or any of the other islands?"

Wherever one travels in the West Indies, no matter how out of the way the place may be, one is apt to come upon some version of the game in progress, as I discovered when I climbed a hillside on one of the most primitive of the islands and, in a rough clearing in the tropical vegetation, found two cricket teams engaged in a fierce contest. Each team consisted of one ragged, barefooted black boy—the batsman, in the classic stance, gravely protecting with a coconut branch a wicket made of a pile of stones, while his opponent pranced menacingly forward, preparing to bowl him out with an unripe mango. In Port of Spain, on any Saturday, one may see as many as forty games being played simultaneously on the Savannah—a broad public greensward, bordered on the northern side, toward the mountains, by a flamboyant botanical garden and on the three other sides by exuberant wooden mansions, filigreed, balustraded, and ornamented in every conceivable style, in which dwell such dignitaries as a rich Moslem merchant, an eminent attorney of African ancestry, an old British sugar-plantation family, and, in a turreted Moorish palace, a Catholic archbishop. Cricket on the Savannah is often stylish to the hilt. Creased white flannels are worn, the newest equipment sported. The game is pursued with bravura and finesse, as well as with intensity, and the air rings with appreciative exclamations of "Well played, man!" and "Very pretty shot, sir!" It is a lively and splendid place, the Savannah, decorated by almost every racial type and nearly all the subtle manifold possibilities of human pigmentation. Cricket dominates, but it is not the only activity. In the undefined no man's land between the cricket fields, children fly kites. Girls play hockey at one side of the park. Couples promenade about the rim. Venders hawk ices, coconuts, and exotic fruits, while here and there on the grass loungers chat, dispute, burst into uproarious laughter, or try out some racy or impudent snatch of improvised calypso to the accompaniment of a guitar or a tin pan. In its setting of stagy mansions against a spectacular backdrop of palms and mountains, the Savannah may well strike the visitor as a dazzling pageant of the life of this new, attractive, and definitely peace-loving nation.



"If you want to make a fast buck, just go in and tell them you want to make a fast buck."

UNTIL a few weeks ago, the new nation went through a period of fitting out and preparation, culminating in the celebrations that were held when, with all due pomp, Princess Margaret opened the Parliament. Now the Parliament has assembled in Port of Spain's Red House for its first real working session, and the Federation is getting down to business. Its problems are plentiful, for it has started life under the handicaps of an odd geographical layout, a ramshackle economy,

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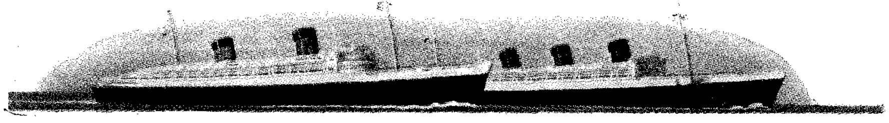

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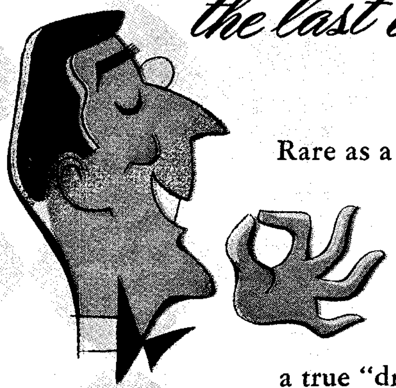

Rare as a day in June, your tall drinks
this summer can bring
a thirst satisfaction
that stays and stays,
a true "dryness" (that overworked word)
which will leave your palate
lively as a spring freshet
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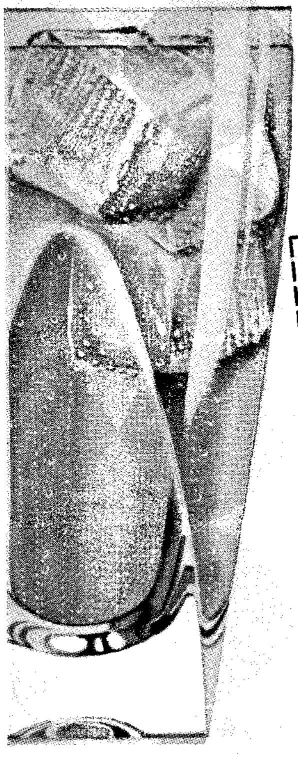

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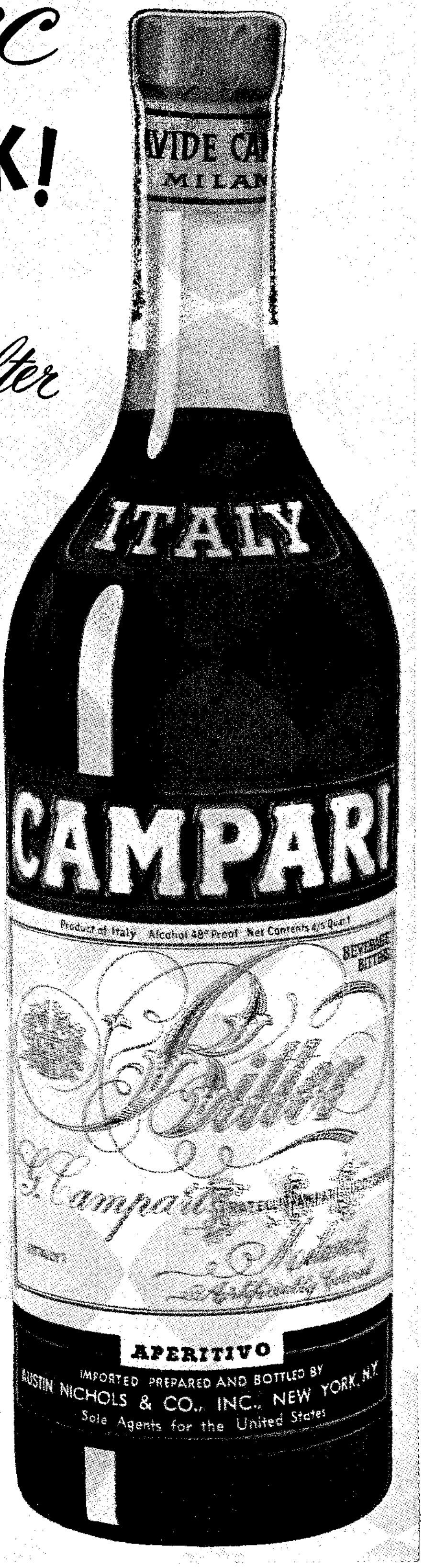
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chronic underemployment, a population growing so fast that the West Indies' scanty resources cannot hope to support it, and, as yet, little of the sense of common destiny among its island members. "I am the only Minister of Finance in the Commonwealth without any funds," the Finance Minister, Robert Bradshaw, remarked sadly the other day. The entire federal budget comes to only about five million dollars, but this sum seems enormous to the West Indian people, many of whom think of the federal apparatus solely as an added financial burden for them to bear. "How can a poor, poor people like us afford to keep a host of federal officials flying back and forth across the Caribbean?" I heard a man say during a street-corner discussion one evening.

Until recently, these islands had very little to do with one another. They are only just beginning to get acquainted, to become conscious of how much they have in common. There has never been much inter-island trade—all the islands produce more or less the same commodities—or much visiting back and forth. People who travel, in search of either work or pleasure, are apt to go to England rather than to a neighboring island. When I asked an Antiguan whether he had any desire to see the other West Indies islands, he shrugged and replied, "Why should I? Wherever I went, I'd just see the same sugar cane, wouldn't I?" Nine of the ten Federation states stretch, like a string of beads, along a six-hundred-mile arc in the eastern Caribbean. But Jamaica, which is the most important member of the Federation, being larger and more populous than all the rest put together, and politically the most advanced, is off in the western part of the sea, near Cuba and Haiti, and separated by nearly a thousand miles of water from its nearest sister state. The distances sometimes surprise a Northern visitor. Trinidad, which is the second-largest state, lies just off the South American mainland, and is as far from Jamaica as Kiev is from London.

Scheduled airline flights now link the islands, but this is a fairly recent development. Before the war, communications were irregular, slow, and devious. A person wishing to travel from Jamaica to Barbados or one of the other eastern Caribbean islands often had to take a ship to New York and make connections from there, travelling five thousand miles to accomplish a thousand-mile journey, and the standard route for mail between those points was via London. Moreover, the whole colonial relationship made each island's

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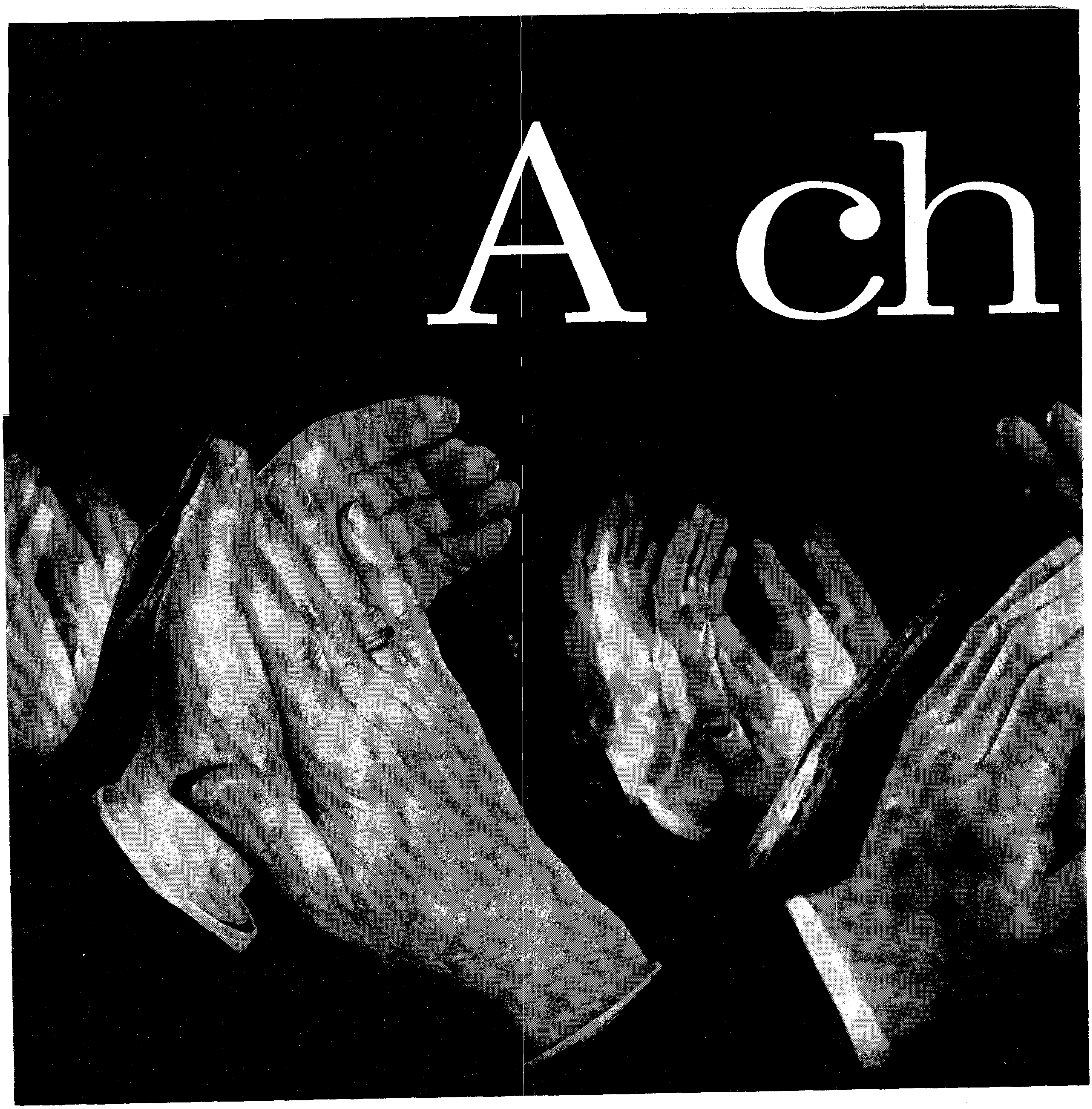

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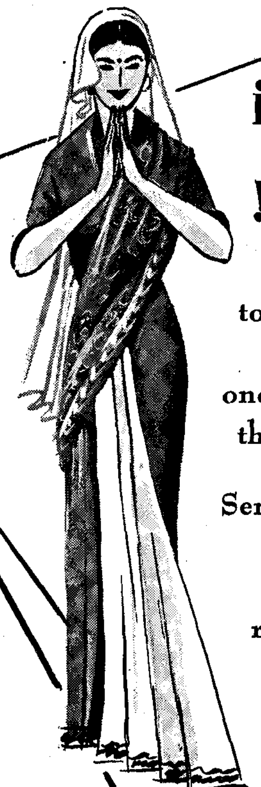

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destiny dependent largely upon what was happening in London and not at all upon what might be happening on a neighboring island. In the circumstances, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that a strong sense of community has not yet developed, and that West Indian nationalism is a tender and uncertain thing. Even though political matrimony has been entered into, the old insularities remain. Each island still has its own immigration and customs offices, and there is still no free movement of either persons or goods from one island to another. Working such matters out to the satisfaction of all is one of the most immediate problems the government must take up.

Because of this inherited isolationism, the constitution that the islands have agreed upon limits the powers of the central government in a way that recalls our own hesitant Articles of Confederation. The West Indian constitution, however, contains a clause providing for a complete constitutional review within five years, and then—so some of the leading statesmen here hope—the American experience will repeat itself and a stronger central government will emerge. At about the same time, it is generally reckoned, the Federation will take its place as a fully independent dominion of the Commonwealth. Meanwhile, Britain remains responsible for the Federation's defense and foreign affairs, and for such grants-in-aid as the poorer of these poor islands need in order to survive. During the interim stage, the constitution leaves a number of reserve powers in the Governor-General's hands, but if he is at all skillful, he will never have to exercise some of them. In any British dependency, when things get to the point where a governor is forced to use his veto, he is generally considered to have bungled and is required by the Colonial Office to give an account of his actions. So far, Lord Hailes, the Governor-General of the West Indies, has been confronted by few challenging situations; his role has been mainly that of symbol and figurehead, and it is a role he adorns to perfection. He is spectacularly handsome in his glittering state uniform—a slim, straight-backed man in his late fifties, with a trim waist and a distinguished profile. "If the functions of the Governor-General were merely to be decorative, Lord Hailes could not be surpassed," a London correspondent wrote when his appointment was announced last year, "for he was one of the best-looking men in the House of Commons and certainly the best dressed."

Until Lord Hailes' elevation to the

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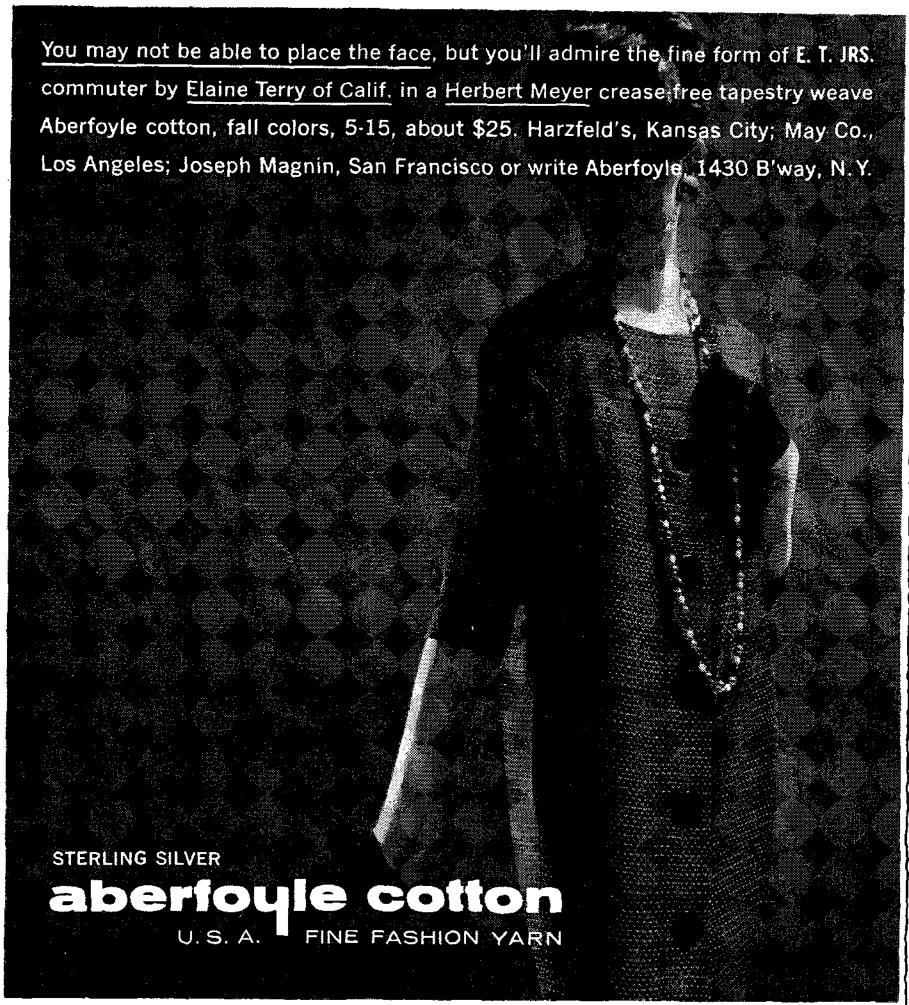
peerage last year, he was a Conservative Party Whip in the House of Commons for sixteen years, and his only pronouncements in all that time were resolutions "that this House do now adjourn." When he was appointed Governor-General, one critic pointed out that a land that relished eloquence as much as the West Indies does was hardly the place to send a man who was known to have an aversion to public speaking. His appointment provoked unusually widespread disapproval, on the ground that it seemed to be a purely political reward for a party wheel horse. In the House of Commons, it produced one of those exchanges at which the British, with their mastery of suave contumely, are incomparable:

> Mr. Shinwell: Has [the Prime Minister] read the criticism of this appointment which has appeared in the public Press—in a leading article in The Times and in other reputable Press organs? Will he say whether he regards the qualifications of Lord Hailes—so far as we are aware of them—as being satisfactory from the point of view of this new Federation? Finally, can he tell the House why these high qualifications of Lord Hailes were concealed from the House of Commons when he was the Patronage Secretary? Has the Prime Minister just discovered these high qualities? Is this not really a case of political nepotism?
>
> The Prime Minister: No, Sir. I think that the third part of that supplementary question is ungenerous and quite unworthy of the right hon. Gentleman. With regard to the first part, I have read the criticism that has appeared in public journals, but it is not always one's duty to yield to criticism. In regard to the second part of the question, in an organisation such as we hope the new West Indies Federation will be—when it is just beginning for the first time to learn the whole system of Parliamentary Government on a new scale, and with new responsibilities—I honestly feel that political experience would be of more value than official experience.

Over the last few months, some of the critics have come around to Mr. Macmillan's viewpoint. The West Indies elections resulted in an almost equal division between the Democratic Labour Party and Sir Grantley Adams' Federal Labour Party, the latter holding power only by virtue of the vote of a single independent Member of Parliament. The situation is obviously an unstable one, and in this context some of the British papers that condemned Lord Hailes' appointment are now saying that it is a jolly good thing to have an adroit politician like him on the scene.

ALL political considerations, however, are minor compared to the West Indies' overwhelming economic problems—to the central fact of, as



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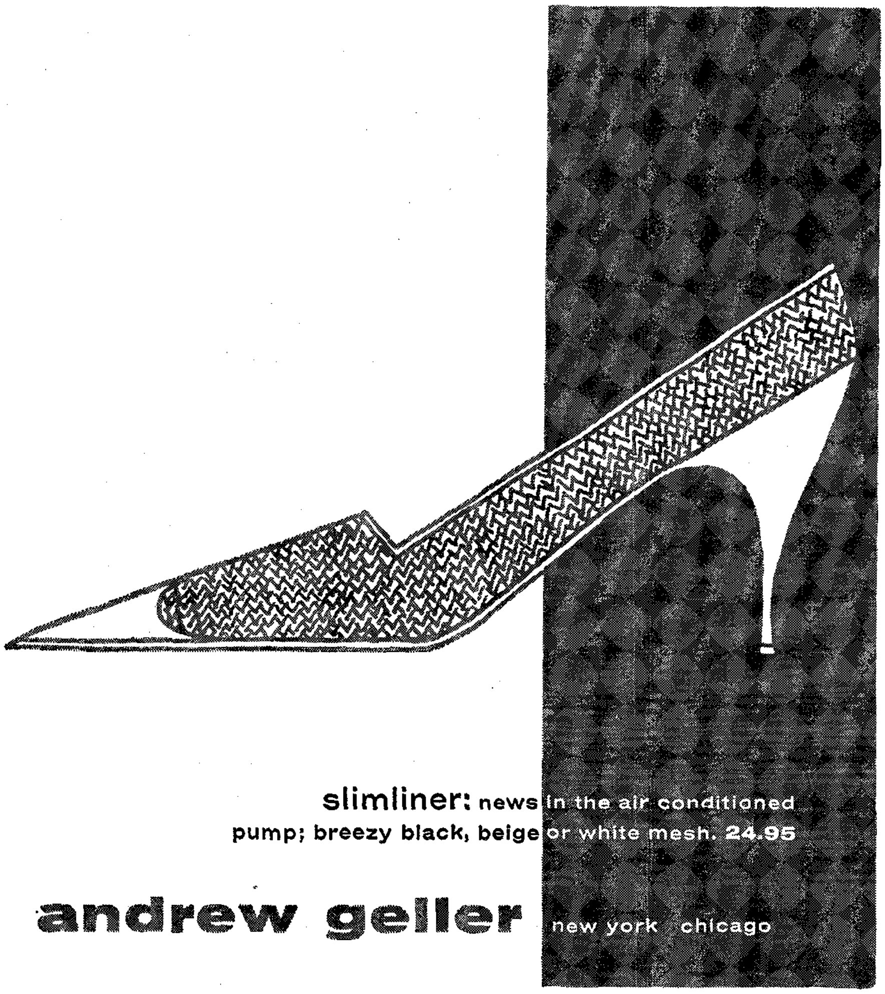

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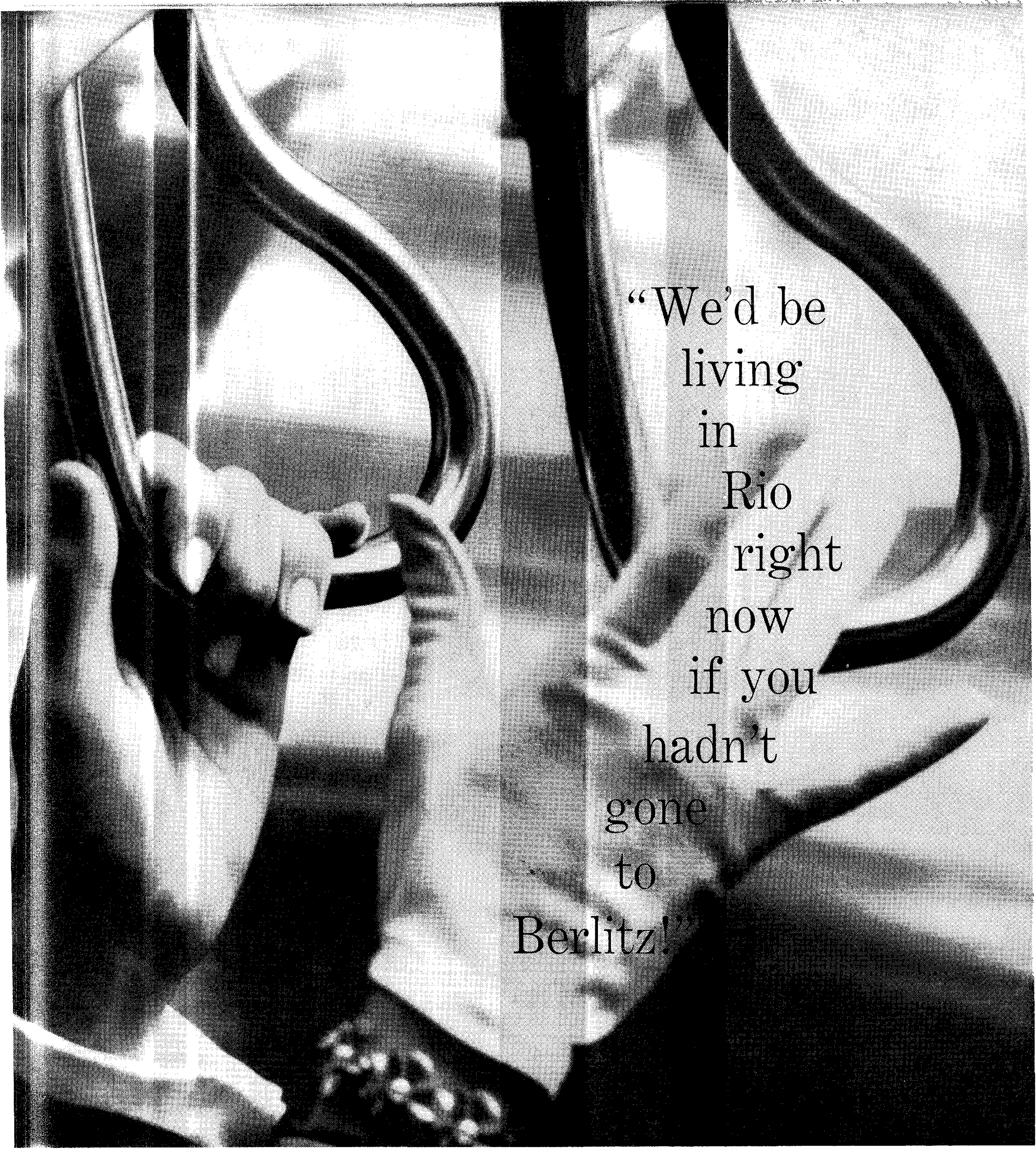
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someone has put it, "too many people on too few acres and subsisting on too few resources." "Those who live in northern countries think of the West Indies as just a glorious paradise of islands where there is eternal sunshine and eternal happiness," Sir Grantley Adams said not long ago. "There is also eternal poverty." Poverty is not quite synonymous with misery here, as it is likely to be in harsher climes; the West Indians have worked out a way of life that, as has often been admiringly noted, is characterized by a combination of dignity and joy. Nevertheless, the consciousness that they lack the wherewithal is undoubtedly the basic factor in the West Indians' skepticism concerning their venture into nationhood. A Jamaican member of the federal Parliament recently went so far as to liken the establishment of the West Indies Federation to "a group of paupers in an almshouse setting up a company without having even the money to register it."

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the West Indies were major prizes in the struggle for supremacy that was being waged by the European powers. At that time, the sugar grown here, on plantations worked by slaves—and, to a lesser extent, the spices—meant enormous wealth. Many of the great fortunes of Bristol and Liverpool were founded on the West Indies trade. There was a time when the governorship of Jamaica was the most treasured office that the British Empire could bestow, and in the eighteenth century the entire North American mainland was of less value to Britain than these small Caribbean islands. But that was long ago. Early in the nineteenth century, the price of cane sugar fell disastrously under competition from European beet sugar, and thereafter the islands sank into such neglect that a century later Lloyd George referred to them as "the slums of the Empire."

Important changes have occurred since then. The British, shocked by spontaneous strikes and disturbances that broke out on several of the islands in 1937 and 1938, sent a Royal Commission to investigate, and after the war instituted a development and welfare program. Major political and social reforms were inaugurated on all the islands, and universal suffrage was granted. Health measures were introduced, and with such good effect that—as so often follows—the population growth has now become a matter of great alarm. Tourists have begun to flock here in increasing numbers, and fancy new hotels are going up. Bauxite was discovered in

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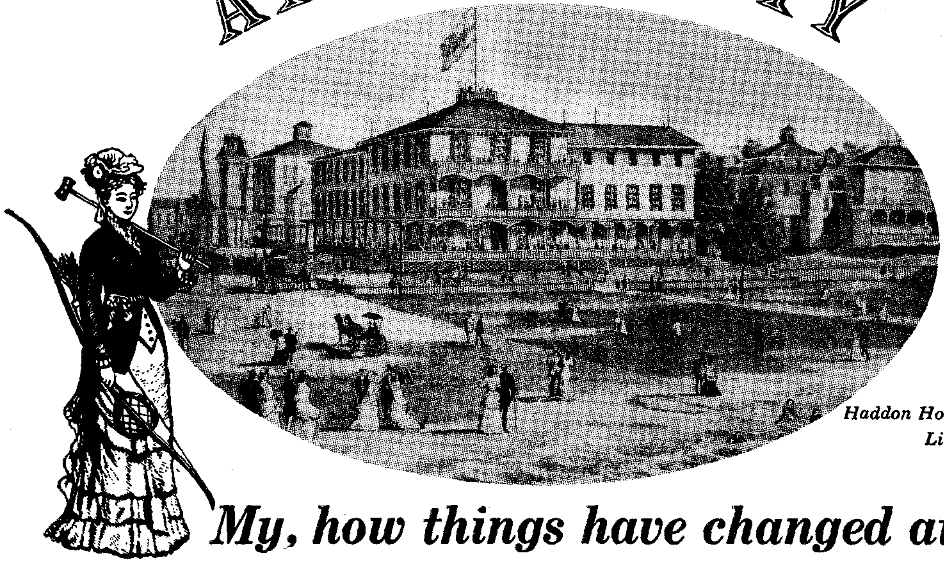

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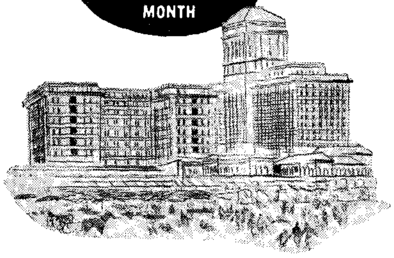

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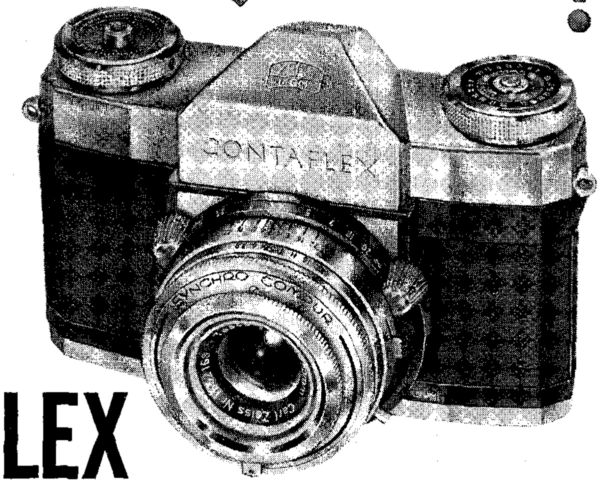

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Jamaica in quantity a few years ago, and has become a major source of revenue. (The only mineral resource of consequence in the West Indies before that was Trinidad's oil.) In an effort to diversify the economy, several islands have established a number of small industries—some of them rather shaky. While I was visiting Jamaica, the government-fostered match industry flickered out after several years of uncertain existence. Almost immediately, matches became something to be hoarded, and people joked about living recklessly when they lit a cigarette. There were several days of this before a ship arrived bearing a fresh supply from the outside world.

A variety of cash crops are now cultivated, among them bananas, coconuts, cocoa, spices, sea-island cotton, and citrus fruits, yet sugar still dominates the West Indies, much as it always has—a crop with a grim history but a crop that these islands cannot get along without. At harvesttime, the sugar estates provide the West Indies' chief source of employment, and between harvests a large part of the population is out of work. The harvest season runs from December through June. The pace of life quickens then. Men come to the estates from distant villages for the season, and women, too, come to the estates, some of them looking for work, but most of them looking for men. One sugar worker has said about crop time, "Then men begin to talk big, and there will be plenty of merrymaking and lovemaking, because there is plenty of money." (Plenty of money means fourteen dollars a week.) Liaisons are formed for the season, with no expectation of permanence, and a substantial proportion of the West Indian citizenry is conceived at that time. This pattern is a heritage of slavery and the plantation system. The family, as we know it, is not the rule throughout the Caribbean. In a recent book, poetically called "My Mother Who Fathered Me," the Jamaican anthropologist Edith Clarke tells of finding ninety-two different kinds of household arrangements in three Jamaican communities that she studied. The numerically small middle class disapproves intensely of such flexible arrangements, but they are accepted openly and naturally by most of the populace, and illegitimacy carries no stigma, except perhaps in staid Barbados. It is not uncommon for a woman to have children by four or five men, and often the grandmother cares for the children while her daughter works. Not long ago, I read in one of the West Indian journals an editorial such as I

Basil Rathbone probes the

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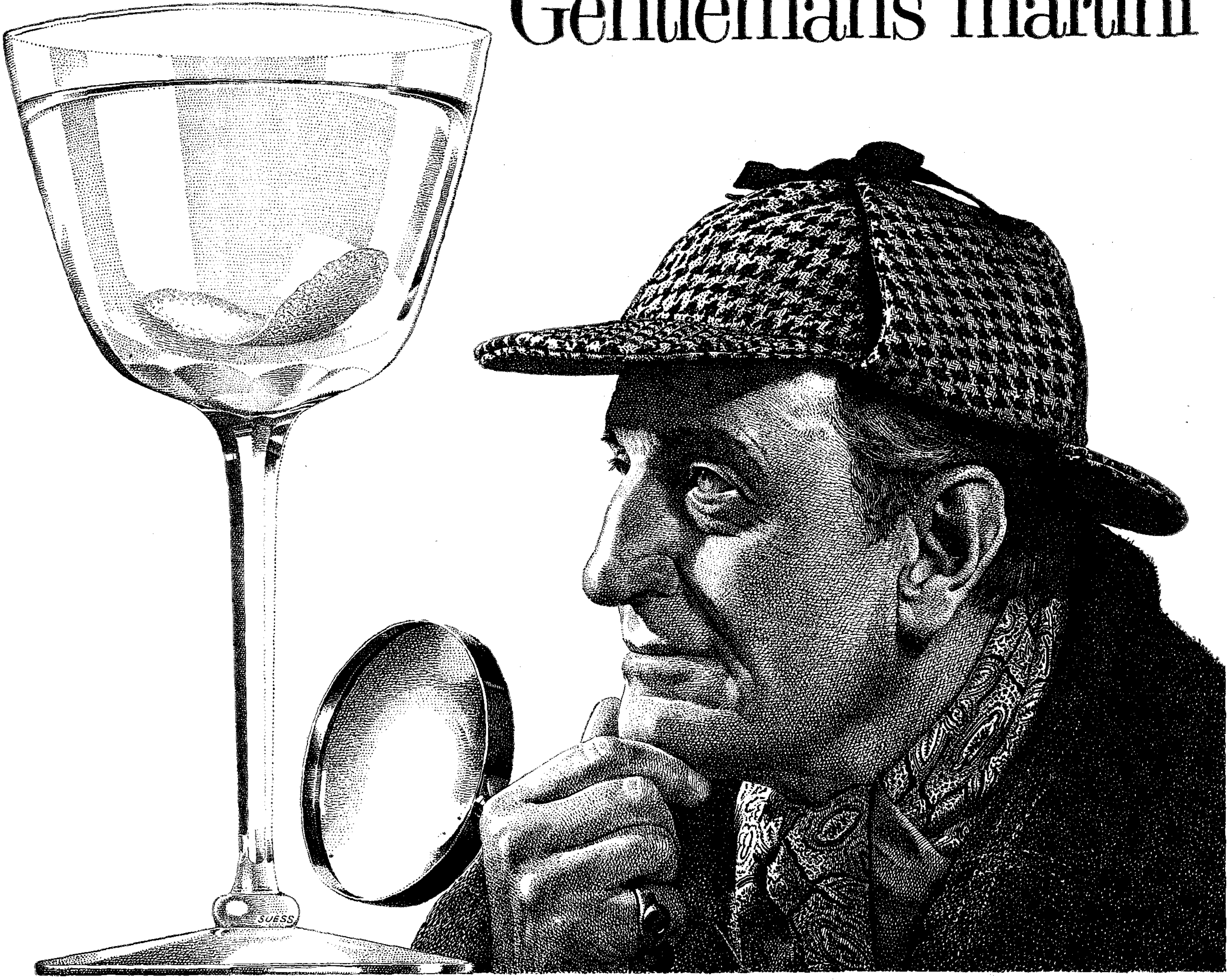

PROJECTING into his personal life the great detective role for which he is famous, Mr. Rathbone says: "It is elementary that crime does not pay. This is true whether the crime is murder, robbery, arson, blackmail or making an inferior Martini.

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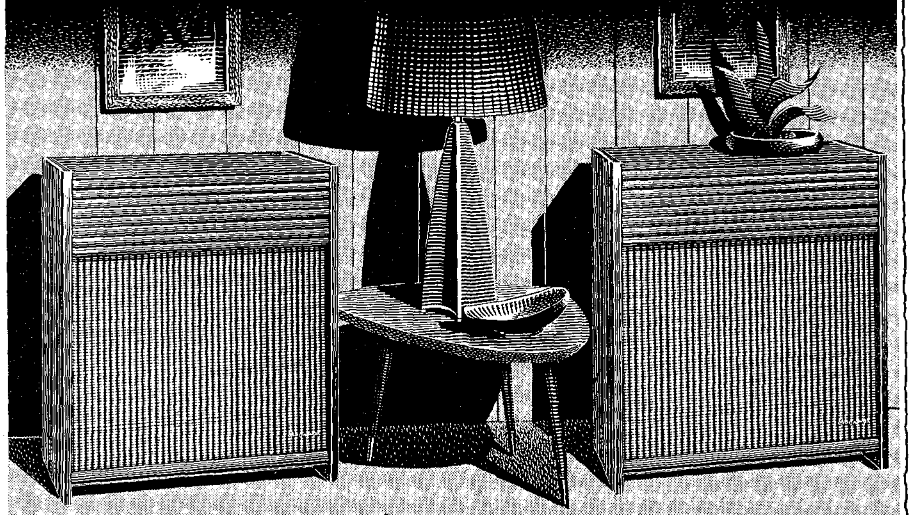

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had never expected to find anywhere—a scathing attack on grandmothers. Declaring that the West Indies would not amount to anything as long as such a large part of its population lived outside the Western family tradition, the writer heaped blame on the West Indian grandmother for being too obliging. If the grandmothers wouldn't raise the children, he concluded, the women wouldn't be so free and easy about having them.

TO ride about the countryside during crop time can be very pleasant. The tall fields ripple in the steady breeze that is the blessing of these islands, and the turquoise-and-violet sea is almost always in sight. A crew of men, stripped to the waist, may be swinging their glistening cutlasses, with the cane toppling before them. A child or two will be sitting by the edge of the road, seriously chewing the sweetness out of a piece of stem. A lad may pass along the road on a bicycle carrying a long cane home, like a spear. Or a woman with a basket of fruit on her head may ride by on an ambling donkey whose pannier holds a bunch of the grassy cane tops, used as fodder. As the woman goes past the men, there will be banter and laughter in West Indian voices so infectiously musical that even the inhibited Northern visitor unwittingly finds himself falling into their rhythms. There is a postcard innocence about it all. But if one happens to pass downwind of an estate's factory, one is assailed by an overpoweringly sweet smell that cloys and sickens. It seems to bring along with it the whole disastrous history of these islands—"these bitter sugar Indies," as a Barbadian poet has called them, "principalities of slaves."

This history is not forgotten, despite the good will existing between the British and the West Indians, and it has left its ambiguous mark on both. The rare outburst against Britain is apt to take the form of an aggressive declaration of dependence, rather than of independence, the complaint being that Britain now has no moral right to wash her hands of the West Indies and leave them in the lurch. "Britain has used us as an orange. She has squeezed us dry, and now that there is no juice left throws us on the rubbish heap," a former member of the Trinidad legislature wrote in a letter to the Trinidad *Guardian* a while back. A question that one may hear discussed and dissected among the intellectuals and those concerned with politics here is how much of Britain's eagerness to push the West Indies along toward independence is actually

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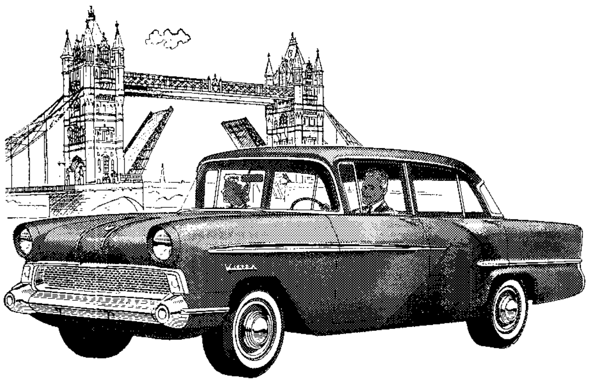

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prompted by the noble motives her Ministers profess, and how much may be laid to the desire to get rid of an onerous economic burden. In such discussions, which often quite sympathetically acknowledge Britain's own needs and hardships, one perceives how mixed the motives and feelings must be on both sides after these centuries of colonial relationship.

In the course of an evening's conversation largely concerned with this subject, a friend I made on one of the islands said, "The decent British have us on their conscience. Winston Churchill, you know, has stated that it was the wealth amassed in the West Indies—and India—that enabled Britain to survive the Napoleonic Wars. Britain is not likely to forget that." He added dryly, "Should she happen to, we shall, no doubt, remind her," and then, with a half smile, "I suppose we should be able to blackmail Britain for quite some time to come." My friend, a black man of imposing bearing, was wearing his Oxford college blazer as we sat on my hotel veranda that evening, talking. Rational, judicious, measured and exact in speech, firm but generous of mind, he seemed to me a most worthy representative of British culture. So, for that matter, do many of the West Indian leaders. Some, except for the small matter of complexion, seem complete English country gentlemen.

Sir Grantley Adams, the Prime Minister, is one such, even though he is the founder and leader of the Barbados labor movement. An Oxford-educated barrister, Sir Grantley lists his recreations, in *Who's Who*, as gardening and cricket; his chief cause, outside of government, is planned parenthood. Last month, he received an award from a family-planning society for his "fearless advocacy" of birth control. When I interviewed him, a few days before he took office, one of the problems most on his mind was the West Indies' increasing population, which, unless something is done about it, will double within twenty-five years. He strongly hopes that the United States can be persuaded to be more liberal toward West Indian immigration. Under the McCarran Act, there can be no more than a hundred immigrants from each island every year, and West Indians look upon this small quota as a racial slur. He went on to talk about the manifold difficulties the Federation faces and how hard it would be to get the islands to think in national, rather than insular, terms. "Perhaps I ought to read your Federalist Papers," he said, a little wistfully. (The Federalist Papers are much

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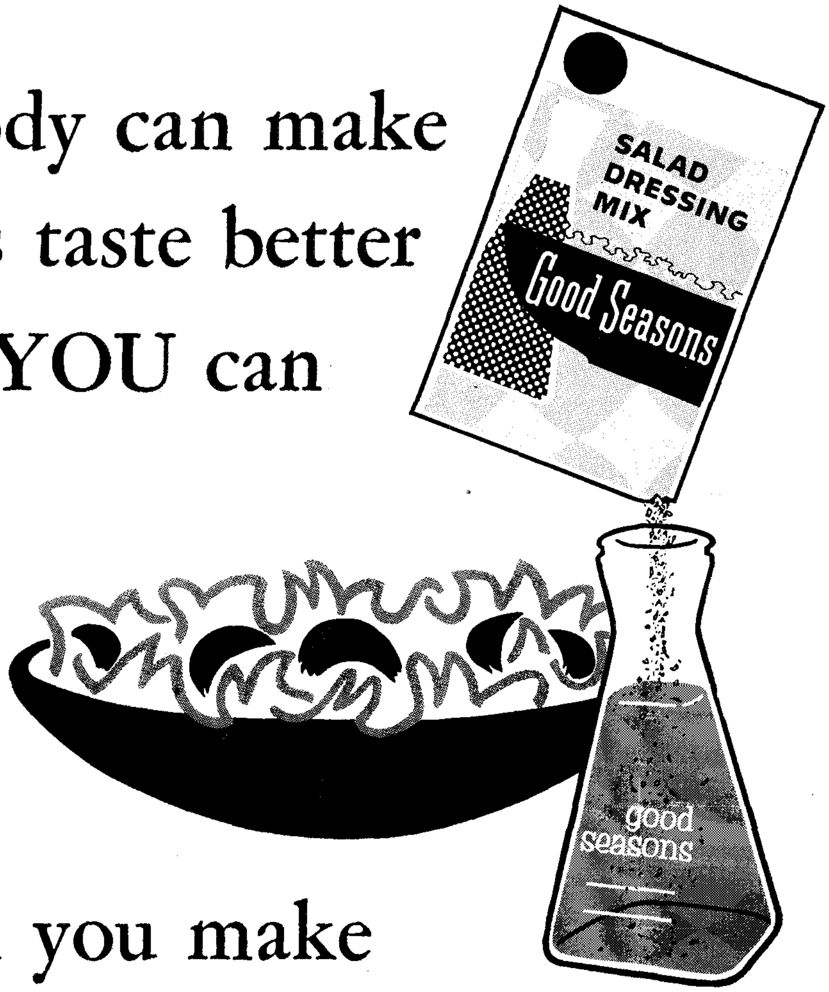

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in the minds of intellectuals here, who look for lessons and comfort in the birth pangs of the United States, and Alexander Hamilton is often invoked as "that greatest West Indian statesman of all." To hear some West Indians talk, Hamilton, who was born on Nevis, one of the Leeward Islands, founded the United States almost singlehanded—with a little bit of help from George Washington, who once slept in Barbados.)

A slim, dark-skinned man of sixty with a grizzled mustache, Sir Grantley has a shy manner that I found winning, but I am told that he can be a shrewd, and even ruthless, politician when he has to be. He is a Socialist of the moderate, Fabian sort. In fact, the Russians probably deem him an arrant reactionary and imperialist. In 1948, while serving as a member of the British delegation to the United Nations, he rebuked the Soviet bloc for attempting to pose as the champion of anti-colonialism, and delivered an eloquent defense of British colonial policy. "We do *not* regard the ties that link us with the British Crown as an intolerable yoke," he said. "Far from it. . . . We inhabitants of non-self-governing territories are convinced of the good faith of Great Britain and have no cause to be otherwise."

AT a party in Jamaica one evening, I heard John Hearne, a young Jamaican novelist, say, in exasperation, to a political-minded guest who was pressing him to put his literary talents at the service of the new state, "I can't write about *federated* man. As a novelist, it's only what unfederated man does that interests me." During these past months, unfederated life has, of course, been going forward, as it always has and always will. There has been a widespread drought on many of the islands, which got so bad that the Jamaican premier, Norman Manley, called for prayers for rain—a call that was followed within a few days by rains so plentiful that bridges were washed away, roads became impassable, crops were destroyed, and Mr. Manley was cursed for a meddler. People have been worrying about the falling price of ginger, and of bananas. Some of the islands have been having mongoose trouble. The mongoose was introduced here to kill rats and snakes but turned out to prefer poultry. This is one of the reasons chicken is expensive in the West Indies. (It costs nearly twice as much as in New York.) The mongooses live in the cane fields, and every once in a while, as you are driving around, you

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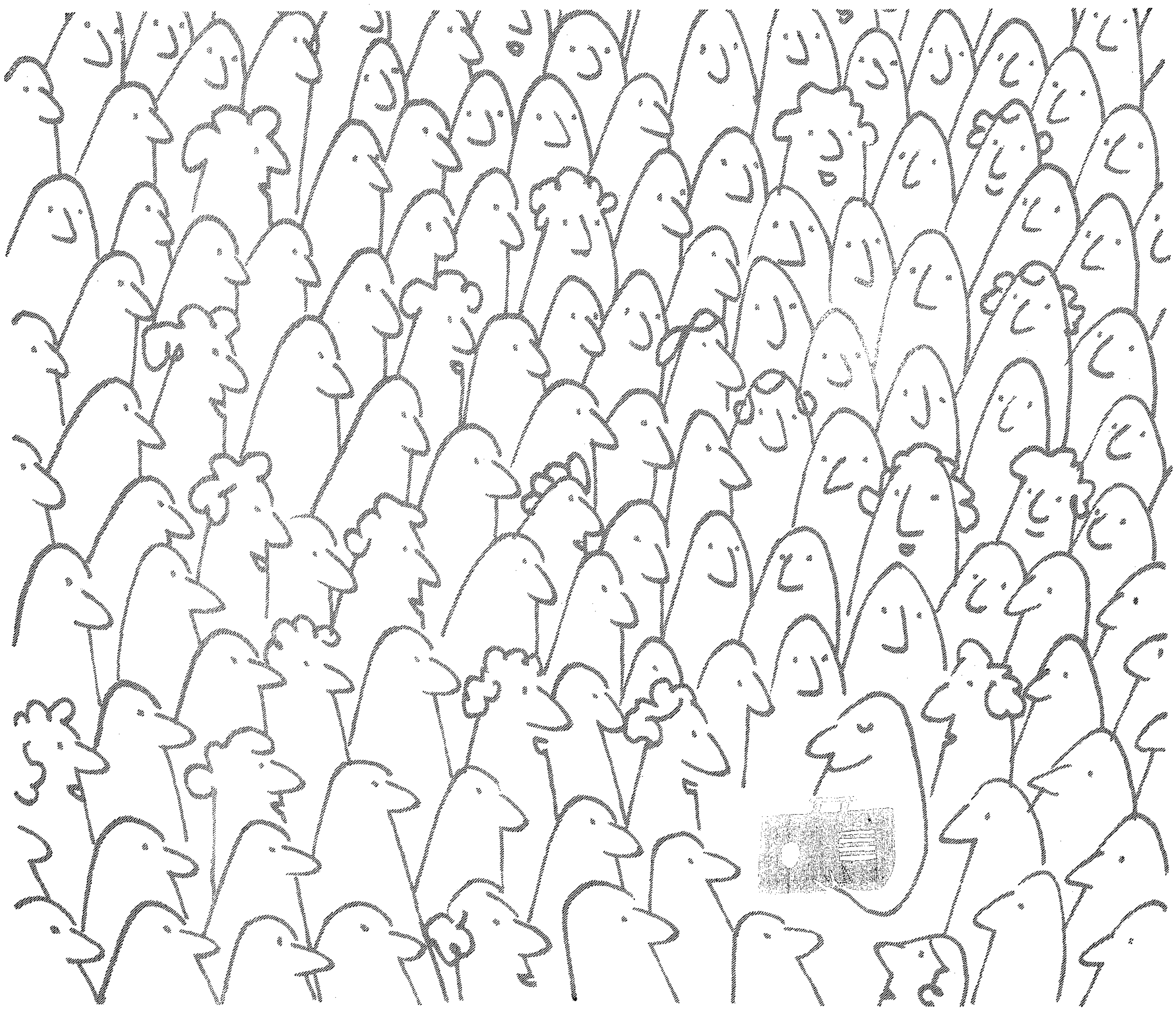

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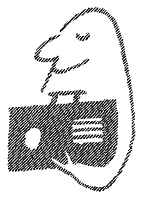
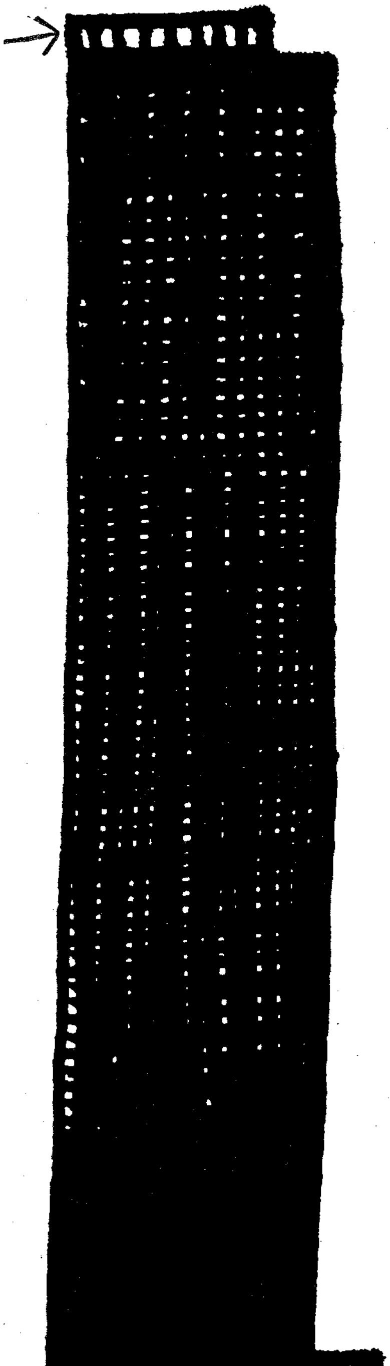


We like adults because they've got money to spend.
They like us because we've got programs designed for them.

may see one of them slipping across the road. A while back, a woman on Grenada was bitten by a mongoose that she was trying to drive away from her poultry pen, and it was found that the animal was rabid. All this mongoose news is very disillusioning to anyone who, like me, was brought up to hero-worship Rikki-tikki-tavi.

There have been other sources of local excitement during the last couple of months. The West Indies cricket team toured the islands for several weeks, playing a triumphant series of matches with Pakistan. In one match, the young Barbadian Garfield Sobers broke the world's batting record by scoring three hundred and sixty-five runs "not out." In Kingston, the Jamaican women's table-tennis championship was won by a seven-year-old prodigy named Joy Foster. I didn't see her play, but I enjoyed her pictures in the paper—a spindly-legged, solemn-faced black girl with pigtails, whose chin looked just about table height. In Grenada, a hilly little spice island that is perhaps the prettiest island of all, there has been some stir over an agriculturist's discovery of how to tell the sex of a nutmeg tree right from the start. Hitherto a farmer had to wait seven years after planting to tell whether his trees were male or female, which constituted a problem, since only the females bear fruit. In Montego Bay, Jamaica, which is the tourist gold coast of these parts, village authorities have appealed to women visitors not to wear brief shorts, since this tends to demoralize the local populace. The same village recently held a trial for three women accused of practicing obeah, the underground West Indian black magic. Keeping Montego Bay moral is obviously a tough problem. In St. Lucia, which is French provincial in its culture, quite a stormy controversy raged for a time after a Catholic priest banned as too bawdy a play by a local poet that was being rehearsed for presentation at the West Indies Arts Festival, held in Port of Spain in connection with the opening of Parliament. Barbados has had its dispute, too—a stiff exchange of letters in the *Advocate* between "Housewife," who complained that soot from the sugar factories was soiling people's homes, and "Planter," who, with raised eyebrows, replied, "Maybe the house-proud housewife would like the whole sugar industry to stop just so that she can have a spotless house, or maybe she will be able to explain better what her paragraph indicated. The factories do their best to stop the soot but however hard they try they cannot help some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escaping. They do not do it deliberately as 'Housewife' indicates. As I have said before, we planters have our houses messed up too every year, probably even worse and believe me it is annoying, but surely better a little soot than starve, eh? Yours truly."

IN contrast to the vital unfederated stuff making up the sun-drenched fabric of daily life, only two matters connected with Federation have captured the popular imagination. One, of course, was the opening of the federal Parliament, which, with Princess Margaret participating and dignitaries from all over the world present, was a time of high gala. Huge crowds, waving the Federation's new flag—a suitable and very decorative one, showing an orange sun against a background of blue-and-white waves—greeted the Princess with delight at all her public appearances. Even royalty-baiters find Princess Margaret's charm hard to resist, and the spontaneous, warmhearted West Indians were certainly not disposed to try. During a previous visit she made here, about three years ago, one Trinidadian was so taken with her that he shouted as she passed, "You're so sweet I could eat you up!" West Indians—and particularly Trinidadians—love pomp as much as anybody else in the world. The pleasure they take in their famous pre-Lenten carnival comes not just from letting their hair down but, for many, from putting it up in the most elaborate way; dressed in laboriously prepared, ornate costumes, they portray high and mighty personages—Saladin, Guinevere, Richard Cœur de Lion—and, so attired, dance about in the streets for days. There is perhaps only one thing Trinidad could enjoy more than having a real princess in its midst, and that would be having a queen, as a saucy calypso band cheerfully let Princess Margaret know in a multi-footed song of welcome that went:

O Princess Margaret,
We are proud and happy to welcome you
back to Trinidad.
To greet you we are happy;
Thousands of hearts out here are in glee,
But please tell Her Majesty
We want to see her personally.

The other Federation matter that has roused the populace was the issue of which island should be chosen as the site of the capital. The wrangle started in earnest a couple of years ago, and everybody got worked up about it. It produced such vaunting and disparagement, such charges and countercharges, such threats and insinuations, that for a time it looked as if the Federation were

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going to break up before it had been established, and a calypso singer was led to suggest that the solution was to buy a large ship, fit her out with offices, christen her "Capital Site," load the government aboard, and have her steam from island to island. Early last year, the selection of Trinidad laid this issue to rest at last but immediately opened up an even more troublesome issue—that of which specific portion of Trinidad the capital would occupy. At this point, the quarrel ceased being inter-island and became international, for the Federation asked the United States to give up the site of our naval base at Chaguaramas, eight miles from Port of Spain, which we hold under a ninety-nine-year lease that Franklin D. Roosevelt negotiated with Winston Churchill as part of the lend-lease arrangement involving fifty overage destroyers. The Federation, which has dreams of building a brand-new city as its capital, said that Chaguaramas was by far the most desirable site for a capital. We replied that it was by far the most desirable site for a naval base, and that we did not wish to give it up. Something of a crisis seemed to be developing, but then, just a few days ago, Sir Grantley Adams announced that agreement had been reached with the United States to let the matter rest for the present and take it up again in ten years' time. So ends, at least for now, an affair that not only proved an embarrassing one for both sides but gave the English papers a field day at our expense. They had gleefully seized the opportunity to throw back at us all the pious pronouncements we made in urging them to give up Suez.

THE Federation has few illusions about the role that it is going to play in the world. These Caribbean islands know that, even after uniting, they speak with a very small voice. As power is reckoned—economically, militarily—they are insignificant. But there is one respect in which this nation thinks it may be of some significance in the world, and that is as an example of a multi-racial society functioning in harmony. In these islands, which were built up on the terrible oppression of one race by another, race has now almost ceased to matter. As Norman Manley, perhaps the West Indies' most articulate spokesman, told me, "We are well along the road now to establishing a society in which prejudice ceases to be of any consequence, a society in which race is no longer a dominant—no longer a consideration of any import. For

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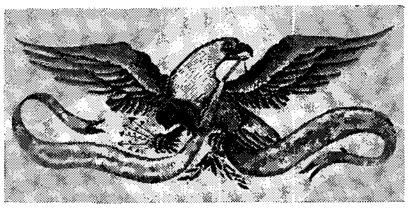

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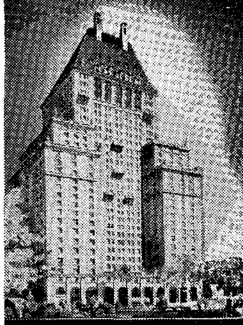

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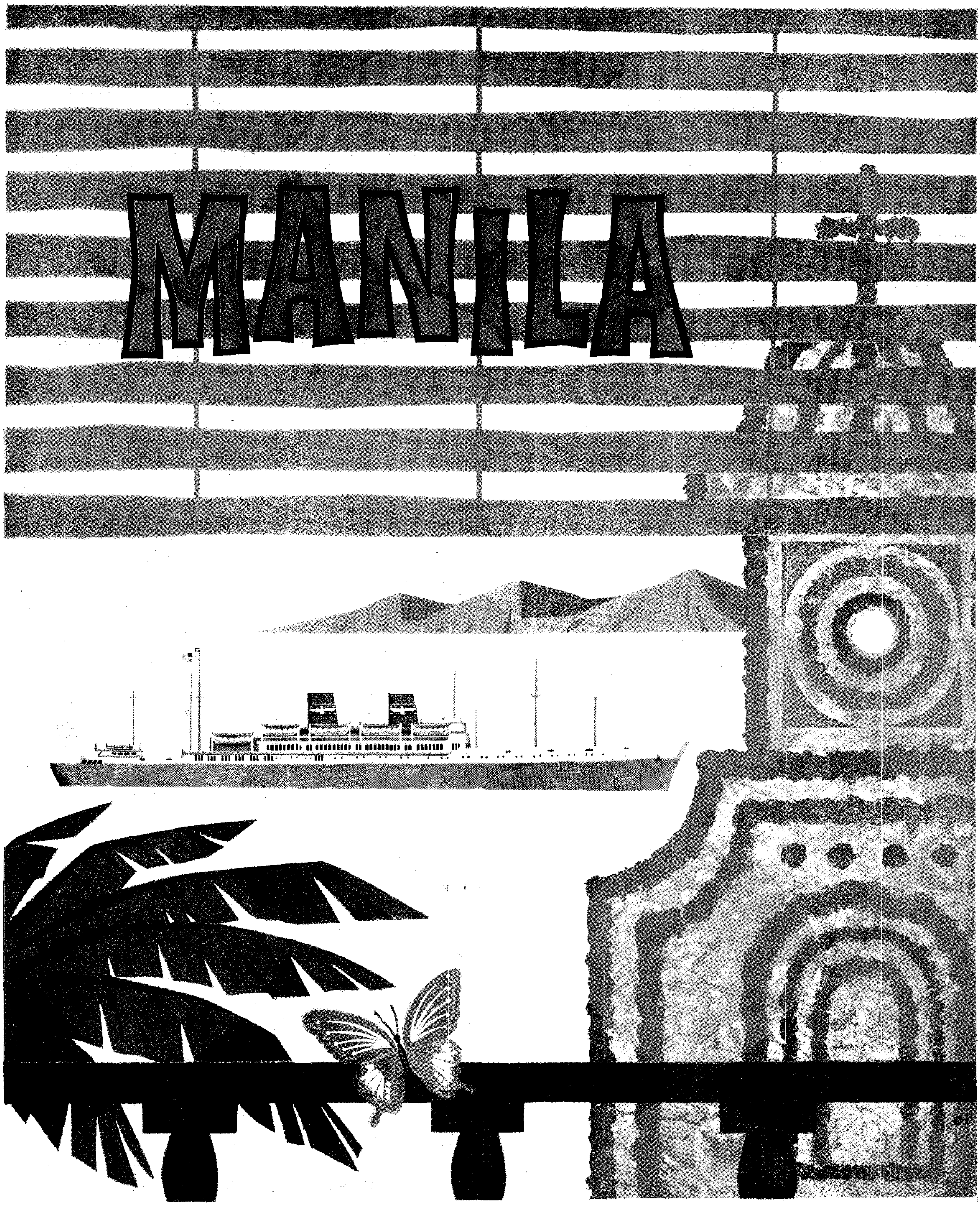

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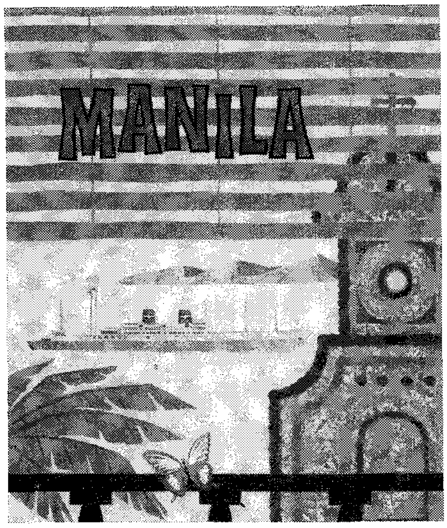

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a people with our history, that is a grand achievement."

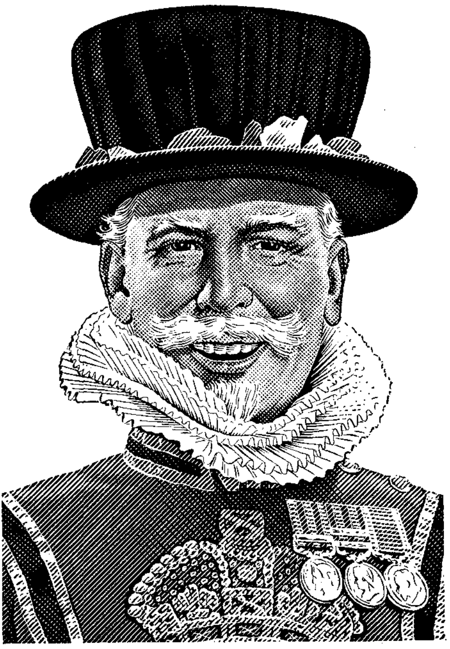
The West Indies' freedom from racial tension—the easy way in which people of all colors mingle—is indeed something that the visitor cannot help noticing the moment he arrives. Wherever one glances, one sees signs of this freedom and ease: on the Savannah, in Port of Spain; at University College, near Kingston, with its students and faculty of many complexions, handsome in their vivid red academic gowns as they stroll about among the tropical foliage of the campus, at the foot of the towering, mist-topped Blue Mountains; at restaurants, hotels, night clubs, and government offices. Not every trace of prejudice has been eliminated, of course—the millennium cannot yet be proclaimed—but I am told that what remains no longer has a shattering effect on the colored people. They say they can afford to take it rather lightly, as a kind of vestigial folly that no longer has any power to harm. Barbados still has a club that is exclusively for whites, but none of the colored people I talked with there seemed particularly distressed about its existence. "If they want to huddle together in a club of their own, let them do it, the poor dears," a leading Barbadian told me. "It doesn't affect my life in any way." With the wide extension of suffrage, many of the political realists began taking it for granted that prejudice in reverse would inevitably operate and that a white person would not stand a chance to win public office. But in the federal elections, two white candidates won in Jamaica, where white people make up only about one per cent of the population. And Dominica, which is predominantly Catholic, elected an M.P. who had labored under what had automatically been thought of as a triple handicap, being white, a woman, and a Protestant. A colored Jamaican friend of mine was delighted with these results. "We've been bragging for some time what a tolerant nation we've become," he said. "Maybe it's really true."

—BERNARD TAPER

•

Jayne Mansfield's seven-year old daughter goes to Europe with mother and Mickey Hargitay. Janie Marie's school principal outlined the little girl's school work and she'll have a tutor. Jayne and Mickey both took a spill on the Tropicana stage when he slipped on a cuff link that had fallen from his sleeve during their dance. That's all today. See you tomorrow. *—Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American.*

Don't you be so sure.



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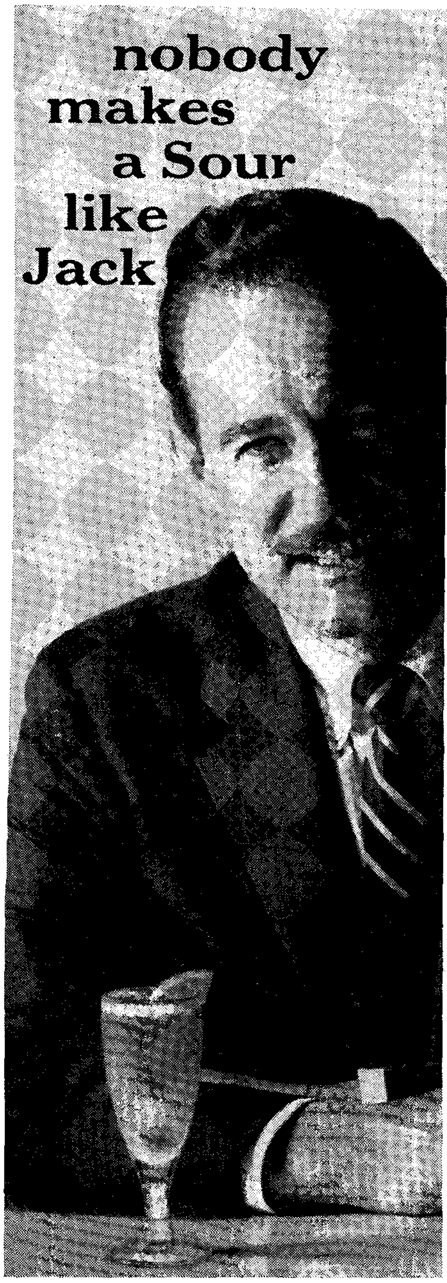

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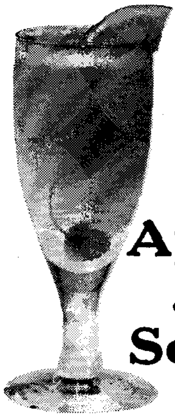

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Featherweight

"THIS HAPPY FEELING," based on a play by F. Hugh Herbert called "For Love or Money," which was exhibited hereabouts ten years ago, is a rather fragile comedy that might afford you some mild amusement if you happen upon it in a tolerant mood. As adapted by Blake Edwards, who also directed it, the movie is loosely held together by a familiar plot—the one having to do with a young woman enamored of an older man and doted upon by a boy of her own age. By way of giving this chestnut a bit of polish, the film employs a high-style Connecticut community as its locale. Here we are introduced to a retired matinée idol who is dedicating his life to breeding horses; our heroine, a girl from Brooklyn, who finds shelter in his house one rainy night and presently becomes his secretary; and the boy next door, who takes a shine to her. Among the others involved in the doings are the horse-breeder's dotty housekeeper; an actress—an old flame of his—who adores him and wants him to return to the stage; and the mother of the doting boy, who is worried about her son's getting tied up with someone from Brooklyn.

As the story develops, the former matinée idol, while flattered by his secretary's adulation, sees to it that her romantic notions don't get unduly out of hand, and in the long pull he has her convinced that she'd be well advised to direct her attentions to her younger suitor. Obviously, as entertainment this sort of thing is about on a par with the fluffy novels prescribed for hammock reading, but quite a few of the participants in the endeavor have their engaging moments. In the role of the Brooklyn girl, Debbie Reynolds is pleasant to look upon, even if she does occasionally become just a little too coy for comfort. As her elderly heartthrob, Curt Jurgens exudes all kinds of charm, and as the actress who is trying to tease him back to the stage, Alexis Smith is highly attractive. I can't say that the boy next door, as played by John Saxon, seems a very formidable rival to Mr. Jurgens, though, and I found the performance

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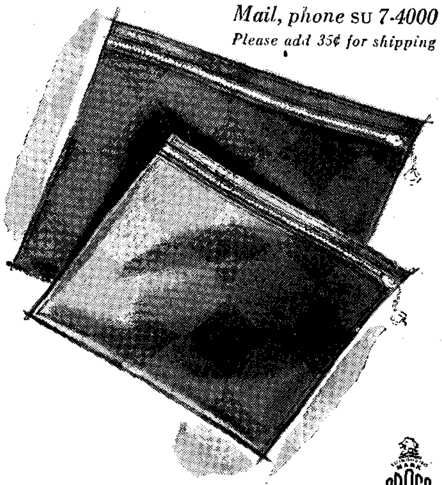

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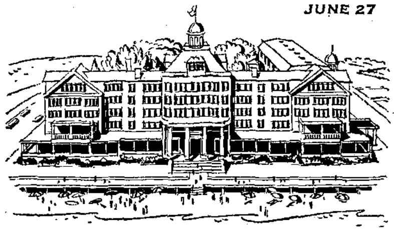

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of Troy Donahue, who turns up along the line as an actor adored by adolescent audiences, something of a trial. While Mr. Edwards has, for the most part, kept his actors reasonably subdued, he has made an exception in the case of Estelle Winwood, who portrays the mad housekeeper. Lurching about, presumably drunk as well as crazy, and followed by a sea gull she keeps as a pet, Miss Winwood appears too excessively batty to be tolerated even in a carefree establishment like the one Mr. Jurgens presides over.

It's rather unfortunate that "This Happy Feeling" was made to be shown on a CinemaScopic screen. The picture hasn't, I'm afraid, quite enough substance to cover that vast expanse.

—JOHN McCARTEN

◆

TEN THINGS FOR A DOG OR CAT TO DO IN PARIS

1. Dogs are very welcome in Paris, and if well-behaved, may accompany their owners nearly everywhere, are seen often in the best restaurants.

2. Cats may visit the Cat Club of Paris, 34, rue St. Didier, Paris.

3. Dogs may go shopping in some of many dog stores which cater to the elegant French poodle set. Among them: Au Chien Elegant, 48 bis rue Francois-Ier, Paris.

4. Animals may enjoy walking in the many Paris parks, among them the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, the Parc Monceau.

5. If dogs want to spend their time in Paris, while owners wander elsewhere, they may do so at places like Tout Pour Toutou, 35 rue le Citeaux, dog hairdressing and all services available.—*Press release from the French Government Tourist Office, New York.*

That's not where our Rex would hang out. He has other ideas.

◆

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*Photograph caption in Sports Illustrated*]

This little Indian is Paul Wick, bat boy to baseball's world champions and . . . the most envied boy in all Milwaukee. Paul's formal duties are simple ("Any boy who puts his mind to it can do it"). He cleans the players' shoes, recovers and stacks the bats and helps Equipment Manager Joe Taylor keep the clubhouse neat. But the intangible demands of the job transcend these humdrum tasks. "A bat boy," says Fred Haney, "is vital not because he performs these routine duties, but because of the spirit he brings to the team and to the game." Paul is, in effect, a happily unsophisticated one-man claque to the players, doubling up with helpless laughter when Eddie Mathews, changing into uniform, finds his shoes nailed to the floor, deeply appreciative of the dramatic tension when Burdette sets fire to the newspaper of a dozing sportswriter.

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There *is* an answer to this one.

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Can't guess?

We *don't* think it has been written in the sky. It *cannot* be engraved on the head of a pin. It's invaluable to any advertiser, but he can't buy it. A worthy product can earn it, and use it to sell itself to the 31,000,000 women who believe in it, absolutely. Because they believe in us.

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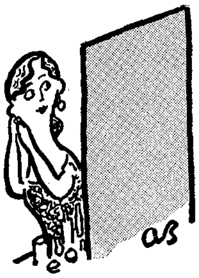
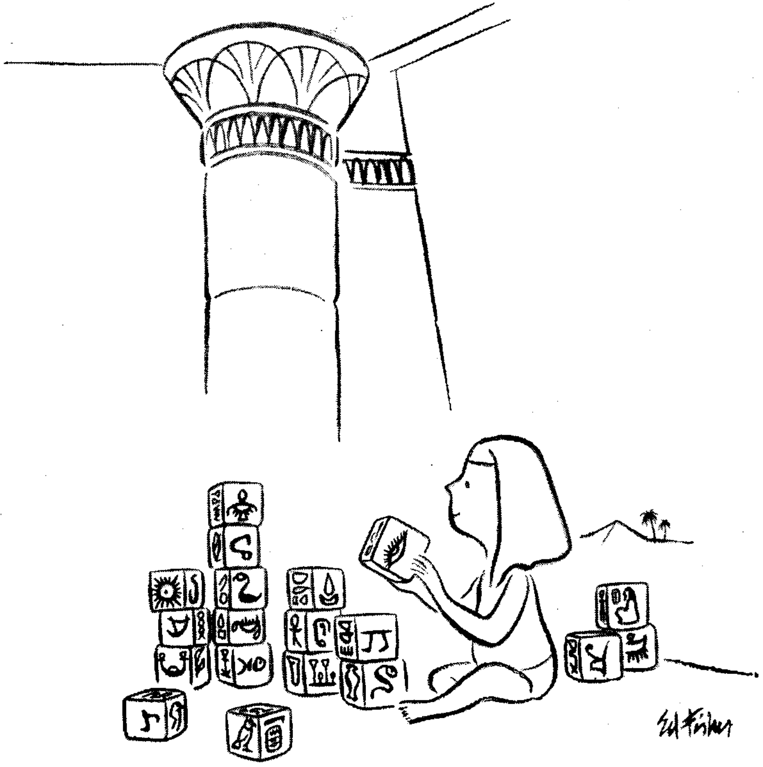


IT'S cotton-blossom time at Marion Wright, who's one flight up at 42 East 50th Street. Coats of orange piqué, with Peter Pan collars, three-quarter raglan sleeves, and deeply slit hems, are lined with white piqué on which orange-and-brown pansies flourish. This flower print, by the way, makes the sleeveless, scoop-neck chemises underneath. Décolleté princesse sheaths of nubbly moss-green cotton, a favorite Wright substance that looks a lot like silk linen, are paired with reversible bloused jackets whose stole ends knot on the chest. The jackets are moss cotton on one side and white polished cotton larded with yellow, orange, and apricot calendulas on the other. A dress-and-jacket set is $55 complete. Party dresses of white glazed chintz are sprayed with hydrangea-blue anemones, blue stock, and sage-green leaves. Their cotton jackets (in the identical blue) flip out behind and below standaway collars; the linings match the glazed chintz. The price, $85, is the highest in this group. Chemise dresses of nubbly hot-pink cotton have shoulder-tip décolletages and elongated bows at the back of the V necks and the Empire waists. The matching jackets for these reveal, at their calla-lily collars and their rolled cuffs, glimpses of a pink-and-white striped lining of glazed chintz. Two-piece dresses, for the beach or cocktails, are of black glazed cotton sprinkled with miniature turquoise flowers. (A great many things, as you can see, have a glazed look somewhere.) The shoulder straps are caught with detachable bows of turquoise-blue grosgrain. Much more tailored things of cottons that suggest wool are seasonless. Such as chemise coat-dresses of blue-gray cotton tweed fastened with pearl buttons, or two-piece dresses that could pass as suits, with kick-pleat skirts, double-breasted boxy tops, bateau necks, and short sleeves. Mrs. W. does these in beige or coral cotton twill, black novelty cotton, or brown or oxford-gray cotton worsted. Sizes are 8 to 18, and orders take ten days.

ROBERT LEADER, over at 146 East 54th Street, is an impartial man, offering both chemises and sheaths of prankish cotton or silk prints. Sheath jumper dresses in blue-and-white cotton bed-ticking patterns are a whirl of all kinds of printed buoys—and it *takes* all kinds to make a whirl. Chemises and sheaths slashed to bare the shoulders a trifle appear in gold cotton alive with multicolored Marc Chagall sort of roosters and white eggs, or in white cotton on which vast red, blue, or purple apples are printed. Cotton chemises with straight-across necks that can be unbuttoned and turned back into wide, pointed revers seem to be a mass of yellow-and-olive-green sunflowers at first glance, but the flowers turn out to be bunches of bananas; chemises of cocoa cotton go in for small white cherries, roosters, sea horses, crabs, butterflies, daisies, keys, and French limericks (much milder than French postcards); surah chemises that go in for royal-blue and teal-blue passion flowers have cowl collars dipping into wide Vs either fore or aft (these dresses can be worn in reverse). A versatile tent is of overall-blue gingham suspended from thread-wide shoulder straps. Proper manipulation of the sash of red picot-edged ribbon that's attached at the armholes can transform the tent into a trapeze or an Empire dress. The dresses enumerated range from $25 to $45.

GUNTHER JAECKEL'S Sports Department is investing in good-looking dacron-and-cotton two-piece dresses and suits that really don't need to be ironed. Button-down-the-back overblouses with round, collarless necks and permanently pleated skirts are in subdued plaids; slim gored skirts, and barrel jackets that fasten down the front with gilt discs, come in giddier plaid combinations of blue, red, rose, orange, and green. All are $25. Chemise suits (Gunther has gone and coined a phrase) with kick-pleat skirts and tailored jackets slightly bloused at the center back are in summery dacron-and-cotton cords—lemon, mint green, and ice blue; $19.

THE long arm of Bergdorf Goodman's Country and Casual Shop has reached as far asea as Hawaii for its play clothes. Ensembles in a festival sort of print—vertical rows of brown-and-black half diamonds and a scattering of black posies on white cotton—involve skin-tight trousers, mandarin jackets that close with coconut-shell buttons, and clinging, low-necked bodices with tiny sleeves; ensembles in orange-marmalade cotton involve halter brassières, short shorts, and jackets with convertible collars, yokes, and three-quarter sleeves. They are $30 and $25 a set, respectively. Culotte sun dresses of natural pongee on which the blue-and-lilac print buttercups are as big as lotus blossoms look enough like skirt dresses for clubhouse cocktail parties. Bolero sun dresses of bewildered cotton (black-and-white crossbars, enormous white coral branches, chunks of black-and-red coral) could double, or triple, at lunch, dinner, and



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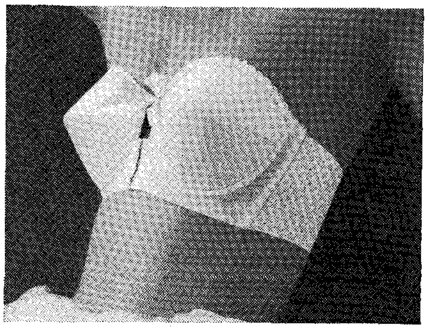

Deep-plunge; embroidered foam-lined cotton cups. P1031. White or black. $6.50.

Not shown: circular-stitched style for extra support. P1081. White. $6.50.

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the theatre. All these are $40. Stubby white tassels edge the brief apron skirts of bathing suits in the diamond-and-posy print; bathing suits for more mature figures, in black or blue cotton-and-Arnel, have V necks, draped midriffs, and circumspect skirts. Any one of them is $15.

THE chemise idea has penetrated south of the border and boomeranged right back at us. The Pan American Shop, at 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), has befriended two Mexican versions in, as it happens, hand-loomed cotton. The first of these (sleeveless, bateau neck in front, and a barer back) appears in a variety of stripes—narrow, even ones of chartreuse and turquoise, irregular ones of natural, turquoise, olive, and muted gold, and broad ones of off-white, bright gold, and gunmetal. The second (standaway collar and three-quarter raglan sleeves) is striped, too, at least back and front, in varying widths and in such carefree hues as lavender, mauve, and mulberry against a gray background. The sides and the sleeves are just gray. The tap is $15 and $22.50, respectively. Beach jackets of natural manta (oh, call it heavy muslin), and long enough to cover even sedate bathing suits, are embroidered with garlands of dark or bright leaves at the sides, the hems, and the patch pockets. Low-heeled oxfords of chamois piped with natural calf are tied by chamois shoestrings; $8.50. Soap, water, and a sponge, the story goes, will keep them as handsome as chamois gloves. The hatbands on Pan American's rakish bowlers of woven palm leaf will probably be replaced by some of us, because they're not of much account, but what can you expect for a buck?

BRETT, at 10 East 53rd Street, is now interested in cotton pullovers that are obviously dedicated to sporting life of the nineteenth century and the earlier years of this one, for their décor is concerned with cup-winning yachts like Resolute and Enterprise, land craft like Rolls-Royces and Locomobiles and S.P.O.s (whatever *they* are) in furious colors and occupied by drivers wrapped in dusters and lady passengers under parasols, and landlubbers like whole baseball teams in stockings, caps, and neckties (all scarlet) and mustaches (all black); $19.95.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE's biggest beach bag, two feet long and more than a foot high, comes from Italy. This half moon of quilted navy-and-white ban-

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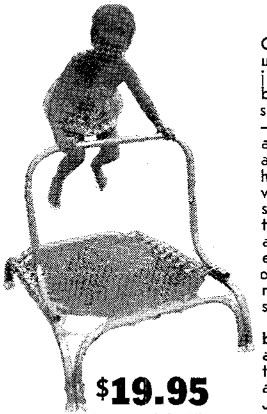

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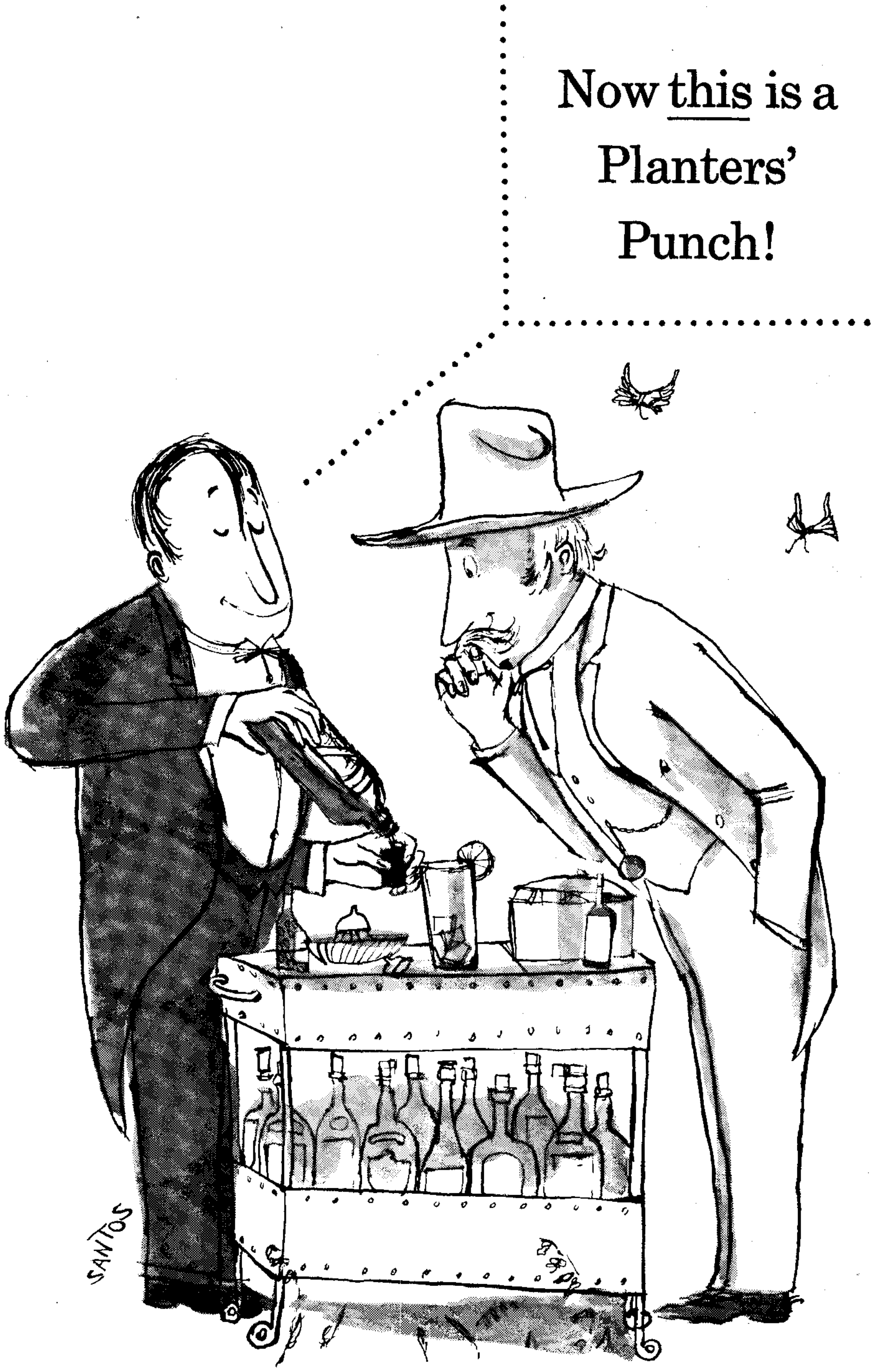
danna cotton is lined with black cotton and is carried by double leather handles; $49.50, federal tax included. A bag of turquoise duck, in the shape of a giant boot and with a rubberized lining ($4.40), is in the Young Circle Shop, but all the other beach stuff is in the beach department. Bathing helmets of black rubber as shiny as patent leather fasten under the chin with rustless buckles. A bathing cloche of white nylon jersey shot with silver metallic thread comes under the head of astonishing, but it could be worn down Fifth Avenue without difficulty. And that's not all the décor; it's encircled by a black nylon scarf with streamers. The base is a practical rubber bathing cap. The whole deal, though, can take to the sea.

D. D. & Leslie Tillett, up at 170 East 80th Street, are currently doing, in their own prints, Empire nightgowns and wrappers (a nice, comfortable word for them, and exactly what the Tilletts call them) with deep patch pockets and sleeves six inches below the fingertips, to serve as wintertime muffs or summertime cuffs. Matching sets appear in nasturtium-red shantung indistinctly illustrated with pink-and-red strawberries, or in yellow shantung printed *and* painted with a few mammoth white daisies. Wrappers of Swiss batiste striped in cerise, gold, orange, and red have an overpattern of black bees; the gowns are just stripes. The wrappers and nightgowns are $70 apiece in cotton, $80 in silk, and the Tilletts fill orders in less than a week.

Meyrowitz has discovered, in France, fanciful, winglike, featherweight sunglasses constructed mostly of plastic. Don't let their first appearance scare you out of appreciating their good points. Broad, flaring lenses of transparent amethyst plastic are latched onto gold-metal frames that are no more than a pair of fluted arches looking very much like eyebrows and connected by a narrow nosepiece. Green lenses with gold-metal scrolls over the nose hang from black plastic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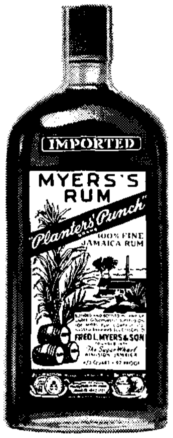

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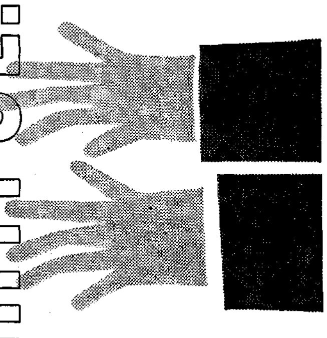

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frames. Blue lenses, which have gold-metal squiggles above the bridge of the nose, are rimmed all the way around, and hyacinth plastic does the rimming. They're all $9.95.

Charles of the Ritz's new salon is a duplex beginning on the ground floor of (where else?) the Ritz Tower. It's practically an eighteenth-century drawing room full of Louis XVI flounce. Women can still stroll in at any time for a haircut without bothering to make an appointment, and other twentieth-century business is going on as usual. The only other *ancien-régime* touch is a fondness for dusting Empire coiffures with mauve or green powder for the hours after dark.

Bits and Pieces: A. Sulka, at 405 Park Avenue (54th), has English lisle polo shirts in white or a choice of eight colors; $12.95. The orange and the Nile green are the most interesting. Also about are black or white triangular mantillas, from France, that can be draped into cowl collars for evening sweaters; $7.50. . . . Capezio's Raintites are fairly odd shoes—flat heels, soles of some sort of synthetic, and (from then on up) firmly attached below-knee-length socks of red Helanca yarn. The whole thing is able to withstand showers, though not storms; $12.95 in Lord & Taylor's sixth-floor shoe department. . . . Bonwit Teller's trapeze slips of white nylon marquisette are provided with high-waisted overskirts, starting below the bosom, of stiffened and embroidered white nylon net; $14.95. . . . Playtex's boxer shorts of tan or blue cotton, which have plaid cotton waistbands and white plastic bloomers, are at Bloomingdale's basement in infant and toddler sizes; $2.

Greenwich Village, which continues to survive despite Commissioner Moses' schemes for a new autostrada, is domiciling Margaret Moore, of 184 West 4th Street, who collects semiprecious beads from all over the world, some of them quite venerable. There are chokers of baroque watermelon tourmalines from Madagascar and Brazil, each stone in varying shades of pink and green; there are chokers of carved Chinese serpentine that remind one of cocktail onions; there are chokers of small round garnets from India. These run from $38.50 to $88. Triple-strand necklaces, over two feet long, of tiny gray-and-white shell discs cut and polished by Pueblo Indians would look good against gray dresses and sweaters; $33. Small watermelon tourmaline charms—frogs, chickens,

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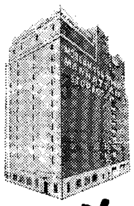

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ENJOY SUMMER IN TOWN. Join the Health Roof Club. Have lunch on the sun roof and get a healthy tan. Or eat in cool comfort at the snack bar. Showers, massage, game courts, golf practice, gym. Summer memberships. 247 Park Avenue or 480 Lexington. Telephone PLaza 5-8100.

rabbits, pigeons, and like that—cost from $9.90 to $12.10. The prices all include the federal tax. . . . The Top and Bottom Shop, at 164 West 4th Street, has been importing from Switzerland pullovers of cotton velours that can go in the washing machine; $12.99. They're olive, cognac, shrimp pink, red, or blue. . . . Hanlan's New York, at 51 Greenwich Avenue, is engrossed with sailcloth jackets, straight skirts, and tapered slacks, in a raft of hues, some of them distinctly not run-of-the-mill; $8.95 to $9.95. —M. M.

•

THE RAIN IN SPAIN

Unmediterranean
today, the punctual sun
sulks and stays in,

and heavily down the mountain,
across olive and pine,
rolls a scrim of rain.

Faces press to windows.
Strangers moon and booze.
Innkeepers doze.

Slow, lopsided clocks
tick away weeks.
Rudely the weather knocks

and starts up old ills,
insect itch, boils.
The mail brings bills.

Lovers in their houses
quarrel and make promises,
or, restless, dream of cities.

Ghosts in the attics mutter.
Goats thump and clatter.
Birds augur water.

The French poet is sick.
The postman kicks his dog.
Death overtakes a pig.

Books turn sodden-sour.
Thunder grumbles somewhere.
Sleepers groan in nightmare,

each sure that the sky teems
with his personal phantoms,
each doomed to his own bad dreams.

For who is weather-wise
enough to recognize
which ills are the day's, which his?

—ALASTAIR REID

•

Written by Jack Popplewell, "Dear Delinquent" is a comedy about a girl burglar who comes from a long line of illustrious ethics all their own.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Don't care for the sound of it.

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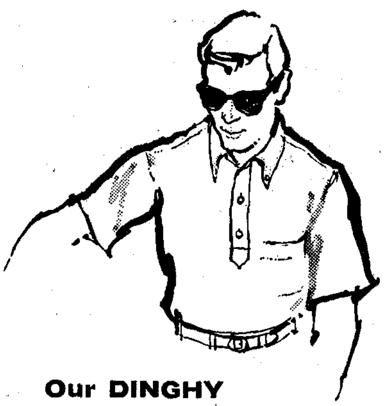

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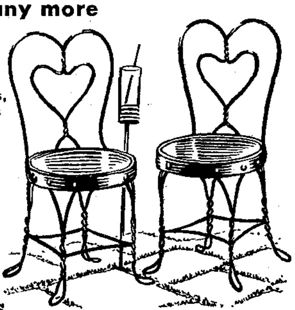

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NO MEDAL FOR MATT

It was a beautiful morning. The cliff top, at the western edge of the island, which lay some miles off the Irish coast, was a green carpet of closely cropped grass. Five hundred feet below, the water broke indolently over black jagged rocks. Its sinister sound was almost soothing. Westward, the Atlantic stretched calmly away to a limitless light-blue horizon.

Matt came toward the cliff from the village, walking on the enormous slabs of flat rock that covered the fields, which sloped steeply upward. The rocks were warm to the soles of his bare feet. Homespun trousers ending at the shin and a heavy knitted red jersey were making him sweat under the June sun. A canvas schoolbag flopped up and down on his hip as he journeyed, reminding him and bringing a frown between his brown eyes.

The climb up the slope was hard enough. He had to leap at times, and try to dodge the briars lurking in the crevices of the rocks. Sometimes the thorns scraped at the brown skin of his feet, leaving behind a scarlet scratch of blood. On both sides of him, small black-faced sheep, the kind that make such tender mutton, raised their heads to look at him and then moved cautiously away, following him with their eyes for a little, after he had passed, and then resuming the search for their meagre forage.

Matt was filled with a sense of guilt and injustice, and between the two of them his heart was very heavy. You are in school, see, just as he was yesterday. Near the end of the day, the sleepy part, the fellow beside him in the desk, young Pat Mullen, suddenly gives him a fierce puck in the ribs. Matt turns to clatter him, but before he can land even one blow on him, down the master comes and belts Matt. Matt protests that he is being belted in the wrong, and the master belts him again. Matt still protests, and the master, his face as red as the comb of a Christmas turkey, belts him once again and asks him does he want more. Matt says he doesn't want more. On his way home from school, burning with the injustice of it all, Matt tells himself that his father will right this wrong. His father is noted for his justice. "All right," says his father when Matt explains to him, "so the master was in the wrong. What do you want me to do, go up and hit the man? If every father did that, there would be not a school left in the universe." Couldn't he just tell him that he was in the wrong? Matt asks. No, he could

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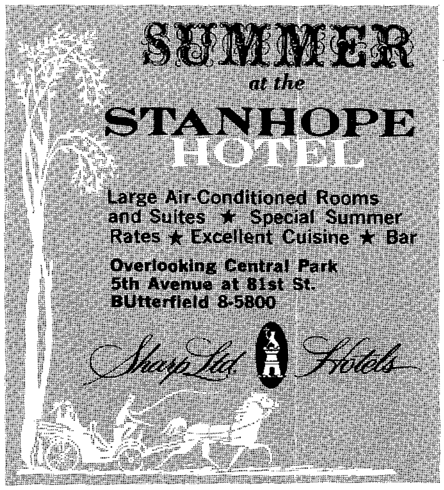

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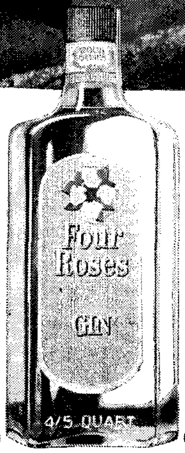

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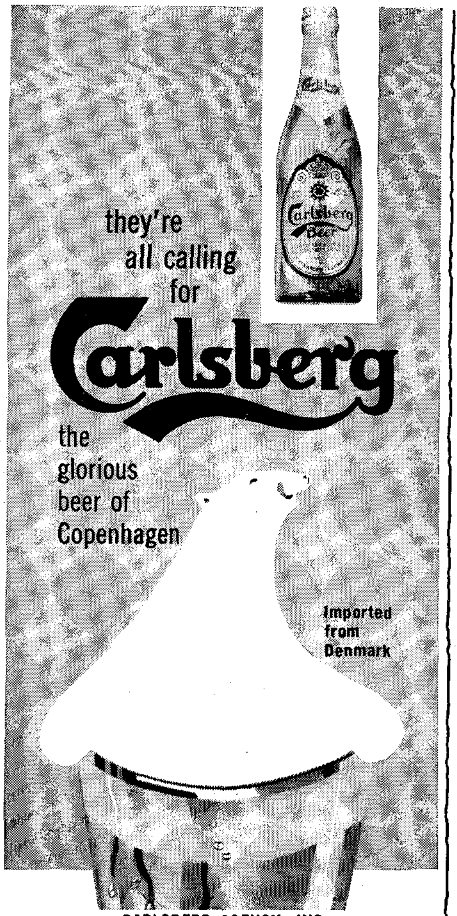

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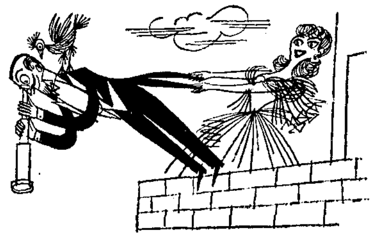

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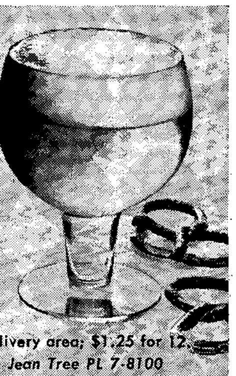

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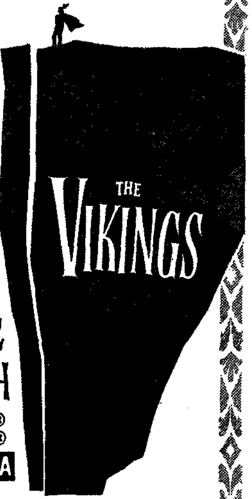
not, his father says. Maybe the poor fellow was having trouble with his wife, or maybe he had an interior ailment that was persecuting him. Well, you will just have to tell him he was in the wrong, Matt says. His father gets angry then and shouts that he'll be damned if he will do anything of the sort, and even if this time Matt has been belted in the wrong, it will do him no harm, because there were times when he wasn't belted before and should have been. Matt denies this, and his father walks out of the house saying, "If I don't go, I'll belt you, and where will you be then?" His father is upset, because he doesn't like to think of Matt's being belted, right or wrong, but, being civilized, he can't go and hammer the poor teacher.

SO now Matt saw that the whole world was a place of great injustice for boys; that there was no equity in it at all when even your father refused to stand up for you. That was why he had walked past the schoolhouse door this morning, just as if it wasn't there, and had headed for the tall cliffs. He had never done this before, because he liked school, except on Mondays and the first day after holidays. And even though he knew that he was right—it is necessary for every man to make some protest against injustice—he felt that he was wrong, and it seemed to him that some of the beauty had gone out of the day, and that this freedom he had chosen had, in some odd way, a chain on it.

When he had cleared the last obstacles barring his way to the cliff top, he stood there and looked back. He could see the whole island sloping away from his feet. It was shaped, he thought, like the kidney of a pig. He could see the golden beaches, and the sea beyond them reaching toward the distant mainland, which was hidden in a blue haze. He couldn't see his own house, but he could see the schoolhouse, and was sorry he was out of it, because just about now they would be chanting the multiplication tables, and he liked that. He also liked going into the yard at lunchtime and wolfing his jam sandwiches, so that he would have more time to play *capaillini conemara*, a game in which small boys, mounted on the backs of larger boys, raced each other.

He sighed and his heart was heavy, but his stomach was empty, so he sat on the grass and, after removing the books from his schoolbag, took the sandwiches his mother had made for his lunch and proceeded to eat them, and it was miraculous how the sea gulls knew that

"A PICTURE OF SPECTACLE, SWASH-BUCKLING BRAVADO!"
—Paul V. Beckley, Tribune



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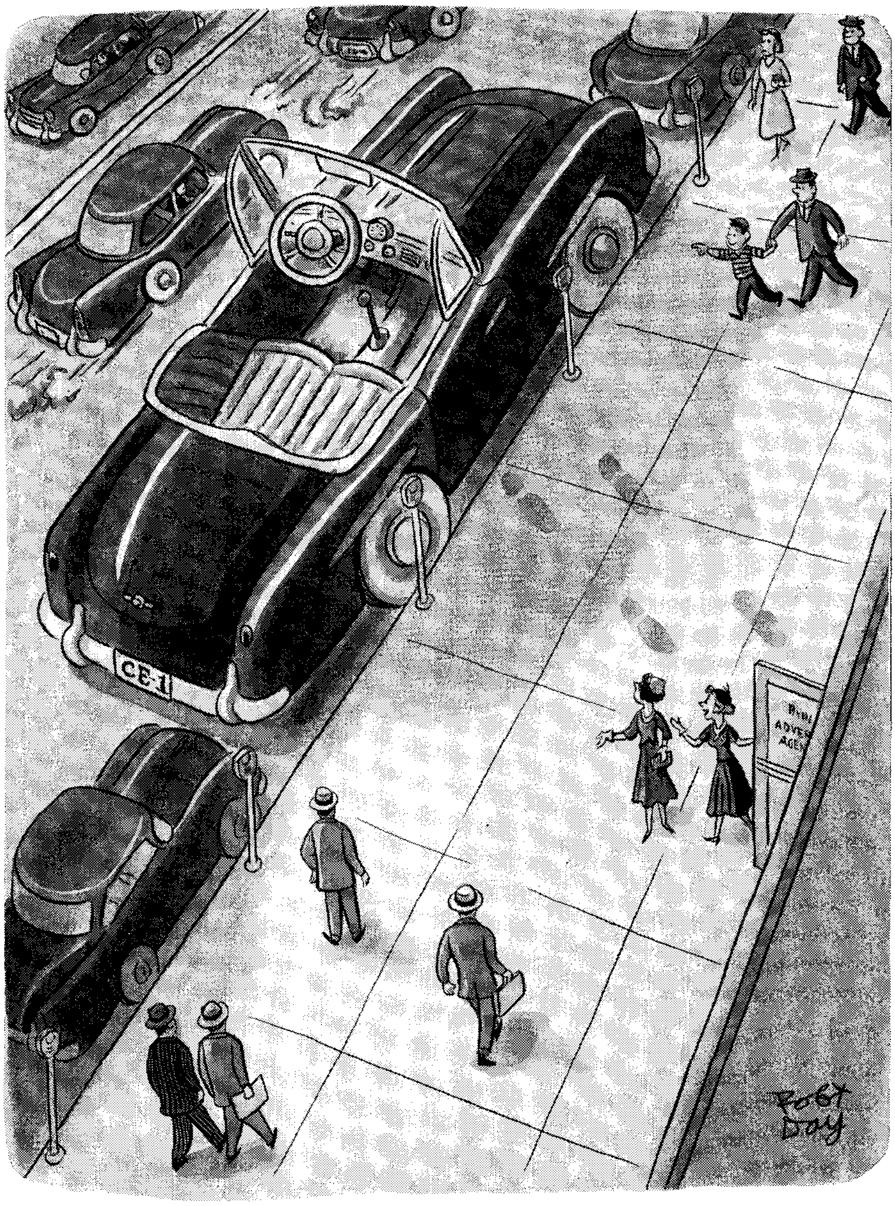
there was food around. They thronged about him, screaming, from the sky and from the cliffs, and he amused himself by throwing crusts into the void and watching the wonderful swerving and twisting, the grace and the beauty of the gulls as they caught the crusts in flight.

My father will kill me, Matt thought then, and he looked over the water, thinking he might see his father's lobster boat if his father was doing this side of the island today. No boat was in sight. His father wouldn't actually kill him, Matt thought. He never raised a hand to him. It was his mother who always held the threat of him over Matt's head. Someday your father will kill you, Matt, she'd say. All the same, Matt knew that his father would be hurt by what he had done, and this made him feel a bit sad. He rolled on his stomach with his face over the cliff and looked down at the waves breaking on the rocks far, far below.

IT was some while before he saw the movement—a fluttering movement, about fifty feet below him, on a ledge. He thought first it might be a young gull, but then, as he watched closely, he saw that what moved was a rabbit, a plump young rabbit. He raised himself to his knees in surprise. A rabbit fifty feet down the face of the cliff! How could he have got there? Did a big bird claw him and lose him, or was he chased by a fox so that he fell and landed on that ledge below, or what?

Will I climb down and get the rabbit? was the next thought that came into his head. A terrible thought. His eyes narrowed as he looked over every inch of the cliff to the ledge. Suppose I fall, he wondered, looking farther, to the cruel black rocks waiting below. Who would miss me? Isn't everyone against me? Even so, his heart had begun to thump excitedly. It would be a famous climb. He stood up straight now, his hands on his hips, his eyes very bright. If the rabbit was left there, he would die and become a skeleton, or a bird would scoop him. If Matt saved his life, what a hero Matt would be! I climbed down cliffs when I was smaller, he thought, but never this cliff. This was the highest on the island.

He was still standing up when the boat came around a promontory behind him. He didn't see it, of course, and he didn't hear it. The chug-chug of its diesel engine was not loud, because the boat was going slowly as it negotiated a channel through some rocks toward a



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cluster of bobbing buoys that marked lobster pots.

The man at the tiller raised his eyes and saw the figure of the boy up there on the cliff top. He took his pipe out of his mouth, which remained open in amazement. "Here, Tom!" he called to the other man, who was coiling a rope in the waist. "For the love of God, is that my Matt up there?"

Tom came back to him, shaded his eyes with his hand, and said, "By all that's holy, it is!"

"What's he doing up there?" Matt's father asked. "He should be at school."

Then Matt's father opened his lungs to let a shout out of them, but it was never emitted, because Tom suddenly clapped a hard hand over his mouth and the shout died in a strangled gurgle. Tom took his hand away, and the two of them stood there, looking up, petrified with fear, the hair rising on the back of their necks at the sight of the boy casually letting himself down over the cliff.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Matt's father.

"If you shouted, you would have startled him," Tom whispered.

"He'll fall! He's mad! What's come over him?" Matt's father asked in anguish, his eyes glued painfully to the small figure slowly descending the sheer face. In that red jersey of his, it was all too easy to see him.

"Birds' eggs or something," said Tom. "My God, I never saw anybody climbing that bit. He'll be kilt!"

Matt's father swung the tiller to bring the boat in toward the foot of the cliff. Tom struggled with him, and forced the tiller so that the boat turned out again. He switched off the engine.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "You can't get within fifty yards of the place. The tide is low. Will you kill us as well?"

"He'll fall! He'll fall!" said Matt's father.

"Well, if he falls now," said Tom, annoyed at the boy, "you'll only get his body. The rocks are up."

"Oh, my God!" said Matt's father.

Matt's heart was thumping and his mouth was dry. Even so, there was a soaring in his breast. He was glad he was in his bare feet. His big toes were wonderful, the way they could feel, gauge, and grip a narrow crevice. The cliff face was almost solid granite, which, for all its height, had many times been washed by enormous waves. The sea water had sought every weakness, and here and there had scooped out the poor spots in the stone. So there

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were cracks for Matt's thin fingers and his hardened toes. All the same, you could be frightened, he thought, if you hadn't climbed down cliffs before. He knew where he was going, but he didn't want to look down to see. Clinging like a fly, he lowered himself bit by bit, until below him, out of the corner of his right eye, he could see the end of the ledge where the rabbit crouched.

Down in the boat, Matt's father, who was in the middle of a prayer, thought he could feel the hairs turning gray on his head. He relaxed a little as he saw his son's feet feeling for a ledge and then resting there firmly.

Matt was happy to feel his feet on solid rock, though it was a very narrow ledge. The rabbit went to the far end of it, on the right, but he was still within reach of Matt's hand. Matt lowered his body slowly, gripping the surface of the cliff with the nails of his left hand and reaching for the rabbit with his right.

He grabbed the rabbit's fur. Don't struggle, don't struggle, Matt shouted at him in his heart, or you'll have the two of us over. He gripped him tightly. The animal stiffened. Slowly, Matt lifted him, and then carefully inserted him in the open schoolbag on his hip and strapped the flap shut.

Matt rested for a moment. He felt good now. Then he took a few deep breaths and started the climb up. The rabbit remained very still in the bag.

By now, Matt's father was kneeling, his hands covering his eyes. "What's he doing now, Tom?" he asked. "What in the name of God is he doing now?"

"He's on his way up," said Tom quietly. "He'll likely make it. What scoundrels boys are! What did he do it for? He got something. I wouldn't do that to rescue a king. That fellow will be a famous man or he'll end up hung."

"God bring him to the top," said Matt's father.

On the cliffside, Matt whispered to himself, "Going up is not as bad as going down." Because you can see. It looked fierce far just the same. The granite had torn his fingers. The middle ones were bleeding. And the sides of his toes were bleeding, too. He could feel them. Above, he could see a few slivers of green grass on the very top, beckoning to him. I'm coming, he silently called up to them, laughing. Wait'll you see. But it seemed a long time to him before his hand rested on the coolness of the grass, and he paused, breathless, and then pulled himself over the top.

It seemed a lifetime to his father be-

"TOO SEXY!"—Moiseyev Dance Girls, Time Magazine, 5/12/58

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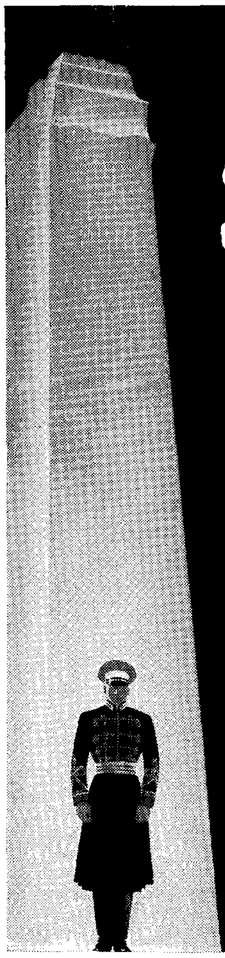

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fore he heard Tom's pent-up breath expelled and his voice saying, with a sigh, "He is over. He is over now." Matt's father couldn't say anything.

MATT was now lying on the grass, feeling it with one cheek. His fist was beating the ground. "I did it! I did it!" he said out loud. What a tale to tell, he thought, but who will believe me? But what does it matter if nobody believes me? It was a great and famous climb, so it was.

Then, from the depths below, he heard a voice hailing and hailing, so he stood up and looked over the edge. Oh, it was his father and Tom. He hoped they hadn't seen him climbing down to the ledge. His father would murder him!

"What you doing? What the hell you think you doing?" he faintly heard Tom saying.

So they *had* seen him! Then he remembered the rabbit. The rabbit would change things. Because of the rabbit, his father would be pleased with him. He'd be pleased, you'd see, and forget all about his dodging school. He opened the schoolbag and, reaching for the rabbit with his left hand, caught him by the hind legs and extracted him. Then he expertly hit him on the back of the neck with the edge of his right hand, so that the rabbit died, swiftly executed, in a second.

And Matt waved the body of the rabbit above his head, leaning out perilously over the cliff, and, with one hand curved around his mouth, shouted down, "Hey, Father! Father! You'll have rabbit stew tonight. You hear that? Rabbit stew tonight!"

He laughed as he waved the rabbit, because his father loved rabbit stew, he really did. Then Matt gathered up his schoolbooks and put them back in his bag, along with the rabbit, and hurried down the slope, over the long fields of great flat rocks, toward home.

And his father still sat, completely drained, completely exhausted, in the bottom of the lobster boat.

—WALTER MACKEN

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records

DECCA has reissued, on two L.P.s, "Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics" and "Satchmo's Collectors' Items" (Decca DL 8284 and 8327), twenty-four records made by Armstrong with groups of various size between 1935 and 1941 that are valuable not only for the presence of Armstrong—at the time, the taut, hot directness of his earliest style had reappeared and become a kind of ballast for the Alpine lyricism he developed in the late twenties—but for the presence, on two-thirds of them, of Sidney (Big Sid) Catlett, a near-legendary drummer who, though he died seven years ago, is still an irreplaceable performer. The Decca collections are not altogether satisfactory. Instead of personnel and recording dates, we are given long, repetitive, parboiled accounts of Armstrong's career—a Horatio Alger tale that has been intoned so often it has taken on the air of a publicity release. Moreover, the selections appear to have been made blindfolded. Although Armstrong recorded well over a hundred numbers for Decca during the period, among them enough classic material for four superior L.P.s, the collections include much that is mediocre. Nonetheless, what comes plunging through, as firmly as Armstrong himself, is Catlett, who, by the time he joined Armstrong, in 1938, had perfected a unique and faultless style that began to go awry only when he became ill, in the late forties.

Catlett's career was a singularly queer one, even for jazz, whose history is filled with the wreckage of poverty, sudden obscurity, and premature death. Born in Evansville, Indiana, in 1910, he came into prominence in New York with the bands of Elmer Snowden (a remarkable kindergarten that included such other beginners as Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, and Dickie Wells), Benny Carter, Fletcher Henderson, and, finally, Armstrong. He stayed with Armstrong until 1942, except for a brief period in 1941 with Benny Goodman, who, though Catlett contributed immeasurably to some of Goodman's most relaxed big-band efforts ("Pound Ridge," "The Count," "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good"), abruptly let him go, reportedly because Catlett, a superb showman, was

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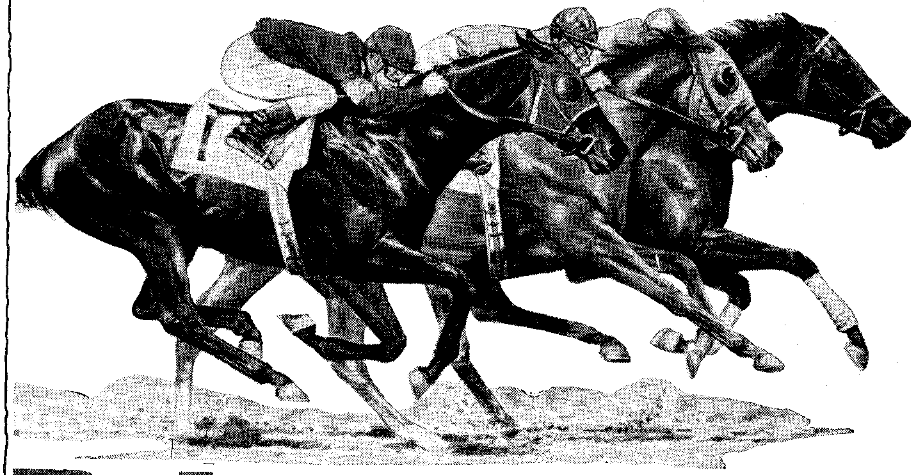
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upstaging him. Then Catlett won a couple of magazine awards, and celebration seemed at hand. He worked in New York with a memorable Teddy Wilson group (Emmett Berry, Joe Thomas, or Bill Coleman on trumpet, Edmond Hall on clarinet, and Benny Morton on trombone), which was never recorded, and then with his own excellent quartet, which included Ben Webster and which made a handful of records now rarer than ambergris. In 1947, he rejoined Armstrong, who then had Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, and Jack Teagarden, a wonderfully limber band that was recorded during several concerts and whose recordings are still available from Victor and Decca. But it was a peculiar time for jazz. The music was quiescent during the war; a good many of the large number of jazz recordings made in the forties were done for obscure labels; and by 1946, the music itself was in a state of discombobulation, brought on by the slow disintegration of the swing era and the arrival of bebop. True to form, Catlett died at the beginning of the most successful time jazz has ever known.

Coleman Hawkins is perhaps the only jazz musician, alive or dead, who approaches Catlett's extraordinary adaptability, for Catlett worked successfully with such disparate jazz musicians as Sidney Bechet, Eddie Condon, Hot Lips Page, Goodman, and Ellington, as well as Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker on a couple of the fieriest bebop records ever made. His style appears to have been almost totally his own. (His use, particularly with Bechet and Armstrong, of several snare-drum rolls, for both accompaniment and solos, suggests the early work of Zutty Singleton, and the way he employed the wire brushes and the high-hat and other cymbals is reminiscent of Chick Webb.) Its main characteristics were an intense, buoyant, metronomic beat (it is surprising how many good drummers cannot keep perfect time), which he would now and then hurry very slightly to give the effect of urgency; a light, forceful touch; a sensitivity to what was going on elsewhere in a group that sometimes uncannily resulted in the anticipation of what a soloist was about to do; a technique that was always sufficient for what he had in mind (as opposed to the remarkable technique of Buddy Rich, which has long existed for the sake of itself); and a consummate taste.

Catlett was an inspired accompanist. Always conscious of dynamics (a fundamental largely foreign to modern drummers), he would use a light, clear

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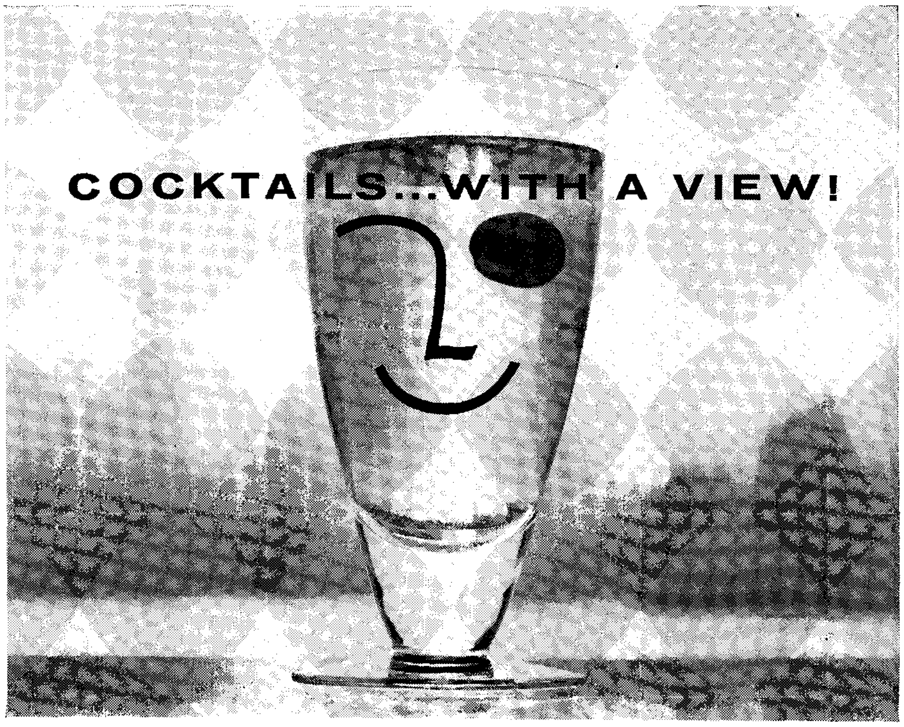
cymbal behind a clarinet solo; half-closed high-hat cymbals, which produce a heavier, treading-water effect, behind a trumpet; a Chinese cymbal (whose edges are perforated with holes through which naillike pieces of metal are loosely hung, making a sound exactly like water spattered on a hot griddle), or the full high-hat, played in a clipped, flowing manner, behind a trombone; a closed high-hat, which gives a ticking effect, like a rubber eraser being tapped on metal, behind a bass or piano. At the same time, Catlett's left hand would work out inimitable series of accents on the snare-drum head, on the head and rim simultaneously (a rimshot), or by hitting one stick, held firmly against the snare head, with the other, which resulted in a pleasantly thick chonking sound. Catlett's left-hand rhythms, indeed, had something in common with certain of Stravinsky's rhythmic practices; they were wholly unpredictable, yet always right, and they created a taut, spare trampoline sort of tension off which the most sluggish soloist tended to rebound. His work on the bass drum, which until then was used by most drummers to emulate the tread of a giant, alternated between soft but solid beats, complete pauses, and sudden offbeats, which paralleled the work of Jo Jones and foreshadowed the bop drummers. And his use of wire brushes (a rapidly vanishing art) varied between a rich, distinct padding sound at fast tempos and, at slower speeds, a crystalline sound, like fingernails on wood.

Most drum solos are wild fountains of noise. Catlett, like (occasionally) Jo Jones, Shelly Manne, Art Blakey, and (very occasionally) Buddy Rich, was an exception. He was, after Baby Dodds, the first of the melodic drummers. He might, in a five-minute excursion, begin (using the sticks) with a series of quiet, delicate, sharp figures on the snare head, release the snares (so that a tom-tom effect was produced), move rapidly between the head and the rims (tickety-*thump* tick-tack-tick-*thump-thump*) and then (switching to mallets) move over to the tom-toms, while gradually intensifying his patterns and volume. Then he would suddenly break the flow with a perfectly placed silence, move back to the snare drum (using sticks again), return to a whisper, and, with the snares on once more, start working toward a crescendo, which generally would incorporate a series of abrupt, stunning explosions, carried out on every part of his set with a speed and definition that even Rich, who drums faster than light, has never



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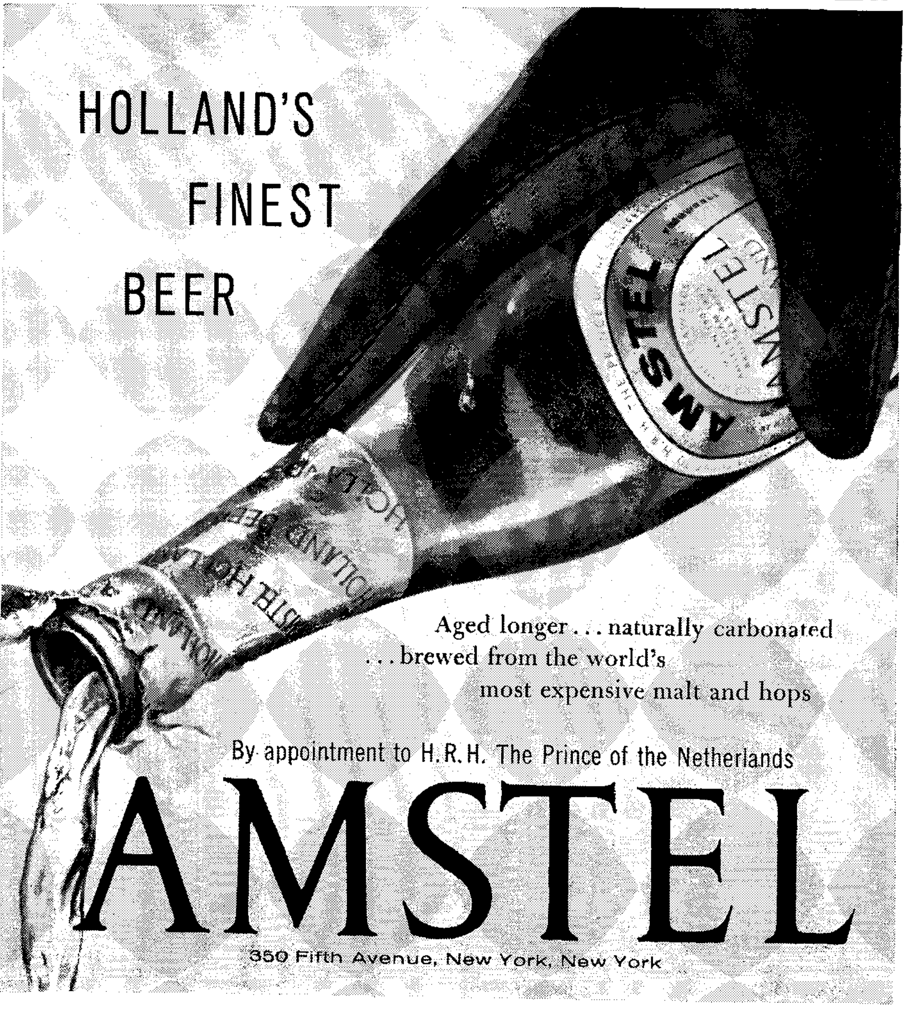

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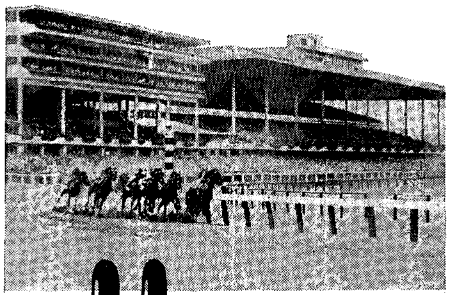

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matched. Catlett the showman often appeared in his solos. Well over six feet tall, with enormous shoulders and slender fingers the length of dinner knives, Catlett sat at his drums with Prussian erectness, his trunk motionless and his arms (weighted by hands that made drumsticks look like matches) moving at such speed that they actually seemed to be lazily spinning in slow motion. It was an unforgettable ballet. Once in a while he would twirl his sticks over his head or throw them in the air, allowing their motions to silently measure off several beats. The effect was louder than any shout.

There are tantalizing glimpses of Catlett's work in the Decca reissues. Although the performing groups include such men as Red Allen, Wilbur de Paris, and J. C. Higginbotham, they are miserable organizations, with gluey, Lombardo saxophones, a precision in the various sections reminiscent of marching recruits, and desultory arrangements. It is Catlett and Armstrong, a couple of bookends, who prevent them from flying hopelessly apart. In the final choruses of "Bye and Bye," one can hear how Catlett, using tight, powerful rimshots on the afterbeat, could drive a big band to a climax. His left hand is in excellent evidence all through "Hear Me Talkin' to Ya" and "Savoy Blues," in which he lays down a thick carpet of press rolls. Toward the end of "Save It Pretty Mama," he slips into a soft afterbeat behind Armstrong, subtly shifting the rhythm from an even glide to a slow, irresistible rock. In "You Rascal You," he ticks the snare-drum rims every four measures behind Armstrong's vocal, as though he were counting telegraph poles from a slow train—an invention used, in a slightly different fashion, by most modern drummers, and generally credited to Art Blakey. Perhaps the best example of Catlett's precision and excitement occurs in "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home," when he closes Higginbotham's trombone solo with an emphatic rimshot, followed by a pause, and, a split second after Armstrong's horn enters, another emphatic rimshot, which sends Armstrong rolling down the road. It's an electric moment. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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—The Times, March 30, page 1.

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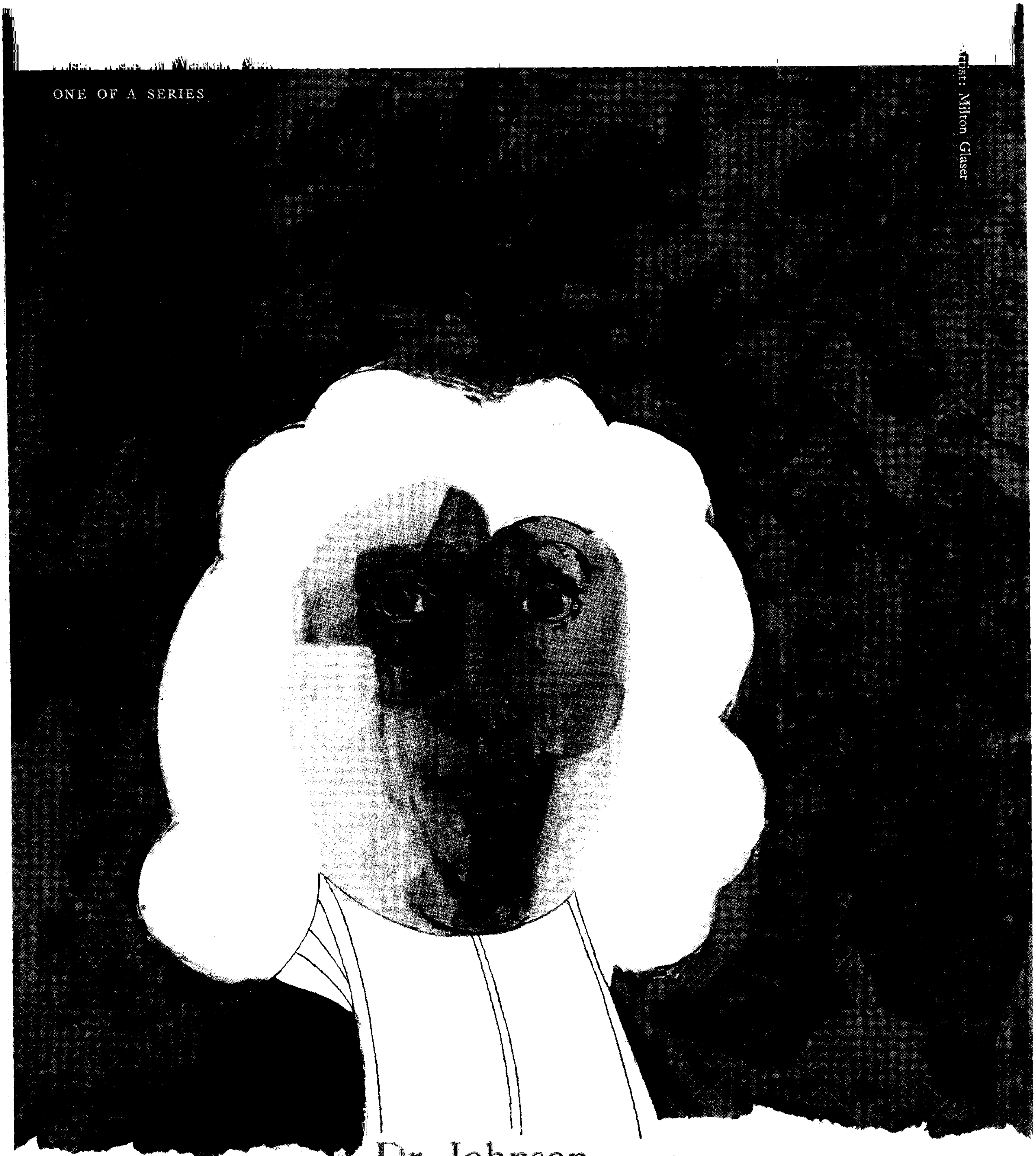
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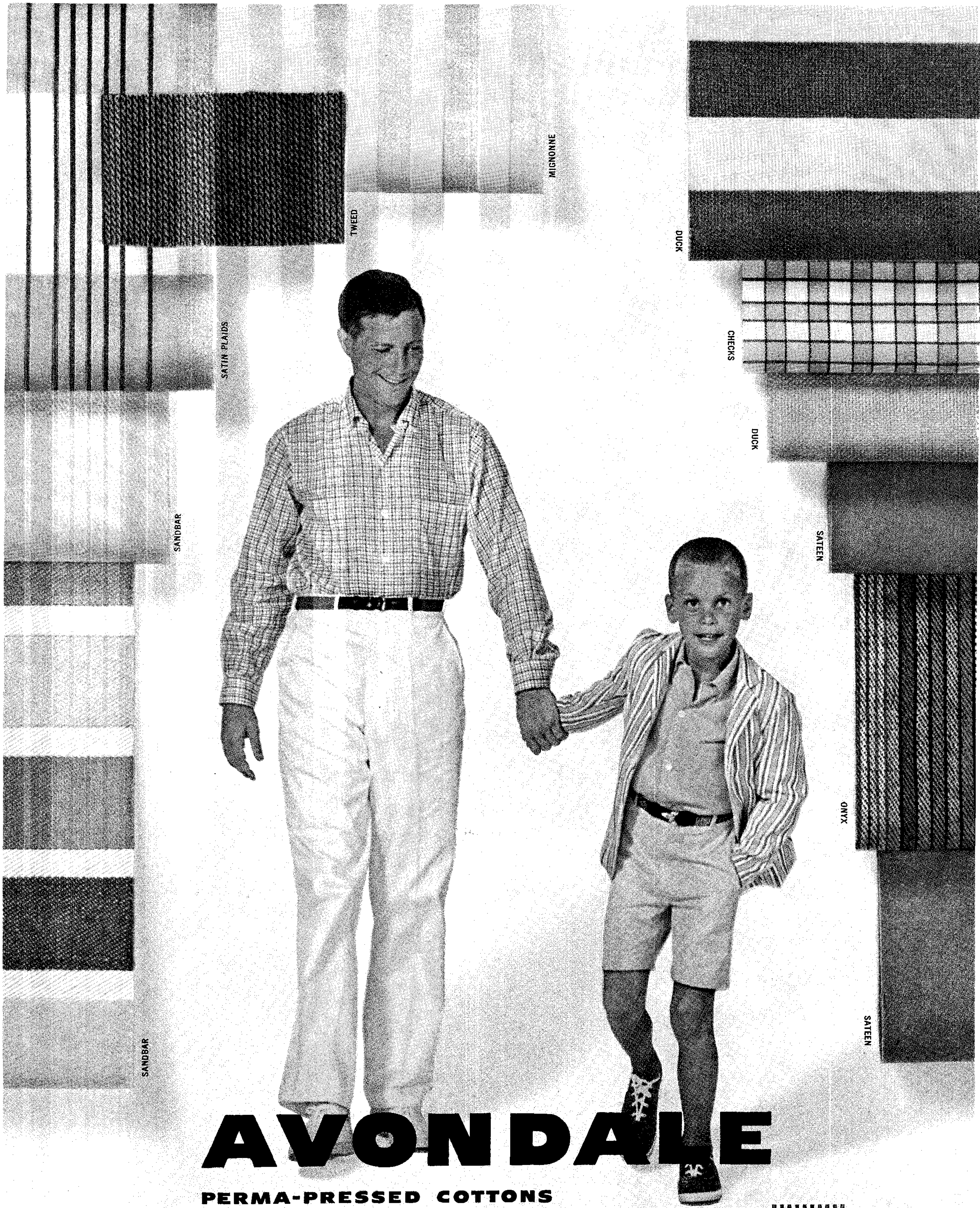
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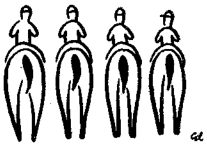
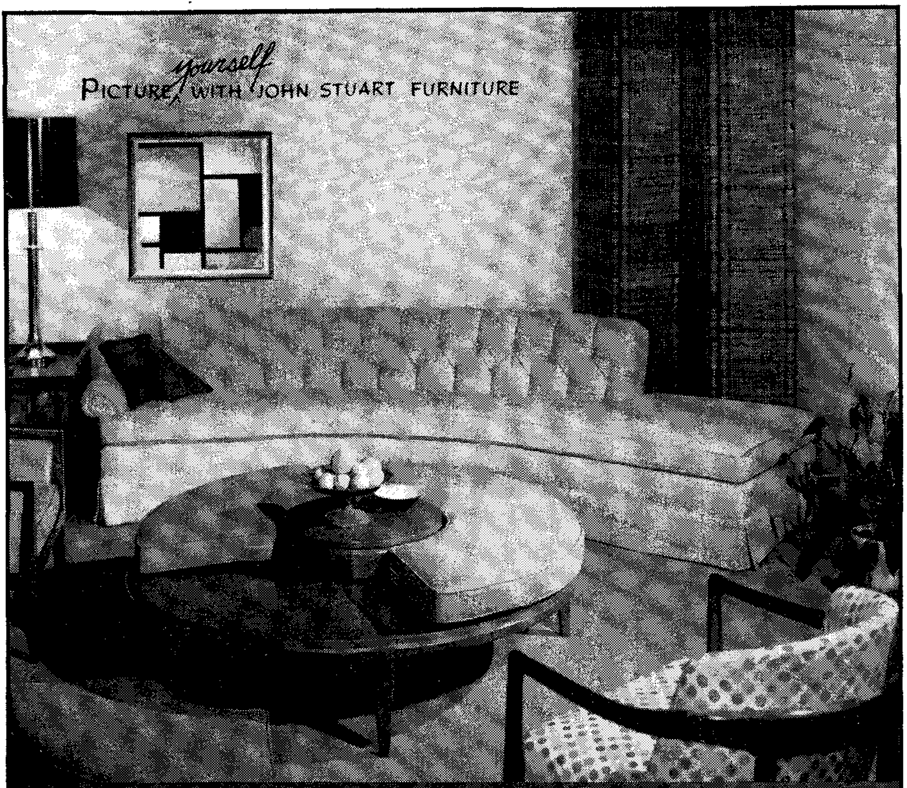


THERE is one thing that the Coaching Club American Oaks, the classic for three-year-old fillies, can always be depended on for, and that is surprises. This year's running, in a drizzle at Belmont Park last Saturday, was no exception. Everybody seemed to fancy the Brookmeade Stable's strapping Big Effort, who won the Acorn Stakes and a minor race early in the meeting. Calumet Farm's A Glitter, who had also won twice here recently, was no better than a lukewarm second choice. The reason for this, no doubt, was that she kept switching her tail while she was being saddled and all during the parade to the post; wiseacres take that as a sure sign that a horse doesn't choose to run. They were wrong this time, for A Glitter won in a driving finish from Spar Maid. Craftiness was third, lengths behind, and Big Effort was sixth. Some of the enthusiasm of the crowd was dulled by the rain and mist; even with the best binoculars, it wasn't easy to follow the runners over the tricky mile-and-three-eighths route, which starts on the Widener course and joins the main track near the turn into the backstretch. Spar Maid, quick to begin, led for about a mile, and held on well when A Glitter caught her on the turn for home. That was where Big Effort, who had never been far behind the leaders, faded out of the picture. It was Calumet's fourth victory in the Oaks, and it provided another nice cup for Jimmy Jones, the stable's trainer, to take home to the well-filled trophy room in Lexington.

CALUMET's Tim Tam came through handsomely last week, too. As you know, he was operated on for the removal of a chip from one of the sesamoid bones of his right foreleg, fractured during the running of the Belmont Stakes. Well, the surgery was successful, and from all reports he is resting comfortably. The operation was performed at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine, in Philadelphia. Four veterinarians were in attendance, and it took an hour and twenty-two minutes. Jimmy Jones, who was present, told me, "The colt did everything right. I know he's a smart horse, but



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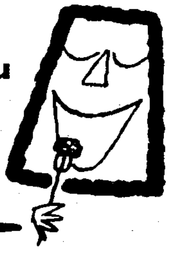

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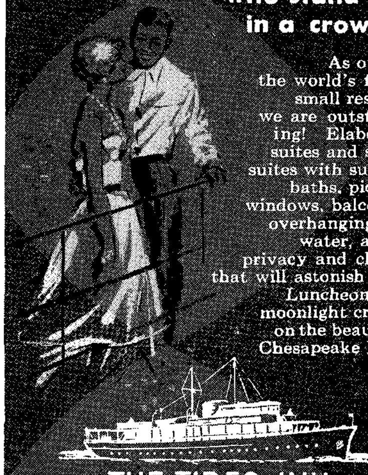

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the way he coöperated when they gave him the anesthetic was wonderful." Tim Tam will be sent to the farm before long, but no decision about his future will be made for at least six months. Horses have been known to race again after similar mishaps. Hirsch Jacobs said the other day, "When I had Stymie, he ran with a broken sesamoid, and we didn't know it until years later," and I am told that the same thing happened to that consistent old wear-and-tear runner Mr. Turf. Even so, I hope Tim Tam never has to run again.

THE disappointment of the week at Belmont was Jester, of whom I wrote in glowing terms not so long ago, and who finished down the course in the Shevlin Stakes on Wednesday. Perhaps the fast gallop he had on his first appearance this season did him more harm than good, or perhaps he just wasn't up to giving his opposition as much as eleven pounds. At all events, he was outrun from the start. The Shevlin was just the ticket for Judge, who raced Fleet Feet down in the last furlong and won going away. I was delighted for Jim Conway, who saddled Judge, and who needed a little cheering up; Plucky Roman, the filly he had had such high hopes for, fractured a bone in her left hind foot during a workout recently and is out of racing.

The best lot of colts I've seen this spring paraded to the post on Monday for the National Stallion Stakes, and the first three to finish—Restless Wind, First Minister, and Watch Your Step—may be something extra. I liked First Minister particularly; he's a big, handsome fellow, well worth remembering.

AN out-of-town race that I'd like to have seen last weekend was the Ohio Derby at Cleveland's Thistle-Down Park, one of my favorite tracks. A carrier pigeon reports that despite muddy going it was a lively affair, although at the end Terra Firma—and let's have no soggy jokes—won easily from A Dragon Killer. Plion was third.

ONE morning last week, I tooled over to Aqueduct for a look at the new track being built on the site of the old one, and I must say that I was impressed. Even now, the partly finished grandstand is gigantic. It is a hundred and ten feet high, averages three hundred feet from front to back, and is a thousand and fifty feet long. Stood on end, which would be a difficult thing to do, I imagine, it would be four feet

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taller than the Chrysler Building. Not counting the ground floor, which is where the administration, services, and operations departments are quartered, it has four levels—the main floor, mostly for standees, and three upper tiers, for seats and boxes, which are expected to accommodate twenty thousand people. Altogether, there are a million square feet of floor space for horseplayers, who are a restless lot, to move around in. They have never had so much room anywhere before. Though it's my guess that spectators sitting in the upper tiers will be as far away from the horses running down the homestretch as they are at Belmont, the height of the stand has managed to create an illusion of nearness to the racecourse. There are three tracks—a mile-and-a-furlong dirt track, a mile turf course, and a seven-furlong steeplechase course, one inside another. Racegoers won't have to climb stairs unless they want to, for there will be eighteen escalators and nine elevators to take them from one floor to another. Also, the building will be fully air-conditioned—cooled in summer and heated in early spring and late autumn. There will be six dining rooms (catering by Stevens, of course), but you won't be able to watch the races while having lunch, because all the dining rooms will be at the rear of the stand. On the other hand, you can see the saddling without leaving the stand; it will take place in an enclosure right out in front. A lot of people are not going to like this innovation, since they have been picking up all their inside information during the walk to and from the paddock. I'm sure there will be more faultfinding before the grand opening, just about this time next year, but I will say right now that Arthur Froehlich, who designed this plant for racing, as he calls it, has set a mark for other architects to shoot at. The layout may not be as ornamental as the Hipódromo Nacional at Caracas, or even Roosevelt Raceway, two of his half-dozen other productions, but it eclipses both in size, to say the least. Recently, Mr. Froehlich was commissioned to remodel Saratoga in 1960. It will be interesting to see what he does with that famous antique.—AUDAX MINOR

•

GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*From a review of Berton Roueché's "The Incurable Wound" in the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch*]

We sincerely hope we greet these fine medical detective stories with no box-office kiss of death by recalling that they originally appeared in the New Yorker.

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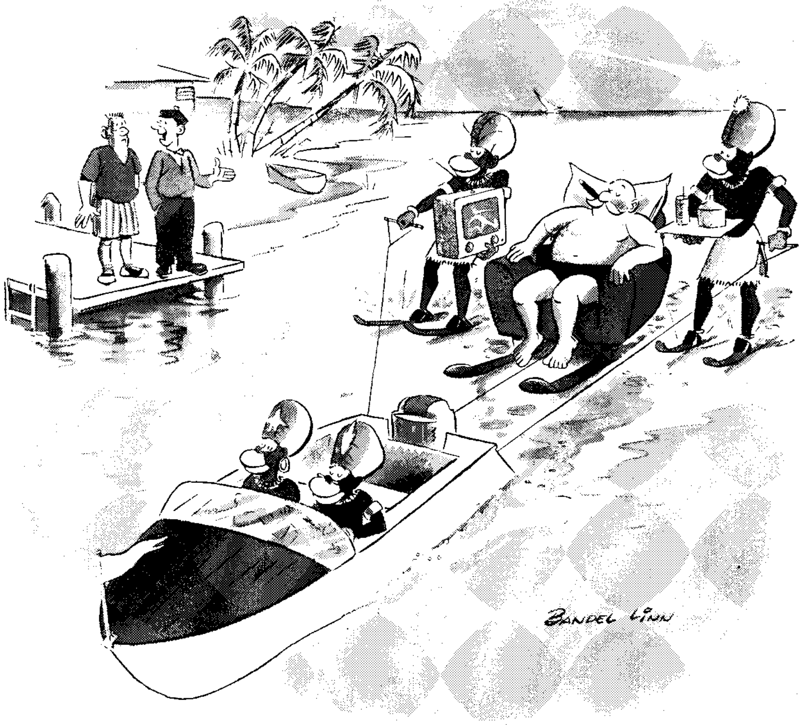

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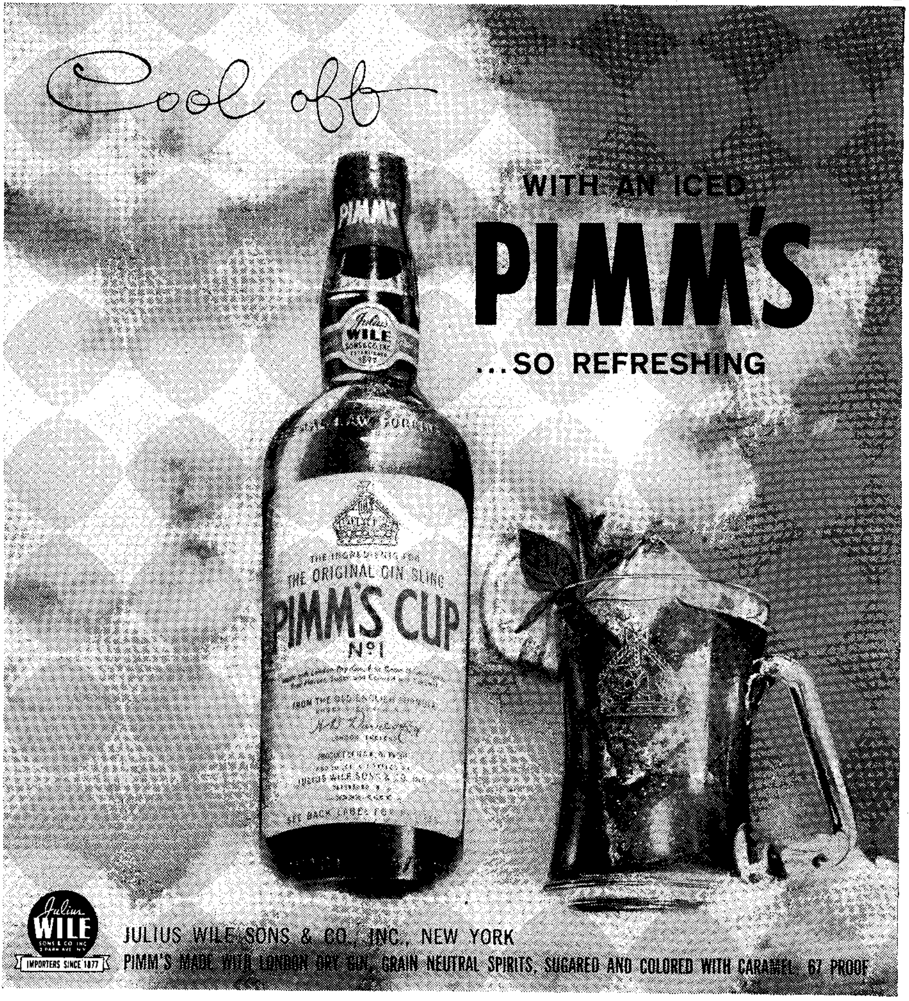
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BOOKS

Edible, But Not Recommended

To most people, I suppose, the sight of a mushroom in the woods is one to make the pulses beat a little more sluggishly. "Hmm, a mushroom," they might say, and then kick it. If they were to see a lion in the woods, on the other hand, the response would be quite different. They would not say, "Hmm, a lion." Almost certainly they would not kick it. That is because most people do not approach these matters in a spirit of philosophy. For in perfect truth the mushroom is every bit as exciting as the lion. To appreciate this, one has only to eat it.

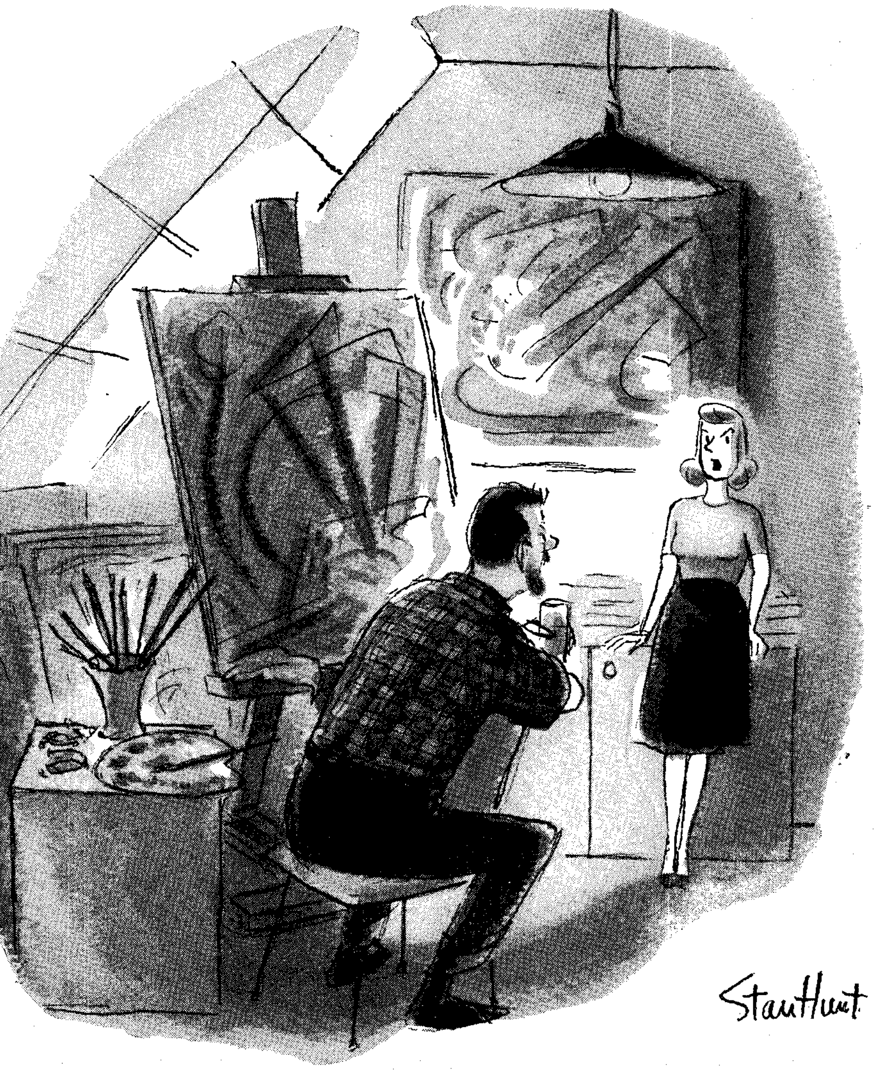
It is hard to understand why mushroom hunting has been neglected by lovers of dangerous sport. Surely the equipment required is not prohibitively expensive, for it consists merely of a knife to trim and peel the quarry, and a paper bag to put it in. Some cautious hunters also carry a coin, which they toss to determine whether a doubtful specimen is poisonous or not, but my own experience suggests that it is not worth the added expense. Since equipment presents no obstacle, we must conclude that our sportsmen have been put off by the fact that the mushroom, when tracked to earth, does not indulge in obvious dramatics, such as roaring and leaping about. Yet the peril to the sportsman is perfectly real, and not like the dangers of the safari or the roller coaster, which are largely imaginary. For the hunter's only protection from the mushroom is a quick eye and an infallible judgment, in the exercise of which he soon acquires a quiet fatalism that might arouse envy in one of Ernest Hemingway's heroes.

As an introduction to the art of mushroom hunting and to the peculiar stoicism that the sport engenders, I can think of nothing better than Alexander H. Smith's "The Mushroom Hunter's Field Guide," which was recently published by the University of Michigan Press. This guide may not represent a great advance in accuracy over the tossed coin, but it will, I think, provide ideal reading for the winter months, when time hangs heavy on the mushroom hunter's hands and he has little to do but polish his stomach pumps and set them out in gleaming rows against the coming season. For Dr. Smith has done for the hunter of mushrooms what Mr. Hemingway did for the hunter of big game. Let me pause for a moment to make it clear that in refusing to endorse the accuracy of Dr. Smith's splendid book I mean him no disrespect. He is the curator of fungi at the herbarium of the University of Michigan and the author of, among other works, "Puffballs and Their Allies in Michigan." Besides, Dr. Smith has studied mushrooms for more than twenty years, and he is obviously an expert in his specialty. Yet the anecdote he tells, of inadvertently poisoning several people with mushrooms he thought were harmless, *does* make one think. And Dr. Smith himself declares, after dwelling at length on the uncertainties of mushroom hunting, "It follows that neither I nor the publisher accepts responsibility for mistakes that have unfortunate results."

This cheerful washing of the hands sets the tone of the field guide, since the possibility of a mistake is never far from the hunter's thoughts. He may choose his mushrooms with care and cook them with solicitude, but one day, in spite of his precautions, he is apt to bite a mushroom that bites back. This is the hunter's moment of truth. For an exciting account of such a moment, I commend to the reader that passage in which Dr. Smith discusses *Agaricus augustus*, a fall mushroom of the Western states:

> *Edible and choice.* This is an excellent species, and only a few buttons are needed for a meal. During the 1954 season, in Mount Rainier National Park, my daughter found half a dozen buttons like the one illustrated, and we ate them. On the next morning I was sick with what appeared to be a typical mild case of mushroom poisoning.

It took him three days to recover. If *Agaricus augustus* can do that to a man who calls it edible and choice, what *couldn't* it do to one who called it



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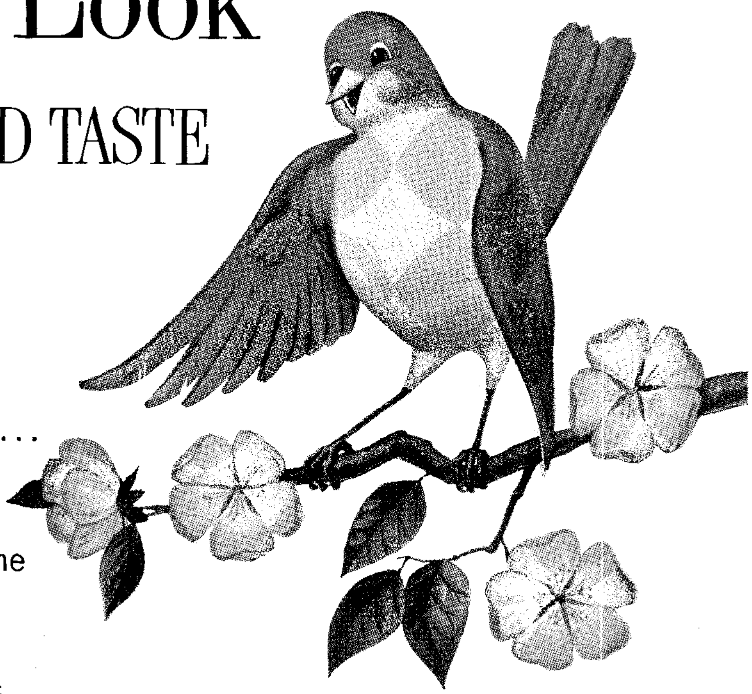

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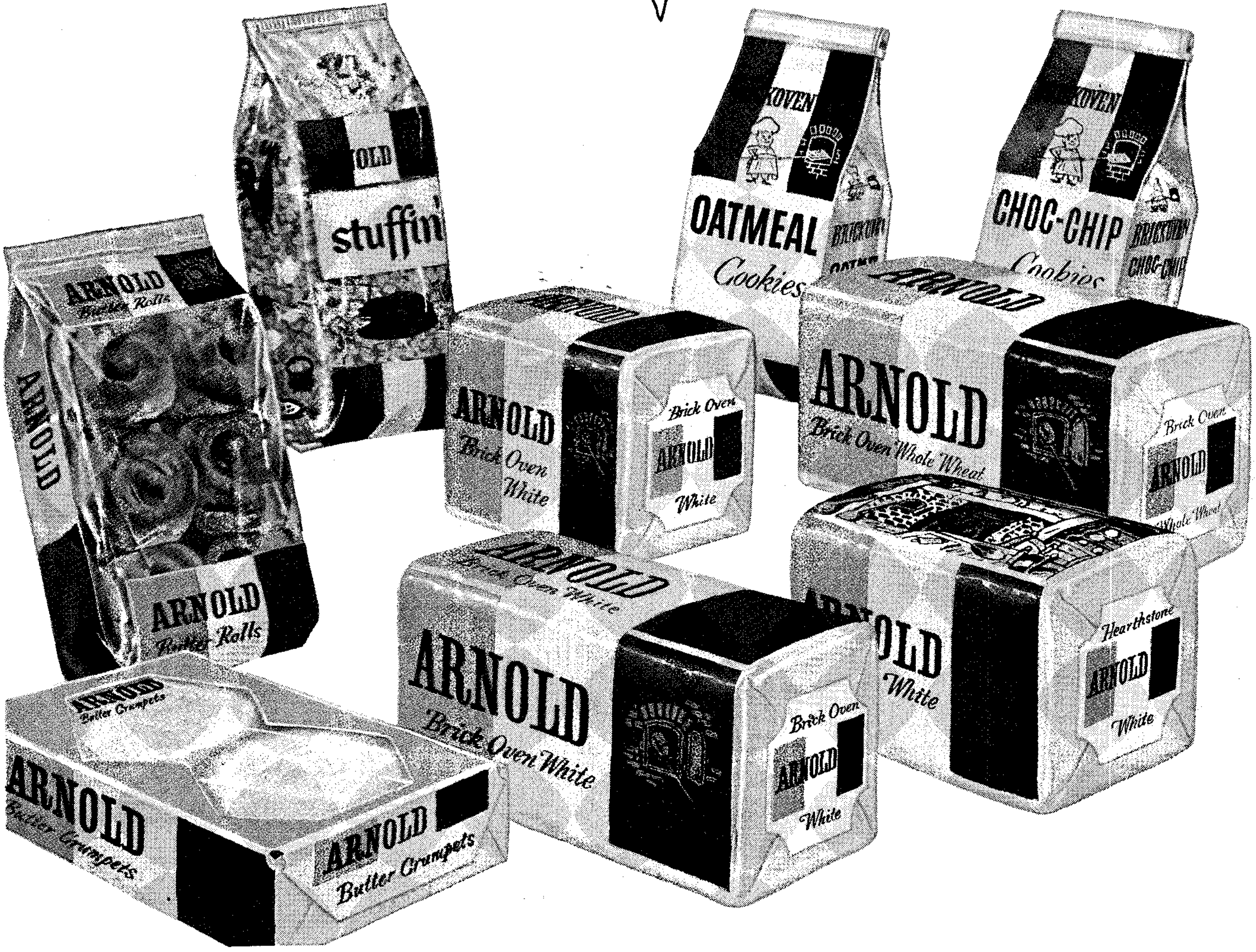
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poisonous? But Dr. Smith is not easily discouraged. He continues:

> We ate no more of it, but four days after my attack, Mrs. Smith became sick and a few days later my daughter also fell ill. A trip to the doctor produced a diagnosis of "flu." Since their symptoms were almost identical with mine, I must have had the "flu" instead of mushroom poisoning.

This reasoning is typical of the mushroom hunter. By way of conclusion, Dr. Smith upholds the verdict of "edible and choice" on grounds that might seem, to an outsider, almost frivolous: "It was impossible to be sure that *A. augustus* was responsible for the trouble."

As the reader can see, distinctions between the best mushrooms and the nastiest are sometimes subtle. Dr. Smith's most diplomatic phrase is "Edible, but not recommended," which strikes a nice balance between gastronomy and toxicology. The mushroom so described might be plain old *Lactarius controversus*, "a coarse mushroom, and no one seems to recommend it particularly." Or it might be *Amanita calyptroderma*, which is reported to have an excellent flavor but which bears a distressing resemblance to the poisonous amanitas, including *Amanita verna*, otherwise known as the destroying angel, the deadliest mushroom known. Or it might only be *Agaricus arvensis*, variety *palustris*, of which Dr. Smith reports:

> This variety caused a case of mushroom poisoning for which I was personally responsible, having furnished the specimens. After the episode I collected more of the same fungus in the same spot and ate it myself [it should be explained that dedicated mushroom hunters just *do* that sort of thing. No one knows why] with no ill effects other than the usual allergy symptoms I get from most mushrooms.

It would be interesting to know how Dr. Smith happened to drift into this line of work.

He is more solicitous of his reader's digestion than he is of his own, for he warns against indiscriminate nibbling with remarks like

> Poisonous, but some people can eat it. Anyone who has not tried it will do well not to, as the poisoning can be acute

or

> Do not serve this mushroom to your friends without at least informing them of the hazard

or, more encouragingly,

> Those who can tolerate this species and its closely related kinds enjoy them immensely. Hence, it is a question of each individual deciding whether or not to take a calculated risk. The cases of poisoning

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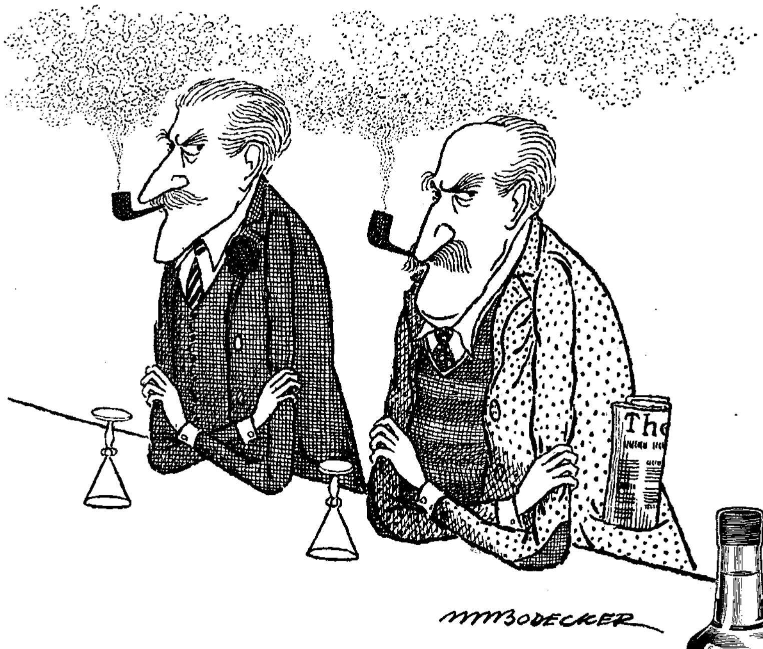

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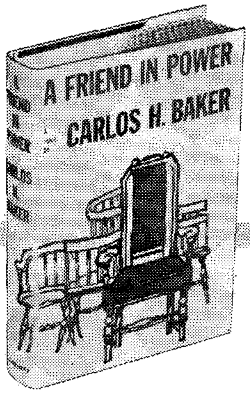

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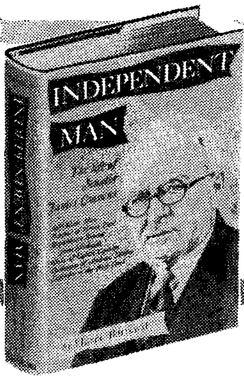

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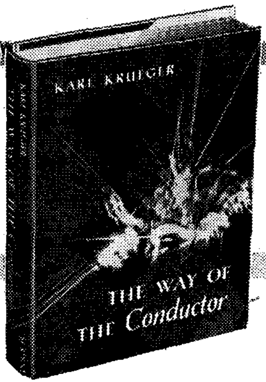

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are of the mild type—the patient being sick for only a few days.

At times, though, Dr. Smith's scientific curiosity appears to get the better of his scruples. In discussing *Pholiota terrestris,* whose status remains in doubt, the author seems to be issuing a challenge or calling for volunteers.

> *Edible?* I have included this species because its edibility should be investigated. Since all others of this group are edible it would be very surprising if this form were found to be poisonous. Anyone who desires to experiment should observe the usual precautions.

Having piqued the amateur's curiosity, Dr. Smith does nothing to remove temptation when he adds, with an affectation of indifference, "It is one of the easiest mushrooms to collect in the Pacific Coast region."

But what would you have? The only possible way to test an unknown mushroom for edibility is to eat it and see what happens, and every mushroom that carries the notation "poisonous" stands as a monument to some anonymous sportsman who, as it were, dined game. The seasoned mushroom hunter will find it difficult not to respond to the wistful appeal of Dr. Smith's remarks on another "Edible, but not recommended" variety, *Lactarius lignyotus:*

> Kauffman listed it as poisonous, but did not say whether his statement was based on his own experience or was taken from the literature. Any who are curious enough to try it should report their findings.

WELL, as a matter of fact, someone *has* tried *Lactarius lignyotus,* and reported his findings, too. The sportsman's name is Albert Pilát, and he is professor of mycology at Charles University, in Prague. According to him, the mushroom is edible, all right, but lacking in flavor. This information may be found on pages 99 and 499 of Dr. Pilát's mammoth treatise, "Klíč k Určování Našich Hub, Hřibovitých a Bedlovitých," which I had been using as a field guide before I made the acquaintance of Dr. Smith's admirably compact volume. This treatise contains pictures and descriptions of perhaps two thousand varieties of mushroom, but its usefulness as a field guide, at least to me, is impaired by the fact that Dr. Pilát has seen fit to write it in Czech, a language that I really do not understand at all. Indeed, my difficulty in remembering whether *jedovatý* means "poisonous" and *jedlý* "edible" or whether it is just the other way around has led me into error with a frequency that would

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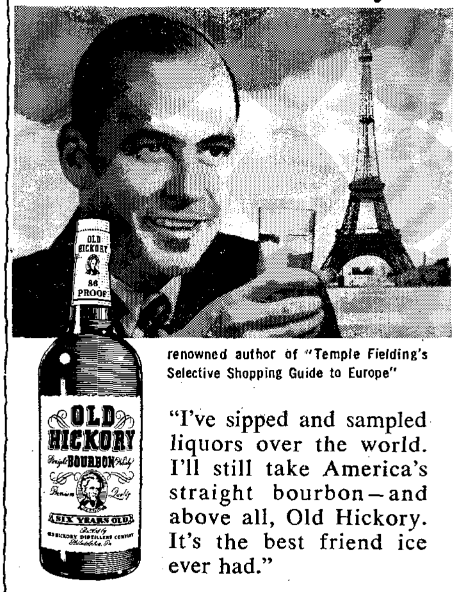

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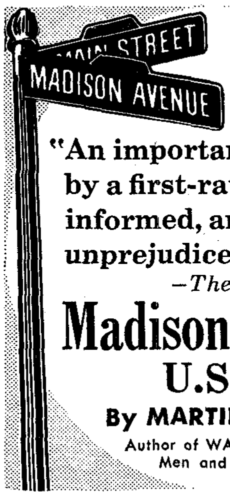

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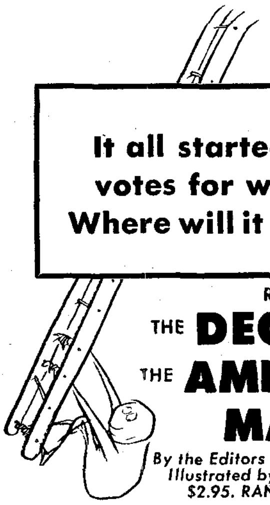

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be comic were it not so embarrassing.

With much thumbing of a Czech-English dictionary, however, I have been able to compare the two writers, thereby uncovering discrepancies in their testimony that border on the sinister. Take *Lactarius helvus*. Dr. Smith states that "if one adds up all the comments made about its edibility, one is forced to the conclusion that it is not a delicacy." Yet he has heard nothing worse of the species than its insipidity, and he classes it among the edible mushrooms. Dr. Pilát, on the other hand, implies that *L. helvus* on toast is good for a week in bed. "Slightly poisonous" is his verdict. Then there is *Russula delica*, which Dr. Smith considers edible, observing that it is "collected by many, especially in the Western states." But Dr. Pilát finds the taste of *R. delica* somewhat acrid and the aroma downright peculiar. "It may remind us of formaldehyde," he writes, "or of herring." It is not actually poisonous, he allows, "but neither is it fit for consumption." To which he adds, in some excitement, "Never, therefore, should we eat them!"

Confronted by this conflict of testimony, the amateur has reason to recall, ruefully, the question Alexander Pope raises in his celebrated Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." For who *shall* decide when doctors disagree? The answer, of course, is that each mushroom hunter shall decide for himself, and no true sportsman would have it otherwise. Without this element of perpetual uncertainty, the hunting of mushrooms would soon become as pedestrian as the hunting of lions. Gone would be half the point of those mushroom suppers at which the hunter, with a healthy outdoor appetite tempered only by dread, sits down and enjoys the day's catch. Gone would be the savor of the final cup of coffee, when the hunter's meditations turn to final things and his digestion begins to quiver on the verge of a ghastly dubiety. And gone forever would be the fervor, unknown to any other sportsman in the world, with which the mushroom hunter, on bounding out of bed in the morning, declares himself *glad to be alive*.

—DONALD MALCOLM

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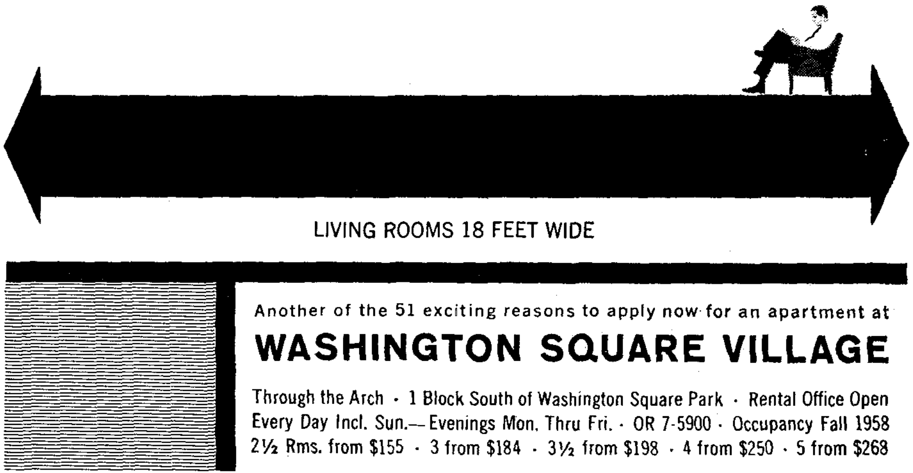
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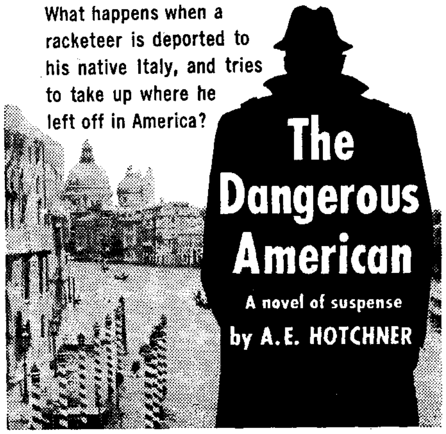

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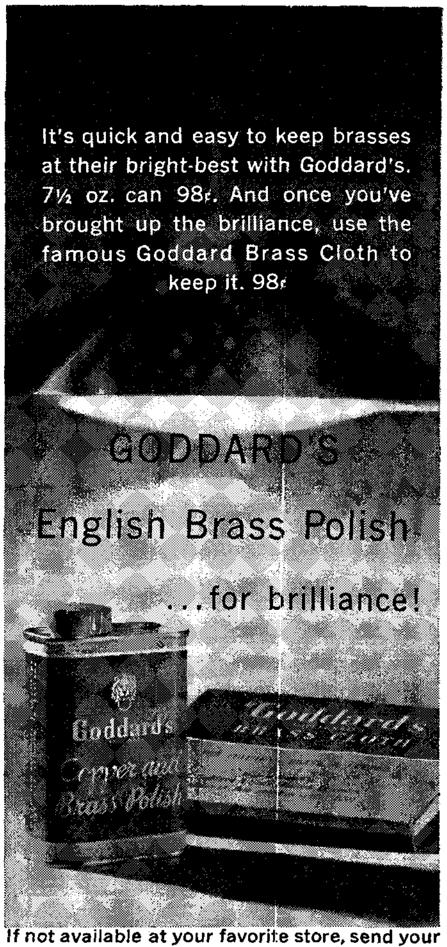
when the president announces that he is about to retire, and appoints a committee of six men to find his successor. The crisis, which is sustained at length but always at a mild and manageable height, forces one of the professors to make a decision that is painfully important to him. This decision, which he has been dodging for years, settles the course of his life and obliges him to come to terms with himself once and for all. The professor's name is Edward Tyler, and he is the head of the department of modern languages. The university, called Enfield, is not far from New York.

THE MISSION, by Dean Brelis (Random House). What there is of Mr. Brelis's writing is fine, but in his admirable determination to avoid wordiness he has slipped—especially in moments of emotion—into a sketchy style that is disappointing to the reader and does no justice to Mr. Brelis himself, since it denies him the chance to measure the full range of his power. The story, which is exciting even in this not quite complete form, centers on the experiences of a young, thoughtful O.S.S. sergeant who parachutes behind the Japanese lines into the Kachin Hills of North Burma in order to engage in guerrilla warfare. This is a very individual story of the Second World War.

CENTENARY AT JALNA, by Mazo de la Roche (Little, Brown). The reader who is unacquainted with Miss de la Roche's fourteen previous novels about the Whiteoak family will make very little sense of this book, but people who have followed the progress of that cozy, decent, domestic chronicle will be enthralled as the new shoots—the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the formidable matriarch Adeline Court Whiteoak—begin to gain importance on the flourishing family tree. The scene is Jalna, the dominant house among several on a huge estate in Canada, and the atmosphere is comfortable and affectionate, complicated, sometimes to the point of melodrama, by alarms and dissension and cousinly feuds, but never disturbed or thrown out of a certain steady perspective by even the least flash of humor.

THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY, by H. E. Bates (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Pop Larkin, a sharp little trader who supports his enormous, placid, sexy wife and their brood of handsome children in magnificent, if casual,



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style, takes a visiting income-tax inspector to his bosom and adopts him as a member of the family, after first breaking him in to the Larkin family code of behavior, which is lawless, dishonest in small and big ways, and—good-humored and greedy for life though it is—objectionable. The scene is rural England, and the writing is defiantly bright, as though Mr. Bates were not quite sure of the truth of his subject and not at all sure how to handle it.

GENERAL

THE QUESTION, by Henri Alleg, translated from the French by John Calder, with an introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre (Braziller). M. Alleg, a French Communist committed to the Algerian nationalist movement, was editor of the *Alger Républicain* from 1950 to September, 1955, when the paper was forced by the French authorities in Algiers to cease publication. A year later (presumably because he had continued his unpopular political activities), an order was issued for his arrest, and he went into hiding. He was caught in June, 1957, by troopers of the 10th Division Parachutists, was held for a month in their private jail, and then was transferred to a civil prison, where he is still confined. There, surreptitiously, he wrote this book, which, upon publication in France, was banned by the government of Félix Gaillard—the first such proscription in the history of Republican France. "The Question" describes M. Alleg's month with the paratroopers—a month of "judicial torture" (as the title can mean in French). He was, he says, subjected to electric shock, to burning, to near drowning, to innumerable beatings, to the full panoply of sadistic devices popularized by the Gestapo and the M.V.D., in a vain attempt to wring from him the names and whereabouts of his associates. The result, it need hardly be said, is a horrifying book. But not, alas, because of the agonies it describes—the twentieth century has made us only too accustomed to such accounts. The horror we feel—assuming the author's veracity—is that this particular *question* was conducted by citizens of what has long been considered the most civilized nation in the world.

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin). It is Professor Galbraith's provocative contention that the old goal of our economy—prosperity attained

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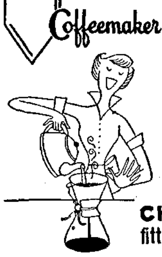

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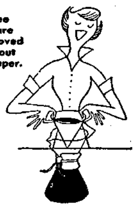

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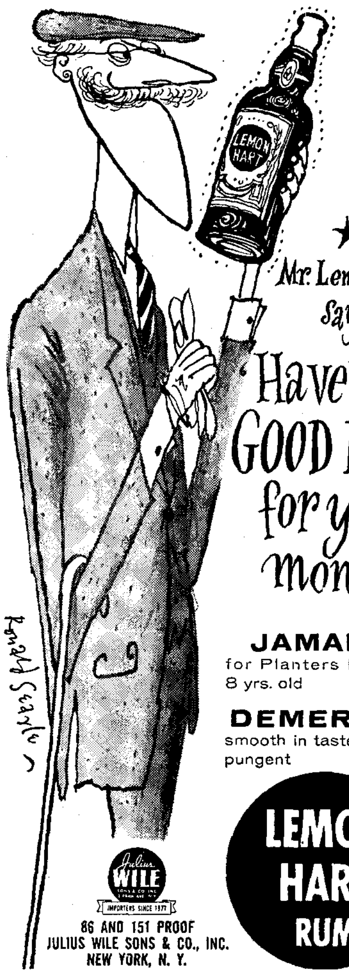
by producing as frantically as possible and then desperately creating a demand for the products—is entirely outmoded. His vision of the new goal is less clear, but among his specific recommendations are a widespread sales tax, unemployment-compensation rates that increase and decrease along with unemployment itself, and some breathable air for Los Angeles. Anyone who thinks of economics as the Dismal Science should read Professor Galbraith on the figure that he sees the United States cutting in the world today—roughly, that of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt sweeping grandly through Hester Street in 1883—or on a future time when advertising has become so universal as to cancel itself out, and "silence, interrupted perhaps by brief, demoniacal outbursts of salesmanship, will ensue."

ASSAULT ON OLYMPUS: THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF GRAMONT, by W. H. Lewis (Harcourt, Brace). Antoine, Comte de Guiche, the subject of this stylish biography, was born in 1604 in Gascony, the eldest son of the Comte de Gramont. At fourteen, he arrived in Paris, "handsome, witty, insinuating, and penniless," to seek his fortune as a courtier and warrior at the court of Louis XIII. He found it. When he died, in 1678, he not only was rich but, having successively pleased Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV, had gathered every honor and reward that was within their limitless gift. He was a Duke of France, Peer of France, Marshal of France, Knight of the Saint-Esprit, Colonel of the French Guards, Porte-Oriflamme of France, Sovereign of Bidache, Minister of State, Governor of Béarn and Navarre, and Governor and Mayor of Bayonne. How did he do it? Mr. Lewis shows us, step by calculated step, ticking off his varied talents as they appear and develop—his mastery of "politeness" and of the highest refinement of flattery (disguised as a soldierly bluntness), his recognition of the value of conspicuous gallantry in battle and of drinking cup for cup with his peers, his skill at avoiding thankless responsibility, and, above all, his canniness in sensing political trends, which led him to declare himself for Richelieu instead of Louis XIII, for Mazarin instead of Monsieur, and for Louis XIV against the field, at a time when the future king was still a gawky, sickly boy. It was an extraordinary, and an



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extraordinarily slippery, career, and Mr. Lewis leads us through it spellbound.

Magic and Mystery in Tibet, by Alexandra David-Neel (University Books). A reissue of one of the most delightful classics of amateur anthropology, first published in 1931. Alexandra David-Neel was precisely the person to explore Tibet. A convinced Buddhist, learned in Oriental mysticism and sympathetic to all manifestations of the occult, she was nevertheless hardheaded, rationally curious, and absolutely fearless, in the tradition of such redoubtable lady travellers of the nineteenth century as Mary Kingsley. Her accounts of Tibetan religious ceremonies and beliefs are still the fullest and best we have, and her special flavor is inimitable; when an ecstatic in the *chöd* ceremony takes her to be a flesh-eating ghoul, she reproves him coolly, saying, "Do be quiet. There are no demons here. I am the reverend lady-lama whom you know." Funny old photographs.

Thoughts in the Wilderness, by J. B. Priestley (Harper). A collection of pieces that Priestley wrote for the *New Statesman & Nation* and that were intended, he says in his preface, to "challenge and provoke" his readers. He swings along energetically, giving his essays the drive of narrative, but his ideas—that television programs are dreadful, for instance—are such thumping truisms that they will leave most readers quite unprovoked.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Executioners, by John D. MacDonald (Simon & Schuster). The hero of this competently written and ingenious story was once instrumental in sending a man to jail for rape, and now this menacing figure turns up again, clearly seeking revenge either on his enemy or on a member of his enemy's family. The threat is particularly disturbing because it is vague and shapeless—the villain being a fellow who considers a long period of terror and uncertainty a pleasant prelude to actual violence. The virtuous characters in Mr. MacDonald's book have their rather sticky domestic moments, and they are a good deal less interesting than the monster dedicated to exterminating them, but altogether the effect is unusually chilly.

Night of Reckoning, by John Stephen Strange (Doubleday). This

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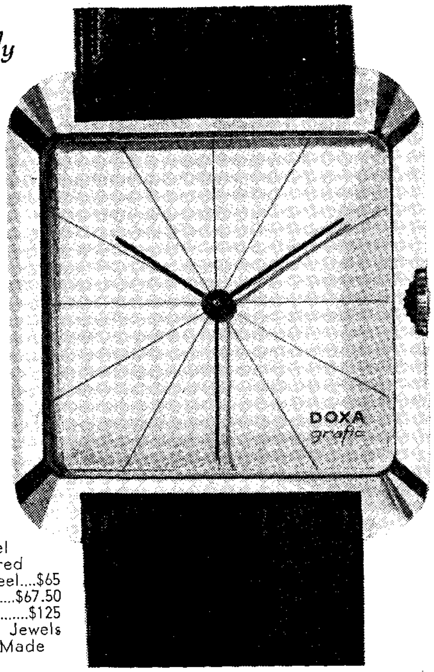

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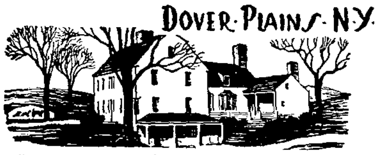

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meaty offering concerns a man waiting to be executed for a murder he didn't commit; quite a few picturesque and highly articulate people, most of whom know rather more than they are telling about who pushed an old lady through a skylight; and a good deal of love, both sacred and profane. In the end, the situation is somewhat arbitrarily tidied up by the 1955 hurricane called Diane, which washes away practically everything in the Connecticut town where the action takes place, including the real culprit. Mr. Strange, an old and able hand at compounding confusion, has really outdone himself.

CATCH AS CATCH CAN, by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). As so often seems to be the case when the Lockridges get to work, this book deals chiefly with a handsome and intelligent young woman—this time she is an actress—who suddenly finds herself mixed up with murder and associated villainies. It is possible that the absence of Mr. and Mrs. North, Lieutenant Weigand, and Captain Heimrich will disappoint some readers, and it is even possible that the authors' style is not altogether suited to dealing with international spy rings, but the writing, as usual, is very agreeable and the big chase at the end is quite stimulating.

•

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[*Letter in the London Times*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

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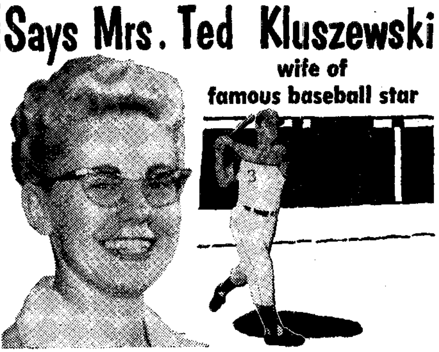

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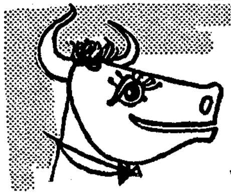

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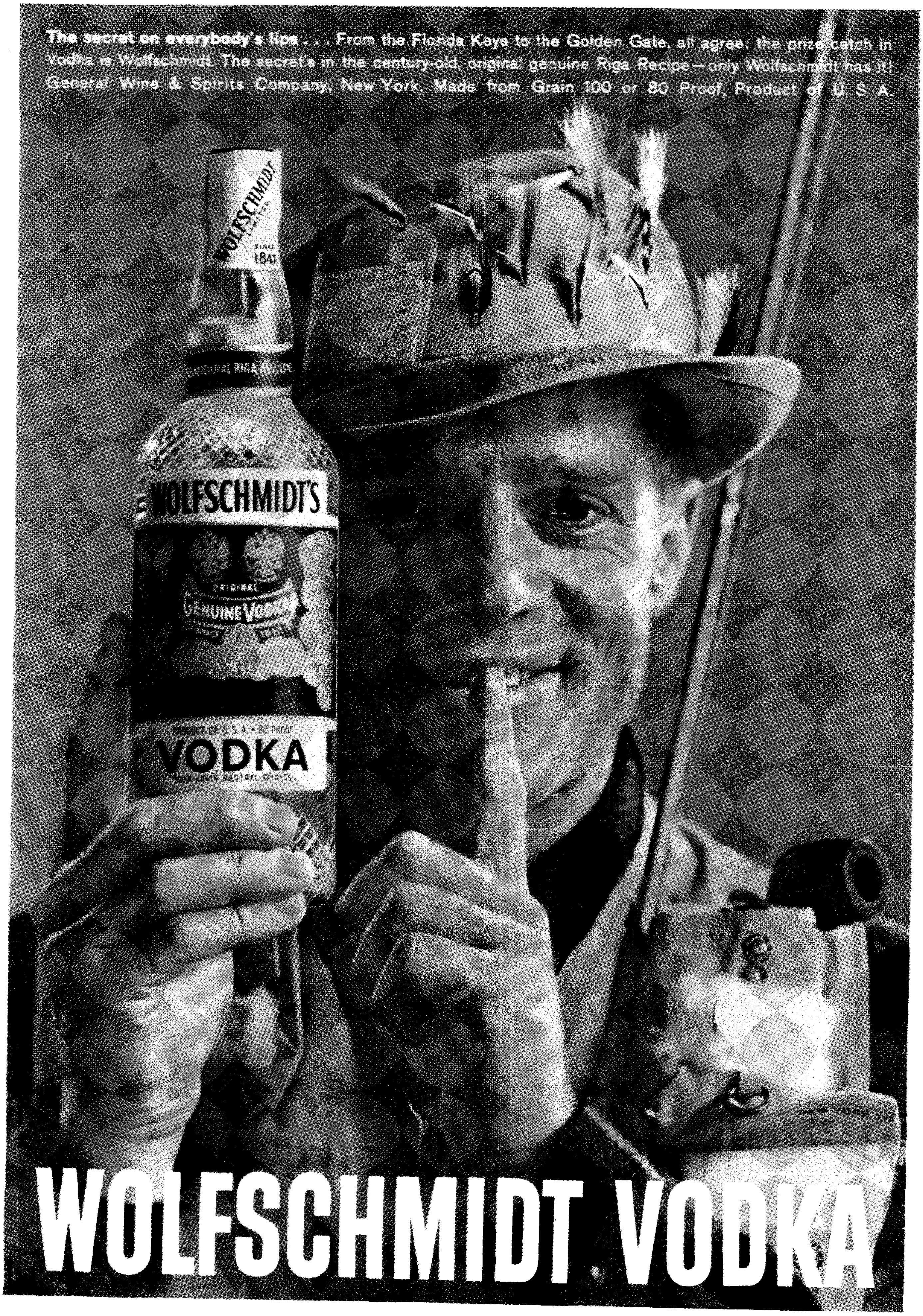
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